

CHAMBERS'S
PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE

VOLUME V

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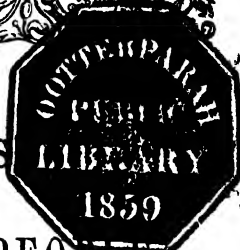
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CHAMBERS'S



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SECRET SOCIETIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

HAVING in a previous Paper traced the origin and course of certain societies of a secret nature, which, whether for good or for evil, have exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the political history of Europe during the last three-quarters of a century, it may not be uninteresting to contrast with them some similar associations of a much earlier date, from which several of the former claim to be descended. Ancient history presents us with but one instance of a secret society established for the furtherance of any political principle—that of the Pythagoreans; a name assumed in times comparatively recent by the expelled ultras of the Carbonari of Naples. The mysteries of the pagan worship, and the impostures of its priesthood, might prepare us to expect a fertile field for the inquirer into the nature and origin of secret societies, and yet such an expectation would be wholly fallacious. The mysteries of Eleusis were, in reality, only some peculiar religious ceremonies, presided over by the magistrates, with no ceremonial initiation, no oath of secrecy, no symbols but those common to the religion. Those of Orpheus, of Isis, and of Mithra, introduced into Greece from Egypt and the East, and from thence imported to the south of Italy, were merely the machinery devised and employed by cunning and profligate impostors to turn to their own selfish purposes the weaknesses and vices of those whom they deluded, and to persuade men and women, equally immersed in sensuality and superstition, that by the performance of certain secret rites the deities might be propitiated and the punishment of sin averted. The nocturnal assemblies for the celebration of these mysteries became scenes of lewdness and depravity; hence they were discountenanced by the government, and sometimes temporarily sup-

pressed. The severe strictures of the early Christian writers apply to these mysteries, and not to those of Eleusis.

Pythagoras was a philosopher of Samos, and lived in the sixth century before the Christian era; the details of his life and principles were not written until long afterwards, and consequently are involved in much obscurity. He conceived the idea of an intellectual magistracy, afterwards reproduced in the works of St Simon, as the readiest means of elevating the people in the scale of intelligence and morality, and united an austere code of morals with his zeal for the diffusion of knowledge. His native isle was under the domination of Polycrates, and he therefore turned his thoughts to the Dorian colonies in the south of Italy, which were then in a flourishing condition, and the inhabitants of which were zealous in the pursuit of learning. The constitutions of the Dorian states of Greece were aristocratic, but democracy prevailed in the colonies through the commercial genius of their inhabitants. Pythagoras wished to introduce the aristocratic element, but at the same time to make it an aristocracy of intellect, and not of birth alone. To effect his purpose he gradually won over the people, both nobles and commonalty, by his learning and eloquence, and by the air of mystery which he purposely threw around his doctrines in order to inspire the latter with veneration, and the former with curiosity and zeal. Complete success attended his project; he obtained sufficient influence in the city of Croton to remodel the constitution, which became nearly Spartan, while its administration was intrusted to a senate of three hundred nobles, initiated by the sage of Samos into all the arcana of wisdom and science as then known. Religion, temperance, and obedience were inculcated, and Pythagorean missionaries went about preaching the new system of politics and morals, and proclaiming that the perfection of government was to rule by wisdom alone. But like many other innovators, Pythagoras was in advance of the age in which he lived; and thirty years after his arrival at Croton, the popular discontent rose at being refused a large share of the booty obtained in the war with Sybaris. Cylon, a rejected candidate for admission into the society, fanned the flame of discontent, and instigated the people to a general massacre of the Pythagoreans. Democracy was re-established, and Pythagoras, forced to seek safety in flight, died far away from the place which had once received him as its lawgiver. His disciples sank at once into a mere sect of mystic philosophers, and made no further attempt to attain political power.

Antiquity presents us with no other secret society than this: the Gnostics were, to a certain extent, a secret order, as they did not disseminate their doctrines openly; but their history is extremely scanty, and devoid of interest to the general reader. They were charged by the fathers of the church with gross immorality; but such charges should be cautiously entertained, considering the circumstances in which the accused were placed. It should be remembered that the early Christians, when persecution compelled them to celebrate their worship and hold their simple love-feasts in vaults and by night, were likewise charged with practising in these secret assemblies the impurities which were committed at the shrine of Isis and other pagan deities. Charges of a like nature were made in later times against the Assassins and the Templars, and probably with as little foundation. Persons banded together for some purpose little known, meeting in

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secret, generally by night, and often in vaults or in the secluded recesses of ancient forests, lie peculiarly open to such charges. Secrecy invariably generates a suspicion of something which will not bear the light of day; and as secret societies have invariably some political object in view, the opportunity is rarely missed by their enemies to propagate the most odious and unfounded calumnies, which they cannot openly confute without betraying their real views and proceedings.

In comparing the secret societies of the middle ages with those of recent times, the difference in the political and social systems of the two periods must always be kept in view. The secret societies of modern times have mostly had for their object the achievement of political power for and by the mass of the people; in the middle ages the people, as an important element in the state, had no existence. The middle classes only began to acquire influence as that of the nobility declined, and the labouring classes were but a degree removed from the condition of slaves. Feudalism gave its peculiar coloring to the secret societies of the middle ages, and the initiated belonged to the order of aristocracy. Thus the political innovations of that epoch were not traders and artisans struggling with the titled and privileged classes for participation in the political rights enjoyed by the latter, but feudal barons and mail-clad knights endeavouring to wrench from the monarch the power which he had hitherto held uncontrolled, and to divide it among themselves.

The first of the secret societies which come within the scope of this Paper is that of the Assassins, which had its origin in Persia, and dates from the ninth century. The religion of Mohammed had then become much perverted, and its professors split up into antagonistic sects. In Persia it had become infiltrated with mysticism and intricate metaphysics, and one Abdallah conceived the idea of overturning the rule of the caliphs by secretly introducing among the faithful the pantheistic principles upon which the Hindoo mythology is based, and of which the sun-worship of the ancient Persians was probably also a corruption, and thus undermining the current belief. Not too much to shock Moslem prejudices, he resolved to communicate his doctrines gradually, and fixed on the mystic number seven as that of the degrees through which his disciples should pass to the final revelation. Abdallah died in Syria, but his views were extended and their propagation continued by Carmath, whom some historians regard as the founder of the order. He maintained that the right to earthly dominion belonged solely to an imaginary being, an ideal of a perfect prince, whom he called the Spotless Imaum; and that, consequently, all the reigning princes were usurpers, and were to be precipitated from their thrones by the warriors of the perfect prince. He also taught his disciples to understand the precepts and observances enjoined in the Koran in a figurative sense: prayer signified obedience to the ideal imaum; almsgiving was augmenting the funds of the society; fasting was keeping the political secrets of the imaum and the order. His disciples wore white garments, as a mark of hostility to the reigning caliph, whose standard and uniform were black. For an entire century war was waged, with varying success, between the followers of Carmath and the troops of the caliphs, and the city of Mecca was taken by the former after the fall of 30,000 Moslems in its defence.

At length the Carmathites were vanquished by the armies of the Greek Empire, and their name, though not their principles, was extinguished.

During this contest a secret association was formed at Cairo, presided over by the caliph Obeid-Allah, and having for its object the dissemination of the doctrines of the Carmathites. This society comprised both sexes, and was called the Society of Wisdom; it held its assemblies twice a week, when all the members appeared in white garments. The chief missionary read a lecture, previously approved of by the caliph, at the conclusion of which his auditors reverently touched with their foreheads the caliph's sign-manual. The caliph Hakem liberally endowed this society, erected a stately edifice for its meetings, furnished it with books and mathematical instruments, and appointed professors of law, mathematics, logic, and medicine, whose castans are said to have exactly resembled the robes worn at the English universities. Here the disciple was conducted through the seven degrees of illumination established by Abdallah. In the first, the aspirant was perplexed with captious questions, and led into a maze of scepticism and doubt, where he was left for some time, that he might be brought to repose implicit confidence in the wisdom and learning of his teachers. The absurdities of the Koran, when understood in a literal sense, and its repugnance to reason, were pointed out, and obscure hints were given that these concealed a doctrine pure and beautiful, as the shell encloses the nut. The candidate was not permitted to proceed beyond the first degree until he had taken an oath of obedience and fidelity, when the acknowledgment of the imaums as the sources of all knowledge was inculcated. The third degree revealed the number of the imaums—the mystic seven. The fourth taught that God had sent seven lawgivers to man, the mission of each being to improve the system of his predecessor, and adapt it to the altered state of society; and that each of these had seven helpers, who appeared in the intervals between the lawgivers. The seven lawgivers were Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed, and Ismael; the seven principal helpers were Seth, Shem, Ishmael, Aaron, Simon, Ali, and Mohammed, the son of Ismael. The fifth degree taught that each of the helpers had twelve apostles to assist, a number likewise supported by mystical analogy. When the pupil had advanced thus far, he was taught that nothing in the Koran was positive which was not supported by philosophy; and after a long course of instruction in the systems of Plato and Aristotle, which formed the sixth degree, he was admitted into the seventh, when Allah and Eblis, Paradise and Jehanum, angels and demons, were made to disappear, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' and the disciple was instructed in the doctrines of pantheism.

The chief missionary resided at Cairo, to direct the operations of the society; but the subordinate propagandists were so active that disciples multiplied rapidly, and in 1058 the emir Bessassiri, one of the initiated, seized upon Bagdad, coined money there in the name of the caliph of Egypt, and kept possession of the city for more than a year. He was driven out by the Turks; the society at Cairo declined with the power of the Fatimite caliphs, and in 1123 the vizier Afdhal seized the pretext afforded by a popular tumult to suppress it.

The order of the Assassins had, however, sprung up in the meantime as an offshoot of the Ismaelites; and in 1090 its founder, Hassan Sabah, obtained

possession by artifice of the hill-fort of Alamoot, afterwards the chief seat of its power. He improved its defences and withstood two sieges; and his lieutenant, Hussein Raini, seized the fortress of Moominabad. The vizier Nizam-al-Moolk fell beneath the daggers of his emissaries, and Malek Shah speedily followed his minister: these were the first victims of the Assassins. During the civil war of the succession which followed, the order found opportunities to extend its power, and to seize fortress after fortress. In vain did imaums and moulahs fulminate their anathemas against the order, and condemn its members to eternal perdition; in vain did they call upon the cadis to free the land from this impious sect by the sword of justice. The Assassins, strong in their secret organization and their relentless energy of purpose, increased in numbers and power, and the dagger avenged those who fell beneath the sword of justice. Risvan, Prince of Aleppo, did not hesitate to declare himself their protector, and one of their agents always resided with him. He gave them the custody of his castle of Sarmin; and in return one of the emissaries of the order murdered his enemy, the Prince of Emessa.

The Assassins continued to seize fort after fort, and it soon became evident that they aimed at the domination of all Asia. In 1108 they murdered a wealthy merchant named Abuard Issa at Aleppo, because he was an active opponent of their order; and five years later, they slew the Prince of Mosul in the mosque at Damascus. In the same year, however, they received a check: Risvan died, and his successor became their merciless enemy. More than 300 of them, of both sexes and all ages, were cruelly massacred, and 200 were thrown into prison. Abu-al-Fettah, the nephew of Hassan Sabah, was tortured to death, his body cut in pieces and then burnt, and his head sent throughout Syria. The still numerous Assassins retaliated fearfully; the governor of Khorassan was murdered by them in the audience-chamber of the caliph of Bagdad, and the governor of Aleppo and two of his sons fell beneath their daggers shortly afterwards. Against such enemies armies and executions were no security, and the dread of assassination sank deep into the hearts of all the princes of the East. Accordingly, when in 1120 they demanded possession of the Castle of Sherif, the Prince of Aleppo feared to refuse; and they would have gained it but for the citizens, who rose tumultuously, and by additional works united the castle to the town. The man who instigated them to this course paid for his advice with his life. Even the great Nouredin was obliged to have recourse to the same artifice, to prevent the Castle of Beitleha from becoming one of their strongholds. In Persia, the son and successor of Nizam-al-Moolk, and Chakar Beg, the great-uncle of the sultan, fell beneath their daggers; and Sultan Sanjar himself, the most potent sovereign of the East, concluded a treaty with them—just as Alamoot and their chief strongholds were on the point of falling into his hands—on finding, when he awoke one morning, a dagger stuck in the ground near his bed, and attached to it a note containing these significant words: 'Were we not well affected towards the sultan, the dagger had been stuck into his breast, not into the ground.'

The organization of the society, as modified by Hassan Sabah, differed materially from that of the secret association of the Ismaelites at Cairp. The class of the Fedavee, or Devoted, was instituted by him; and to this,

which was subordinate to the missionaries, was allotted the task of murdering any one denounced to them by their chief, even if their own lives should be the immediate penalty. The ordinary dress of the Fedavee was white, with red caps, girdles, and boots; but in the pursuit of their murderous designs they assumed every disguise, even that of the Christian pilgrim or monk. The Fedavee do not appear to have participated in the mystic pantheism of the higher order of the initiated, but to have yielded implicit obedience to the positive precepts of the Koran, a system of faith which Hassan probably thought best calculated to render them faithful and devoted instruments. The origin of the name Assassins is involved in uncertainty. Some writers derive it from that of the founder; but M. Sacy considers it as derived from *hashish*, a species of hemp, from which the Fedavee prepared an intoxicating beverage; this word, giving *hashisheen*, corrupted by the Crusaders into Assassins. Among the Eastern nations they were called Eastern Ismaelites, Batiniyeh or Secret, and Moolahid or Impious—the last being the name under which they are described by the old traveller Marco Polo.

Hassan was succeeded by Keih Buzoog Oomeid, who built the strong fortress of Maimondees, and defeated the troops of Sultan Sanjar, who had again declared himself the enemy of the order. The sultan revenged this defeat by seizing and putting to death a great number of the Assassins. The dagger, as usual, avenged the victims of the sword. Mahnood, the successor of Sanjar, was likewise defeated by them, and compelled to sue for peace; but the envoy of the Assassins, and all his suite, were massacred at the Persian court. Mahmood disowned this atrocity, but he refused to deliver up the perpetrators; upon which the Assassins marched upon Casveen, overthrew the sultan's forces, and carried off a great number of sheep, oxen, and horses. Mahmood captured Alamoot soon afterwards; but it was speedily recovered by the Assassins, who again ravaged and plundered the district of Casveen, and put to flight a large body of the Persian army by the mere terror of their name. While the Persian members of the order were thus engaged, those of Syria were also extending and consolidating their influence and authority. The Prince of Damascus gave them the Castle of Baniyas; and during the twelve following years the Assassins acquired successively all the fortresses in the neighbourhood, removing the seat of their dominion in Syria at the end of that period to Massyat. Like the Jesuits of a later period, the Assassins constantly laboured to insinuate themselves into the confidence of those princes with whom they were on terms of amity, and an Ismaelite agent was always resident at their court. Abu-al-Wefa, the agent of the order at the court of Damascus, so won the favour of the prince and his vizier, that he was appointed to the high office of supreme judge; and he resolved to make his position and influence subservient to the interests of his order. Conceiving that a position on the sea-coast would be advantageous to the society, he fixed his eyes upon Tyre, and concluded a secret treaty with Baldwin II., king of Jerusalem, engaging to betray Damascus to the Crusaders if Baldwin would place Tyre in the hands of the Assassins. The Crusaders were to assemble secretly, and appear before Damascus on a Friday—the Moslem Sabbath—when the prince and his officers would all be at prayers in the mosque. The Damascene prince discovered the

plot, put to death his vizier and his Ismaelite judge, and massacred all the Assassins in the city, to the number of 6000. The Crusaders, headed by the kings of Jerusalem and Antioch, and the counts of Tripolis and Edessa, were completely routed; and the Assassins were fain to surrender the Castle of Banias to them, that, under the protection of the Christians, they might escape the fate of their brethren of Damascus. This reverse occurred at the same time that Alamoot was taken by the Persians; and thus the power of the Assassins seemed to be on the verge of extinction. But, Antæus-like, it rose again, and Alamoot was recovered in a few months, and Banias three years afterwards. The daggers of the Fedavee became more active as the existence of the order was more deeply menaced; and the annals of the chieftainship of Keïh Buzoog Oomeid furnish a long list of illustrious and princely victims.

Keïh Buzoog Oomeid died after enacting the part of representative of the perfect and invisible imaum for fourteen years, and was succeeded by his son Mohammed, who had scarcely assumed the chieftainship of the order when Rasheed, the new caliph of Bagdad, assembled an army, and marched against Alamoot, burning to avenge the murder of his father. He reached Ispahan; but there his march was terminated, and his purpose frustrated, by his death. He was murdered in his tent by four Assassins, who had entered his service for the purpose; and when the news of his death reached Alamoot, the triumph of the dagger over the sword was proclaimed for seven days and nights by the sound of kettle-drums and trumpets from the ramparts of the fortress. Under Mohammed the order obtained the castles of Cadmos and Kahaf by purchase, and that of Massyat they took by storm, and made the chief seat of their dominion in Syria. Mohammed appears to have been deficient in the qualities necessary to secure the respect and ready obedience of his followers, and they consequently held him in little esteem, attaching themselves to his son Hassan, who possessed greater energy of character, as well as a deeper acquaintance with the sciences and Oriental theology. Cherishing the religious opinions upon which the society was based, and impelled also by motives of ambition, Hassan secretly disseminated the notion that he was the perfect imaum spoken of by Carmath; and the missionaries of the order adopted it with enthusiasm. Mohammed found himself under the necessity of suppressing a heresy so dangerous to his authority, and 250 of his son's adherents were put to death by his orders. 'Hassan,' said he, 'is my son, and I am not the imaum, but only one of his missionaries. Whoever maintains the contrary is an infidel.' Hassan was obliged to disavow his disciples; but as he continued to drink wine, and violated several more of the positive precepts of the Koran, they were more convinced than ever of his being the perfect imaum, at whose coming the observance of those precepts was to cease. During the life of his father he was obliged to veil his opinions and ulterior objects; but on succeeding to the chieftainship by the death of Mohammed in 1163, he assembled all the Assassins of the province on the esplanade of the fortress of Alamoot in the month of Ramadan—the Lent of the Mohammedans—and solemnly proclaimed the abolition of the law, the manifestation of the perfect imaum in himself, and the observance of the day as a festival. The Assassins received their emancipation from the ceremonial law of Mohammed with joy and enthu-

siasm, and the day of its abolition was devoted to mirth and festivity. The success which attended the execution of Hassan's bold design rendered him vain and inconsiderate, and his assumption of the dignity of perfect imaum made him many enemies. He had ruled only four years when he was slain by his brother-in-law Namver; but his death was amply avenged by his son and successor, Mohammed II., by whose orders not only Namver himself, but all his family, were ruthlessly put to death.

When the celebrated Saladin was besieging Aleppo, Kameshtegin, the unworthy favourite of Malek, the youthful successor of Nonreddin, sent an envoy to the Assassins of Massyat, to represent to the Syrian sheik of the order the danger to which the continued successes of Saladin would expose the society. Saladin had put an end to the Fatimite dynasty in Egypt, and destroyed the influence of the Ismaelites in that country; and if he succeeded in reducing Syria to his sway, he would probably turn his arms against the Assassins, and exterminate them. These representations, backed by gold, induced the sheik of Massyat to send three Assassins to the camp of Saladin; but their murderous purpose was frustrated, and they were seized and executed. The vizier and two emirs laid a plot for the destruction of Kameshtegin; but he discovered it, and having obtained Malek's signature to a blank paper, he wrote on it a request that the sheik of Massyat would remove the vizier and emirs from his path. Deceived by the signature, the sheik sent several Assassins to execute the request contained in the letter, two of whom attacked the vizier near his own house; but were both slain. Three others fell upon the emir Majaheed; but he broke from them, and escaped uninjured. One of them was crucified, and the others received the bastinado. Malek bitterly and indignantly reproached the sheik of Massyat with these acts, and the latter sent back the letter written by Kameshtegin; but the historians of the event have not related the final result. Saladin was again assailed by the Assassins in his camp before the fortress of Ezag. One of them wounded him in the face, but was slain by the valiant sultan, and three others were cut to pieces by his guards. In 1176, having no other affair upon his hands, Saladin thought of revenging these attempts upon his life; and entering the mountains of Syria, he ravaged the territory of the Assassins, and laid siege to Massyat. Before the invincible Saladin, even the Assassins would probably have been compelled to succumb; but his uncle, the emir of Hama, prevailed upon him to grant them peace, on condition of no further attempt being made upon his life. The Assassins accepted the terms, and honourably adhered to them; and thus ended the connection of their history with that of the celebrated Saladin.

During the rule of Mohammed II., which lasted thirty-five years, all the practices of Islamism were neglected, the mosques closed, and the seasons of solemn prayer and fasting disregarded. But on his death, and the accession of his son Jellaladdin, all this was again changed: the mosques were repaired and reopened, the call to prayer once more resounded from the lofty minarets, solemn assemblies for religious worship and instruction were again held every Friday, and preachers and readers were invited to Alamoot, and liberally entertained. Jellaladdin sent envoys to the rulers of Persia, Kharasm, and Bagdad to assure them of his orthodoxy; and in the presence of the chief men of Casveen he committed to the flames the works of

Hassan Sabah, and the secret rules and ordinances of the society, and cursed the memory of their authors. The Eastern sovereigns gave him the title of Emir, which had never been conceded to his predecessors; and the imams and moulahs sounded the praises of the restorer of pure Islamism. He gave a further proof of his orthodoxy by directing his mother, his wife, and a long train of their female attendants, to perform the pilgrimage to Mecca; and on this occasion the caliph of Bagdad allowed the banner of the pilgrims of Alamoot to take precedence of that of the powerful shah of Kharasm, whose cavalcade reached Bagdad on its way to Mecca at the same time. Jellaladdin formed a league with the governor of Azubeijaro against their common enemy the governor of Irak, and joining their forces, they overthrew and slew him, and appointed his successor by their influence. He seems to have aimed at entering the ranks of the acknowledged and legitimate princes of the East, rather than at being the head of a secret fraternity, for his reign was unstained with blood, and his marriage with the daughter of the Prince of Ghilan doubtless formed part of his schemes to increase his political influence.

He died, after a reign of twelve years, from the effects of poison administered by his relations, and was succeeded by his son Aladdin, the same who figures in the marvellous story of the Wonderful Lamp, but who was a weak and inefficient ruler. He ordered the execution of all who had participated in the murder of his father, but he totally neglected the affairs of the society. The governor of Nishaboor made several destructive incursions into the Ismaelite territories in Kuhistan, and the demands of the Assassins for compensation being disregarded, three of the Devoted attacked the governor near Kunja, and murdered him. They then entered the house of the vizier of the shah of Kharasm, but not finding him, they wounded one of his servants in a scuffle, and then sallying into the streets proclaimed aloud that they were Assassins, and thus devoted themselves to the vengeance of an infuriated mob, by whom they were all slain. An Ismaelite envoy was also sent to the shah, to obtain satisfaction for the ravages committed in Kuhistan, and so demand the cession of the fortress of Damaghan. The vizier promised the shah's concession of these demands on condition of the payment of 30,000 pieces of gold by the Assassins; and the terms being arranged, the envoy remained the guest of the vizier for some time. One day, after a sumptuous banquet, the envoy revealed to the vizier the startling fact that five of his attendants were Assassins! He was dismayed by the discovery; but on the circumstance reaching the ears of the shah, the latter ordered the five Assassins to be burned alive. The vizier complied with the order, though with reluctance, and the five Assassins were committed to the flames. Shortly afterwards a message was sent from Alamoot, threatening the vizier with death if he did not undertake to redeem his life from the daggers of the Fedavce by the annual payment of 50,000 pieces of gold, an extortionate demand, but one with which he was fain to comply.

The weak Aladdin had, in the meantime, given himself up to drunken excesses, and his caprice and tyranny had alienated from him all his friends. At length he fell by the hands of an unprincipled favourite named Hassan, who shot him with an arrow while he lay in a hut near a sheepcote, the favourite scene of his excesses, in a state of intoxication.

Rukneddin, his son, who had been compelled to leave Alamoot, where his father's tyranny threatened his life, is said to have instigated Hassan to the deed, and the execution of the murderer and all his family did not save him from the suspicions of his friends and the reproaches of his mother.

The power of the Assassins was now upon the wane. Prompted by ambassadors from the caliph of Bagdad and by the chief judge of Casveen, the Mongol khan sent an army against them in the year 1255. It was commanded by Hulaku, the khan's brother, who, on entering Khorassan, sent to Rukneddin demanding his submission. The latter professed a wish for peace; but while the negotiations were going on, a division of the Mongol army advanced upon Alamoot, and made an attack, but were beaten off. Hulaku insisted that Rukneddin should demolish his defences, and come into his camp, leaving the defence of his territory to the Mongol officer who was the bearer of his commands. Rukneddin destroyed a portion of the defences of Alamoot, and sent his brother and the governors of Kuhistan and Kirdkoh into the Mongol camp, but hesitated to intrust his own person to Hulaku, and withdrew with his family to Maimondees. The Mongol army now occupied all the Ismaelite territory, and Maimondees was closely invested. The Assassins fought bravely; but Rukneddin had inherited his father's timidity and want of energy. He sent his other brother, his son, his vizier, and the principal chiefs of the order, into the Mongol camp, with rich presents for Hulaku; but the vizier, the astronomer Nasireddin, instead of endeavouring to procure the best terms he could for the order, assured the Mongol prince that the aspect of the heavens announced the extinction of the power of the Assassins, and that their downfall was near. Hulaku would listen to no other terms than complete submission, and Rukneddin was obliged to surrender Maimondees, and throw himself upon the mercy of the conqueror. His wealth was divided among the Mongol troops, and Nasireddin became the vizier of the khan. Mongol officers were despatched to the governors of all the strongholds of the Assassins in Persia and Syria, with orders from Rukneddin for their surrender or demolition. The number of their castles at this time exceeded a hundred; but the Syrian governors, and those of three in Persia, refused compliance; of the latter, Lamseer submitted on the appearance of Hulaku before its walls, the garrison of Alamoot made an honourable capitulation, and Kirdkoh endured a siege of three years before it was surrendered. The library of Alamoot was placed by Hulaku at the disposal of the historian Ata-Melek, who, after selecting the Korans, and some orthodox theological treatises, committed the remainder to the flames, with all the philosophical instruments. All the archives of the society were thus destroyed; and the only source of information concerning the doctrines, regulations, and history of the order which Melek's *auto-da-fé* left future historians, was his own narrative of his biblical researches in the library of Alamoot. Rukneddin was assassinated by Mongol soldiers soon afterwards, and an indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins followed, in which 12,000 of them perished. All Persia fell under the sway of the Mongol khan, and the power of the Assassins was annihilated in that country. Against those of Syria the Mongols failed; but fourteen years later all their castles in that province were captured by Beibars, the Mameluke sultan of Egypt, and their power utterly extinguished.

The doctrines of the Ismaelites survived their political influence, for they were found to be held by nearly all the inhabitants of Kuhlstan seventy years after the death of Rukneddin. Their conversion was then undertaken by order of Abu Zeid; and in the course of a few years the mosques were again frequented, and the Ismaelite heresy was held only by a few dervises. But even at the present day the order is not extinct, as a religious sect, believing in the uncreated light as the origin of all things, and regarding Rasheeddin as the last representative upon earth of the perfect inam, still lingers in the eastern confines of Syria.

It is a matter of dispute among historians whether the Templars, the next order which demands our attention, were really a secret society, and also what were the peculiar doctrines which they held in secret. Von Hammer not only traces in them a resemblance to the Assassins, but likewise asserts that two of the knights who formed the nucleus of the order were secretly affiliated of the Assassins, and in alliance with them. Willike discredits this assertion, but regards them as a secret order, and considers that the mystic doctrines of Gnosticism were introduced among them by their chaplains. Other writers attach no value to the testimony in support of the charge of being a secret order; while others again confidently maintain that they were. It is certain that the order originated within thirty years after the capture of Alamoot by Hassan Sabah, though this may be only a coincidence, and that many of them subsequently held doctrines in which were inherent the pantheistic tendencies of those of the Assassins.

The order of the Templars was founded in 1119, by Hugh de Payens and eight other knights, then in Syria, who, determining to form an association which should unite the monastic with the military character, took, in the presence of the patriarch of Jerusalem, the three ordinary vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience; to which they added a fourth—to defend the Temple and Sepulchre of Jerusalem, and all pilgrims journeying thither, against the Moslems. Baldwin II., king of Jerusalem, approved of their design, and became their patron; and in the following year the Count of Anjou remitted them thirty pounds of silver in furtherance of their objects, engaging to continue the grant annually; and several other princes and nobles followed his example. For nine years the Templars lived in poverty, devoting all their funds to benevolent purposes, and wearing the cast-off garments bestowed upon them by the charity of their patrons. Their seal bore the device of two knights riding upon one horse—an emblem of poverty and humility; and their valour, their moderation, and the simplicity of their lives, were the theme of general admiration. In 1128 Hugh de Payens, the first master of the order, appeared before the Council of Troyes, to state the principles of the brethren, and obtain the approbation of the clergy. Some additions to their rules, taken from those of the Benedictines, were made by this council, the approval of which was confirmed by Pope Honorius. They were commanded to wear a white mantle, to which Pope Eugenius III. afterwards added a red cross on the breast, and to carry the red cross on their black and white banner.

No knight was admitted into the order who refused to amend his life, and to terminate all his feuds and enmities. Hugh de Amboise was an early instance of this. He was desirous of becoming a Templar; but

having grievously oppressed the people of Marmontier, and disregarded the judicial sentence passed upon him, he was refused admission into the order until he had made complete reparation to those whom he had injured. The Count of Champagne joined them, and Godfrey de St Omer gave all his property to the society, an example which was followed by several nobles and knights in France and Flanders. In 1130 the Emperor Lothaire presented them with a large part of his patrimony of Supplinburg; and the powerful and wealthy Count Raymond Berenger took the vows of the order, and dwelt constantly in the temple-house at Barcelona. Three years later, Alphonso, king of Arragon and Navarre, being old and childless, nominated the Templars and Hospitallers as his joint-heirs; but on his death in 1134, the Spanish nobles disregarded this disposition of the kingdom, and chose a sovereign from Alphonso's family. The orders were not then sufficiently powerful to enforce the observance of the deceased monarch's will.

Hugh de Payens returned to the East in 1129, accompanied by 300 knights of the noblest families of Europe, who had become members of the order; and the black and white banner of the Templars was first unfurled in that unfortunate expedition to Damascus which has been already mentioned. This was also the first occasion on which the Christians acted in alliance with the Assassins; and Von Hammer accuses Hugh de Payens of having been the chief instigator of the treacherous attempt to seize Damascus, which, it has been seen, was the result of a compact entered into between Baldwin II. and the Assassins of Syria. Though there may have been no actual connection between the Templars and the Assassins, a considerable similarity may be traced between the two orders in their dress, their organization, their secret doctrines, and their ulterior designs. As the two societies rose almost side by side, and in the same country, and as that of the Assassins was established first, Von Hammer infers from their resemblance that the Templars were an offshoot of the Ismaelites; but the resemblance may be easily admitted and accounted for apart from this very doubtful derivation. Admitting that the ultimate object of both orders was the same—namely, the acquisition of independent power—the erection of a state within a state—it was natural that the Templars should adopt an organization much resembling that of the Assassins. There is indeed between the two orders little more than the difference between Christianity and Islamism. The two religious systems gave their peculiar colouring to the orders which sprang from them. The members of both wore white garments; the Fedavee wearing a red girdle, the Templar a red cross. The resemblance in the internal organization of the two societies is even more striking. If we omit the Fedavee—a class added to the elder order by Hassan Sabah—the Dais and the Refeek (the primary and secondary classes of the Ismaelites), and the Lazik or Aspirants, may be regarded as the originals of the knights, the chaplains, and the serving-brethren; while the sheik and the Dais-al-Kebir or Governors, accord with the master and priors. As to the secret doctrines of the two orders, those of the Assassins have already been spoken of; and the warmest defenders of the Templars have admitted that many of them held opinions savouring of deism and pantheism, while we know that they manifested on many occasions the most ineffable contempt for the doctrines and observances of the church.

To record the military exploits of the Templars would be to relate the history of the Crusades; for in every action between the Christian and Moslem forces their banner was foremost in the charge, and their war-cry was the loudest where the danger was most imminent. We are therefore constrained to notice only those events in the history of the Crusades which have an especial reference to the order. The pursuit of their secret views and aims often drew upon them the suspicions of the Crusaders, and they are accused of having necessitated, by their treachery, the raising of the siege of Damascus. At the siege of Ascalon in 1153, which also miscarried through their opposition to the other forces engaged in it, they actually held the breach against the Christians, in order to monopolise the spoil to themselves; but Bernard de Tremelai, the master, and forty of his knights, paid the penalty of their temerity, being cut to pieces by the Saracens in the streets of the town. An event occurred two years later which can only be accounted for by that intimate connection with the Ismaelites insisted upon by Von Hammer, but seemingly negatived by the assassination by the Templars of the Ismaelite envoy a few years afterwards. The caliph of Egypt, whom the Ismaelites regarded with considerable respect, was murdered by his vizier Abbas; and the latter flying with his harem, and his own and a great part of the royal treasures, across the desert from the vengeance of the people, was fallen upon by the Templars, who routed his escort, slew him, and captured his son and the treasures. Not content with the latter, they sold the vizier's son to the friends of the murdered caliph for 60,000 pieces of gold, though he had expressed a desire to become a Christian, and tortures and death awaited him in Egypt. During the mastership of Philip of Naploos, a native of Syria, the Templars again manifested their predilection for the Ismaelite caliph of Egypt, or their love of truth and justice, by loudly protesting against the expedition into Egypt undertaken by Almeric, king of Jerusalem, in violation of a solemn treaty, and by resolutely refusing to take part in it. In 1167, also, when Almeric intrusted to them the defence of a strong position on the Jordan, they capitulated to the Moslems, though the king was hastening to their relief. For this act of treachery (for we cannot believe it cowardice) Almeric had twelve of the knights hanged. The murder of the Ismaelite envoy, which frustrated the hopes entertained by the Christians of converting the Assassins to the doctrines of the Gospel, happened soon afterwards in the mastership of Ado de St Amando, and increased the suspicion with which the Templars were beginning to be regarded.

The order, however, was rapidly increasing its wealth and power. In 1147, at a general chapter convoked at Paris, and at which Louis VII. and Pope Eugenius III. were present, the latter conferred on the order the important privilege of having mass performed once a year in places under the papal interdict. During the contest for the papacy between Alexander III. and Victor III. in 1161, the Templars espoused the cause of the former, who in the following year having triumphed over his rival, issued the bull *Omne Datum Optimum*—the Magna Charta of the order—the publication of which constitutes an era in its history. It would require no great stretch of the imagination to fancy this document dictated at Jerusalem by the master; for by it the Templars were released from all spiritual obedience except to the pope: they were allowed to have

chaplains of their own selection, and private cemeteries attached to their preceptories; and they were released from the payment of tithes, and empowered, with the consent of the bishop, to receive them. Let us pause at this point in the history of the order, to examine its internal organisation, and enumerate its possessions.

Contrary to the tenets of the Hospitallers, it was a rule of the Templars that no one should be admitted into the order who was not already a knight, and consequently, when this was not the case, the candidate was obliged to receive the honour of knighthood from a secular knight previous to his admission. Their original rules required a novitiate; but this was soon dispensed with, probably because the Templars themselves held views of their mission different to those taken by Pope Honorius and the Council of Troyes. The admission of the candidate took place in a chapel of the order, and was strictly secret, not even his relatives being allowed to be present. He was first introduced to the assembled chapter, and if no objection was made to his admission, he was taken into a private chamber, where two or three of the oldest knights questioned him concerning his worldly position and circumstances. If his answers were satisfactory, he was taken before the chapter again, and made to promise to obey the master and the priors; to observe the dictates of chastity, and all the customs of the order; to devote all his energies to the conquest of Palestine; never to quit the order; and never, by counsel or act, to wrong any Christian. He was then arrayed in the white tunic and mantle, and after a prayer had been repeated by the chaplain, and a psalm chanted by the brethren, the master delivered a discourse upon the duties of those who entered the order. He was forbidden to kiss any woman, even his mother or sister; to receive without the permission of his superiors any service from a woman; to be a sponsor, or to hold a child at the baptismal font; and to use any scurrilous language. The knights were clothed, armed, and equipped out of the funds of the order (as they could hold property only collectively, and not individually), and each was allowed three horses. When a knight became incapacitated by age or wounds from active service, he took up his abode in one of the houses of the order in Europe, where he lived in ease, and was treated with respect. The formula for the admission of the chaplains was similar to that of the Benedictines; and as with the knights, their reception was secret. Only those above the rank of deacon were eligible; but if a priest of inferior grade was selected for a chaplain, the bishop of the diocese was bound to confer upon him the necessary rank. They were bound to obey the master and priors; and partly from the reluctance of the priesthood to place themselves under the rule of laymen, as they esteemed the Templars, and partly from the indifference of the knights to spiritual matters, the order never had its full complement of chaplains. The serving-brethren, from which class were taken the esquires—of which each knight was allowed one—were not introduced until some time after the Council of Troyes; and their introduction was probably an after-thought of the Templars, having for its object the extension of their influence. The office of master was elective, and his power was limited by the chapter—the constitution of the order being more aristocratic than monarchical.

The extensive possessions of the order were divided into provinces, which in Asia were—Jerusalem, Tripolis, Antioch, and Cyprus; and in Europe—

Portugal, Castile and Leon, Arragon, France, Normandy, Aquitaine, Provence, Britain, Germany, Italy, and Sicily. Jerusalem being the province first established, its prior took precedence of all others, and the master resided there as long as it remained in possession of the Christians. In this province they possessed the Temple of Jerusalem, the preceptories of Acre, Gaza, and Jaffa, the castle of Safat at the foot of Mount Tabor, the castle of Pelerin on the east side of Mount Carmel, the hill-fort of Dok, between Bethel and Jericho, the castle of Faba near Tyre, five small forts near Acre, a castle on the Jordan, the castle of Assur, near Jaffa, and the castle of Beaufort, near Sidon; besides several large farms and extensive tracts of land. The province of Tripolis contained the preceptories of Tripolis, Tortosa, Castel-blanc, Laodicea, and Berytus. Of the province of Antioch little is known; but there was a preceptory at Aleppo; and in Cilicia the order had estates valued at 20,000 byzants. In Cyprus were the preceptories of Limissa, Nicosia, and Gastria, the impregnable castle of Colossa, and many valuable and extensive estates. In Portugal they had the preceptories of Castromarin, Almural, and Langrovia, and the castles of Tomar, Monsento, and Idanna. In Castile and Leon they had twenty-four preceptories and castles; in Arragon several castles, and one in Majorca, which was under the jurisdiction of the prior of Arragon. Their possessions in the four provinces into which they divided France were numerous and considerable. In England they had seventeen preceptories, besides several valuable farms; and in Ireland three. The provinces of Germany included Moravia, Bohemia, Hungary, and Poland; and in all the German and Sclavic states their possessions were considerable. In Italy they had a preceptory in every town; and in Sicily their preceptories, castles, and estates were numerous and valuable.

Such was the prosperity of the order at the close of the twelfth century. As they increased in numbers and wealth they became haughty and arrogant; and the frequent proofs which they gave of the spirit and purposes that secretly animated them and directed their policy, caused pontiffs and princes to withdraw from the order their countenance and favour. Indeed it was becoming questionable whether the dominion of the Saracens, or the absolute power of the princes of Christendom, was most in danger from this celebrated order. In 1184, an English Templar, named Robert of St Albans, deserted to the Saracens, became a Moslem, and married a relative of Sultan Saladin. To the dismay of the Christians, this renegade Templar appeared before Jerusalem at the head of a Moslem host; but after ravaging all the country around the city, he was defeated, and compelled to retreat. In 1187, the master of the Templars, with 140 knights and 500 serving-brethren, engaged Malek-el-Afdal, the son of Saladin, with 7000 Moslems at the brook Kishon, and notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, the issue of the battle was for some time doubtful. The Moslems were eventually victorious; and all the Templars fell on the field except the master and three knights, who were saved by the fleetness of their horses. At the disastrous battle of Hittin, the master and many of the knights became captives, and were put to death by the Moslems, with the exception of the master, Gerard de Ridefort, who was retained for ransom. Like the old Romans, the Templars had never hitherto ransomed those of their order who became prisoners, and Ado de St Amando died

in captivity ; but for the ransom of Gerard de Ridefort they paid no less a price than the city of Askalon, which they surrendered to the Moslems to obtain his release.

With the decline of the Christian power in the East, the struggle approached between the Templars and the supreme pontiff and absolute princes of Europe. In 1208, Pope Innocent III. passed a public censure upon the order, stating that they despised the doctrines of Christ, and followed those of demons; that adulterers and interdicted persons received honourable burial in their cemeteries; and that they were no longer worthy of the many privileges conferred upon them by his predecessors. The papal censure was disregarded by the Templars; and though they professed obedience to the legate of the pope in 1219, when he headed the expedition into Egypt, it was they who really directed the legate. In this expedition, and particularly in the siege of Damietta, the knights greatly distinguished themselves; but when the Emperor Frederick II. undertook the crusade in 1228, they gave him all the opposition in their power, and wrote to the sultan of Egypt to inform him of the emperor's plans. The sultan sent the letter to Frederick, who, on his return to Europe, revenged himself upon the order by seizing all its possessions throughout Italy and Sicily. In attacking the Templars, and defending this confiscation of their property, the emperor made it an important charge against them, that they were friendly to the Moslems. 'We know on good authority,' said he, 'that sultans and their trains are received with pompous alacrity within the gates of the temple, and that the Templars suffer them to celebrate secular plays, and to perform their superstitious rites with invocation of Mohammed.' The Templars retaliated by dispossessing the Teutonic knights of all their possessions in Syria, and entered into an alliance with the emir of Damascus against the Hospitallers. The invasion of the Turks compelled the rival orders to unite for their common safety; but they suffered a severe defeat near Damascus, in which the master and 300 knights were slain. Only Acre now remained in possession of the Christians, and the Templars appear at this time to have meditated a complete retreat from the East; but the animosity which had been long gathering between this order and that of the Hospitallers at length burst into a flame, and in 1259 a pitched battle was fought between them, in which the Templars were completely routed. From this period no event of importance in the annals of the order occurred until 1291, when Acre was taken by storm by the Moslems, and the remnant of the Templars sought refuge in the island of Cyprus.

The power of the order remained undiminished in Europe when it was annihilated in Syria. In 1252, Henry III. of England entertained thoughts of replenishing his exhausted exchequer by seizing a portion of the property of the Templars. 'You, Templars and Hospitallers,' said he, 'have so many liberties and charters, that your enormous possessions make you rave with pride and haughtiness. What was imprudently given must therefore be prudently revoked, and what was inconsiderately bestowed must be considerately recalled. I will break this and other charters which my predecessors and myself have rashly granted.' 'What says your majesty?' said the prior of the Templars in London. 'Far be it from your mouth to utter so disagreeable and silly a word. So long as you exercise

justice, you will reign; but if you infringe it, you will cease to be a king.' This bold language and the implied menace intimidated the king, and made him pause: in the following year he besought the Templars to become his security for a large sum of money, but they refused. An event occurred in Moravia about the same time which shows the power which the Templars were beginning to exercise in Europe. Count Vratislaf, who had been obliged to flee from that country, became a Templar, and made over all his property to the order; but it was seized by his brother Burian immediately on his admission. Refusing to surrender to the order the castle and estates of Eichhorn, the Templars marched against it, and a sanguinary engagement ensued, in which 1700 men were slain. Night separated the combatants, and a truce of three days was agreed upon, at the end of which Burian's forces were driven into the castle, which he was soon obliged to surrender. Vratislaf returned to Moravia, and became prior of Eichhorn, and thirty knights took up their abode in the castle. The last military exploit of the Templars was an attempt, in conjunction with the king of Cyprus and the Hospitallers, to regain a footing on the coast of Syria in the year 1300. They took possession of Tortosa; and though they gallantly defended it against the assaults of the Moslems, they were overpowered by numbers, and compelled to yield: some of them were carried captive into Egypt, and the rest returned to Cyprus.

The downfall of the order was now rapidly approaching. It was already obnoxious to the church; it was regarded with suspicion and dislike by the European sovereigns, whose absolute and uncontrolled power it was beginning to menace; and it had given offence to Philip the Fair, king of France, by importuning him for repayment of the money lent him by the Templars on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter Isabella with Prince Edward of England. Philip had a high notion of his royal prerogative, and, moreover, was unprincipled and rapacious. The wealth of the Templars excited his cupidity, and their ulterior aims his apprehensions. Pope Clement V., who had been archbishop of Bordeaux, was his subservient and unscrupulous tool, and invited the master of the temple, James de Molay, to France, to confer with him on divers matters touching the interests of the order and the affairs of the East. Molay repaired to France on receiving the summons, attended by sixty knights; and having with him the treasures of the order, consisting of 150,000 gold florins, and so much silver in plate and coin that it loaded twelve horses. Philip received the Templars with marks of favour and respect, and their treasures were deposited in the Temple at Paris. Molay then repaired to Poitiers, where he had an interview with Clement V., who spoke of a new crusade, and the union of the Templars and Hospitallers, both of which projects the master discouraged and opposed. On his return to Paris he found vague rumours beginning to spread of serious charges to be made against the order, in consequence of which he again visited the pope in April 1307, accompanied by three preceptors of the order, and gave such explanations as appeared to satisfy the pontiff of the falsity of the charges brought against the order. These were—that the Templars were a secret society; that they were in alliance with the Moslems; that they repudiated and reviled the doctrines of Christianity; that they held the heresy of the Gnostics, and contemned the authority of the church of Rome; that their

secret rules and ordinances were unlawful; and that their lives were immoral, and marked by the most licentious and abominable actions. Philip and his ministers, having prepared their measures, ordered the arrest of the Templars throughout France, and the seizure of all their property, which wholesale proscription was accomplished on the 13th October 1307. The Dominicans vehemently denounced the Templars as the enemies of religion and morality, and every art was put in requisition to inflame the public mind against them. Six days after their arrest, 140 knights were tortured in the Temple, to extort from them confessions of their guilt, of whom thirty-six expired under the atrocious infliction.

Several of the knights thus tortured confessed the denial of Christ, but some of them afterwards retracted. Forty-five made a similar confession at Nismes, but retracted it, subsequently reverting, under the torture, to their original declaration. Two knights confessed the guilt of the order at Troyes, seven at Pont de l'Arche, six at Caen, six at Bigone, and seven at Cahors; but many of them subsequently retracted. In June 1308, seventy-two Templars were examined at Poitiers before Clement V., all of them having previously made a rack-extorted confession of heresy, blasphemy, and immorality. Clement professed himself satisfied of the guilt of the order, and authorised the king to adopt the most rigorous measures against its members. A council was now convened at Vienne to abolish and dissolve the order; a judicial commission of bishops and archdeacons was appointed to meet at Paris; and a papal bull was published, denouncing the order as heretical and immoral, and calling upon all Christian princes to institute the most energetic measures for its complete suppression. The commission commenced its task in August 1309, but the prisoners were not placed upon their trial until November: the commissioners were the archbishop of Narbonne, the bishops of Bayeux, Mende, and Limoges, and the archdeacons of Rouen, Trent, and Maguelone. Molay energetically defended the order, and disowned the confession attributed to him in the pope's bull, which indeed was dated August 12th, while the confession was said to have been made on the festival of the Assumption, which was August 16th. Several of the Templars retracted their confessions, and exposed the cruelties of the Dominicans who had examined them by torture. In the act of accusation, drawn up in the name of the pope, the Templars were charged with denying and reviling the doctrines of Christianity, with spitting and trampling upon the cross, with worshipping a cat and a three-faced idol, and with general licentiousness and immorality. The Templars on their trial denied the charges *in toto*, and attributed the confessions to the terrible arguments of the Dominicans. The hearing of witnesses did not commence until April 1310; and as the king was rendered impatient by the tardy forms of law, an ecclesiastical council was convoked at Sens, which proceeded against the knights individually, and speedily condemned fifty-four of them to the stake as heretics. The commissioners at Paris disapproved of this course, and adjourned their sittings; but ecclesiastical councils were instituted at Senlis, Pont de l'Arche, and Carcassonne, by whose sentences many unfortunate knights were committed to the flames.

The grand council of Vienne did not assemble until October 1311, when nine knights voluntarily came forward to defend the order; but having announced themselves as the representatives of 2000 Templars who

were lurking in the vicinity, Clement V. affected terror at the number of Templars at large, and threw them into prison. But the assembled prelates, with only four exceptions out of 114, protested against this flagrant act of injustice, upon which the pope abruptly terminated the session. No farther steps were taken until March 1313, when a secret consistory was convoked by the pope, and the order abolished by his sole authority. All the property of the order in France was confiscated, and as Philip and Clement had now gained their ends, the persecution of the Templars abated; most of the knights still in prison were liberated; and it may be regarded as a circumstance strongly in support of the opinion that the charges against them were not considered fully proved, that many of them were received into the order of St John on the same footing as they had stood in that of the Temple. Molay and another knight were condemned to the stake by Philip and his council of state, and died with great fortitude in March 1314.

We have now to state the result of the proceedings instituted against the order in other countries. In England, the examinations commenced in 1309, and lasted two years; the number of Templars examined was 228, and of the witnesses against them 72, being nearly all Dominican, Minorite, and Carmelite monks, the enemies of the order. The accused were treated with moderation, and were unanimous in their assertion of the falsity of the charges made against them. The evidence was of the weakest and most vague, and often absurd description: the chief points were—that William de Fenne, a prior of the order, had lent John de Eure a book, in which was a paper containing a denial of the divinity of Jesus; and that another Templar had been heard to deny the immateriality of the soul. The prosecution fell to the ground, and the prisoners were set at liberty. The same result attended the investigations instituted in Spain, Portugal, and Germany. Some of the knights arrested in Italy confessed having trampled on the cross, and worshipped a gray cat; but the trials for witchcraft three or four centuries later have proved that the greatest absurdities, and even impossibilities, will be confessed upon the rack. In Sicily, only six Templars were arrested; they all confessed the guilt of the order, but their evidence was full of absurdities and contradictions. In Cyprus, 110 witnesses were examined, of whom 75 were Templars; but nothing was elicited in support of the charges brought against the order. The order being suppressed, however, its property was seized by the church, except in Spain and Portugal: in the former country the property of the Templars was transferred to the new order of Our Lady of Montesa, which was founded in 1317, and the habit of which was similar to that of the suppressed order; and in Portugal, the knights were formed into the order of Christ, which is still in existence, and were allowed to retain their property, and to have their own prior for the master of the new order.

While it must be admitted that the Templars had degenerated since the time of St Bernard—that the lives of many of them were far from pure—that they had manifested on several occasions a contempt for the forms of the church, and a general indifference on the subject of religion—and that some of them held deistical and pantheistical doctrines—it is quite evident that the testimony upon which those of France were condemned would not be received in any modern court of justice. The articles of

accusation themselves were absurd and contradictory. Can it be believed, for instance, that those who had adopted the unithism of the Moslems, or the pantheism of the Ismaelite sectaries, also practised an idolatrous worship as gross as that of the ancient Egyptians? If the degeneracy and corruption of the order were its crime, then Christianity by implication stood upon its trial at the same time; if their neglect of confession and penance, and other observances of the church, was their offence, then the religious reformers were equally guilty with the Templars; if their immorality was the motive for their suppression, then every convent in Europe should have been closed at the same time. Every charge made against them was alleged against the Albigenses, and indeed were stereotyped accusations against all who, in those ages, opposed the usurpations of the church and the tyranny of kings. On the whole, without maintaining that the morals of the order were purer than those of others, we may fairly assume that it was suppressed, neither for its corruption nor its immorality, but because it owned extensive possessions, which were coveted by the pope and the king of France, and because it had assumed a position menacing to absolute and undivided sovereignty.

The next secret association which we have to treat of in this Paper is the celebrated *Vehm-gerichte*, or Secret Tribunals of Germany, which modern romancists have invested with so many circumstances of mystery and awe. To those unacquainted with the real history of these tribunals, the '*Götz von Berlichingen*' of Goethe, the '*Anne of Geierstein*' of Scott, and the '*Faust*' and '*Bronze Statue*' of Mr G. W. M. Reynolds, in which imagination has filled up the gaps of vague tradition, will have conjured before the mind's eye the black-robed judges meeting at midnight in the dimly-lighted vaults of some feudal fortalice, and then some scene of horror, in which revenge usurped the place of justice, and the cord or dagger became the doom of the innocent as often as of the guilty. Much of the misconception of the nature of these tribunals has been caused by the difficulty which most minds must experience in regarding them solely in connection with the state of society in the age in which they existed. Many institutions which would be an unmitigated evil at the present day, had their appropriate place, and exercised a salutary influence upon society, in the middle ages. No period in the history of Germany presents such a scene of social anarchy and lawless violence as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in which almost the only check upon crime and oppression was the terror of the formidable *Vehm-gerichte*. The equity of their proceedings formed in general at once an example and a striking contrast to those of the ordinary tribunals. The powerful and the wealthy might treat the decisions of the latter with contempt and defiance; but the mysterious organization of the *Vehm-gerichte*, its widely-extended ramifications, and the number and fidelity of its secret emissaries, struck terror into the hearts of criminals of every degree. To enter into the spirit which actuated the founders of the secret tribunals, we must know something of the state of society in the age in which they had their origin; it was, as we have already said, the most lawless and turbulent period in the history of Germany; the feuds of the nobles disturbed the country from the Rhine to the Elbe; and from the Baltic to the Alps they set the ordi-

nary laws at defiance, filled their castles with banditti, and, in the words of Arnold of Lubec, 'every one did that which was right in his own eyes.'

The origin, and indeed the entire history, of the *Vehm-gerichte* is involved in obscurity, and therefore its proceedings cannot be traced, as in the case of the Templars, from its formation to the period at which it fades from the view of the historian. Much of the obscurity which hangs over its history may be ascribed to the awe with which it was regarded during its existence. Death was the penalty awarded to any member of the society who revealed its secrets; and a like fate awaited him who, being uninitiated, should intrude upon the sittings of the tribunal, or surreptitiously examine the books which contained the laws and ordinances and the secret registers of the society. The first writers who mention the *Vehm-gerichte* (holy tribunal) are Henry of Heworden, a Dominican monk, who wrote against it in the reign of Charles IV., about the middle of the fourteenth century; and Æneas Sylvius, secretary to Frederick III., about a century later. By these writers the institution of the secret tribunals is ascribed to Charlemagne, which was also the common opinion of the time, studiously disseminated by the members of the society themselves, to give it additional consequence in the eyes of the people. But Eginhart, the secretary and biographer of Charlemagne, and all other contemporary writers, are silent upon the subject; the fragments of the ancient Saxon laws collected in the twelfth century make no allusion to it; and the entire organization of the *Vehm*-tribunals is completely at variance with all the known institutions which date from the period in question. Another hypothesis attributes their foundation to St Engelbert, archbishop of Cologne, to whom Frederick II. committed the administration of affairs during his absence from Germany; but the only evidence in its support is the coincidence, in point of time, of Engelbert's administration with the first mention of the jurisdiction of the *Vehm-gerichte*, and the similarity of that tribunal, in the secrecy of its proceedings, to that of the Inquisition, upon which Engelbert is said to have modelled it. The comparison, except in the secrecy common to the proceedings of both, is as disparaging to the judges of the former tribunal as it is complimentary to the reverend Dominicans who presided over the latter; and it is more probable, when the circumstances in which other secret societies have originated are considered, that it owed its formation to neither emperor nor prelate, but to a little band of courageous and upright men, determined to apply a remedy to the evils which afflicted society, and to check the excesses of the powerful nobles, and the outrages of the banditti with whom they were often leagued in their deeds of rapine and oppression.

It was in Westphalia that the *Vehm* tribunals had their origin, but they soon existed all over Germany; and the first traces of their jurisdiction are discovered in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The tribunal-lords had each his peculiar district, beyond which he had no authority, and either presided in person, or appointed a deputy, who was called a *Free Count*. When a tribunal-lord proposed a deputy, he was obliged to testify to his personal knowledge of his moral character, and his capability of exercising the office; and the free count had to swear that he would judge truly and justly, according to the ordinances of Charlemagne and the *Vehm-gerichte*; and that he would attend once in each year the general chapter of West-

phalia, and give an account of his conduct in his office. The free counts received a fixed salary from the tribunal-lords, and also the initiation fees, and a share of the fines. The body of the society was formed by the *schüppen*, or assessors, who were divided into two classes—the knightly, and the simple, or those below the rank of knighthood; for it was the equitable maxim of the middle ages, that every man should be judged by his peers or equals, and this rule was adhered to in the constitution of the Vehm-gerichte. In each class there was also the distinction between those who had been initiated into the secrets of the society, and those who were simply enrolled as members: the former were called the Ignorant, and the latter the Knowing, and only the latter were allowed to be present at the tribunal. The candidate for admission had to be proposed by two of the initiated, who were required to vouch on oath that he was a native of Germany; that he was a free man, and born in wedlock; that he was not under the ban of excommunication or outlawry; and that he was not a member of any religious order. He then paid a fee to the free count, and was enrolled as a member of the society: if he was a knight, the fee was a mark of gold; if of lower rank, a mark of silver. The initiation of the Knowing was attended with considerable ceremony. The candidate was bare-headed, and kneeling before the free count, he placed the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand upon a naked sword and a halter, and took a solemn oath to aid the Vehm-gerichte by every means in his power; to bring before it every one whom he knew to be amenable to its laws; and not to swerve therefrom either through love or fear of the accused person, or from any unworthy motive. The count then revealed to him the secrets of the tribunal, and communicated the secret sign by which the initiated recognised each other.

Many magistrates of corporate towns, and even some of the inferior princes of Germany, were among the initiated, and the tribunal-lord was always a noble. Every free man, however, was eligible to all the other offices, if not otherwise disqualified. The duties of the initiated were to trace out those denounced, to serve citations, and to act as assessors when the tribunal sat. For the latter purpose seven at least were required to be present, and these were always of the same position in society as the person accused. The sergeants, or messengers of the tribunal, were chosen from the initiated of inferior rank, and there was also a clerk to enter the judgments of the court in what was called the 'Blood-Book.' Æneas Sylvius describes the initiated as grave men, and lovers of right and justice, and estimates their number as usually exceeding 100,000; he adds that no member of the society had ever been known to betray its secrets. Similar testimony is borne by other writers of the same period. Women and children, and all Jews and heathens (as many of the natives of Prussia still were), and likewise the clergy, were exempted from the jurisdiction of the Vehm-gerichte; the latter probably from the fear of provoking the hostility of such a powerful and influential body. When an offender, after being duly cited, did not appear to answer the charge before the Vehm tribunal, he was outlawed; every count of a tribunal was then authorised to seize him, and the whole force of the initiated, 100,000 persons, were immediately on his track. The ban of outlawry of the ordinary courts was a mere jest to that which emanated from the Vehm-gerichte. Escape was

impossible; and brief was the space which usually intervened between the issue of the ban and the appearance of the denounced before his judges.

The secret tribunals are always represented by romancists as holding their sittings in gloomy vaults; but so far was this from being the case, that they were seldom held even under a roof. There is only one instance of a Vehm tribunal being held under ground, which occurred at Heinberg; and instances of their being held anywhere but in the open air are extremely rare. The castle of Walften was indeed the meeting-place of one, and another was held in the town-house of Paderborn; but they were generally held in the open air, and under the shade of trees. At Dortmund, the tribunal was held in the market-place; at Nordkirchen, in the churchyard; and at Arensburg, in an orchard.

The Vehm-gerichte had three different modes of proceeding with offenders—namely, the summary, the secret, and the open. The first course was only followed when the criminal was taken in the act, or in endeavouring to escape after the commission of a crime, and then only when three of the initiated were present at his arrest. When this was the case, they became at once accusers, witnesses, judges, and executioners; but it must be obvious that these cases were of very rare occurrence. In ordinary cases, if the accused was a member of the society, the rules required that he should be cited to appear before the Vehm tribunal of the district, and that the citation should be served by two of the initiated. If he did not appear in six weeks and three days, a second citation was served by four schöppen; and if a similar period passed again without his appearance, he was cited for the third and last time by a count and six schöppen. When a count was accused, the first summons was served by seven schöppen, the second by four counts and fourteen schöppen, and the third by six counts and twenty-one schöppen. Those who did not belong to the society were only summoned once, and by a messenger. When the serving of a summons might be attended with personal danger, as when the accused was a knight or noble, the document was generally affixed by night to the castle gates of the offender, and the messenger carried away a chip of the gate as proof of the service. The summons always contained the names of the accused and the accuser, that of the count who issued it, and of the place where the court was to be held, and likewise the nature of the charge. If the accused did not appear on the first summons, he was fined thirty shillings; if the second failed, he was fined sixty shillings; and if he did not answer to the third, he was outlawed. The plea of necessary and unavoidable absence, however, was always admitted; the impediments recognised by the Vehm law were sickness, imprisonment, pilgrimage, the public service, lawful absence from the country, and unavoidable delay or accident upon the way to the tribunal. If the accused appeared on the second or third citation, and swore on the cross-hilt of the sword which lay before the count that he was too poor to pay the fine, it was remitted, and the trial then commenced according to the authorised form.

Before the count lay a naked sword and a halter, and on his right and left stood the clerks, the assessors, and as many of the initiated as chose to be present, sometimes more than a hundred, all bareheaded. No one was allowed to wear armour, or carry arms in the tribunal; and the rules of the society required that the count and the assessors should be sober and free

from wrath. If an uninitiated person was found in the assembly, he was immediately seized and bound, and hanged upon the spot; and any person who surreptitiously became possessed of the secrets of the society, shared the same fate upon detection. The accusation being read, the hearing of the evidence began: if the accused could bring twenty witnesses to testify to his innocence, he was acquitted; but if he could only produce thirteen, and his accuser brought forward twenty, his guilt was held established. The assessors formed the jury, and appear to have decided by a majority of voices. If the sentence passed was a capital one, the count took the halter, and flung it over the heads of the schöppen around him; and the name, crime, and sentence of the condemned were entered in the Blood-Book. If the criminal had surrendered, he was immediately hanged upon the nearest tree; and if he was a member of the society, he was hanged seven feet higher than any other, as being the greater criminal. If the accused was not present, all the initiated were set in pursuit of him; and wherever they caught him, they hanged him without farther ceremony.

When a criminal had been detected in the act, and had contrived to escape, or when he was a man charged openly and distinctly with the offence by common report, the secret mode of procedure was adopted. Upon being denounced by a member of the society, witnesses were heard in support of the accusation; and if the evidence was considered conclusive of his guilt, the count passed sentence, the case was entered upon the register, and thousands of the initiated were quickly in pursuit of the condemned. If he resisted the attempt to capture him, his pursuers were empowered to take his life by any means; in which case his body was tied to a tree, into the trunk of which his slayers stuck their knives, to intimate that he had not been slain by banditti, but in pursuance of the sentence of the Vehm-gerichte. The person against whom the secret process was adopted had no means of knowing his danger until the halter was about his neck, for the penalty of death was awarded by the Vehm laws to those who revealed any of the secrets of the society; and even if his own father or brother was one of the initiated, the dread of the Vehm tribunal precluded him from receiving the slightest warning. But it was only when the crime was of the deepest dye, or the accusatory rumour loud and repeated, that the secret process was adopted.

The condemned had always the right of appeal to the general chapter of Westphalia, or to the emperor, whom the society always professed to consider as their supreme head. The general chapter was convoked annually, and every tribunal-lord and free count was bound to attend it: it could be held only in Westphalia, and generally assembled either at Dortmund or at Arensburg. The nominal president was the emperor, and there are instances on record of the emperor being initiated; but if uninitiated, he appointed a deputy in the person of some initiated noble. The business of the general chapter was to receive the reports of the free counts, to suspend or depose such as had neglected their duty, to hear cases of appeal, and to revise and amend the Vehm laws. The emperor was always said to have the privilege of revoking the sentence of a Vehm tribunal; but the laws of the society limited this power by the expression, 'provided he be initiated;' and the acts of uninitiated emperors were often declared invalid by the sentence of a Vehm court. The tribunal-lord, also, was not necessarily one of the

initiated, but was always a noble or knight of the district in which the court was held; if uninitiated, he was obliged to appoint a count to preside in his place, and often did so when initiated himself; but if he appointed an unworthy or incompetent substitute, he forfeited his own office.

The manifest advantages of the Vehm tribunals made the Westphalian nobles anxious to possess this species of territorial jurisdiction; and in the latter part of the thirteenth century we find them established in almost every district of northern Germany, from the Rhine to the Weser. Charles IV., who perhaps regarded the institution as a valuable instrument of state, attempted to extend the sphere of their influence; but on the representations of his Vehm deputy, the archbishop of Cologne, and the lords of the secret tribunals in Westphalia, he desisted from his design. Wenceslaus, his son and successor, was also initiated, and assumed the privilege of initiating members himself, out of Westphalia, contrary to the Vehm law. The emperor's *schöppen*, however, do not appear to have been acknowledged by the Vehm chiefs, for on the free counts of Westphalia being asked by the Emperor Rupert how they acted with regard to such *schöppen*, they replied—'We ask them in what court they were initiated. Should it appear that they were initiated in courts which had no right to do so, we hang them, in the case of their being met with in Westphalia, without any mercy.' Wenceslaus sometimes employed the secret tribunals for the furtherance of his own purposes; and in 1389 he denounced to them the Count of Wernangerode, who was tried and hanged for treason by the Vehm law. In the year 1404, the Emperor Rupert ordered a collection to be made of decisions which declared and defined the privileges of the emperor with respect to these tribunals; and this is the earliest accredited source from which a knowledge of the Vehm laws can be derived. The power and influence of the Vehm-gerichte were at their zenith at this period. The serf and the vassal, the humble trader and the artisan, saw in it their only protection against injustice and oppression; the lesser nobility welcomed it as a barrier against the lawless violence and encroachments of the more powerful; the higher order of nobility sometimes grew weary of feuds which desolated their domains; and the emperors were not ill pleased with an institution which enabled them to check the turbulence of the barons when the ordinary laws would have been wholly inefficient.

The jurisdiction of the secret tribunals extended, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, over all Germany; and even beyond the bounds of the empire their citations were sometimes served. Not only individuals, but cities, were summoned through their municipal officers to appear before the free counts; and we read of citations being served during the fifteenth century upon Bremen, Lubec, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Erfurt, Görlitz, and Dantzic. The privileges of ecclesiastics were not always regarded, for the Count of Teckenburg, a chief of the Vehm-gerichte, being at feud with the bishops of Munster and Paderborn, summoned them, with three counts and several knights, their allies, before his tribunal, for having seized two of his castles. The citations were subsequently recalled, however, and the affair amicably arranged. In 1410, the Rhinegrave was summoned before the secret tribunal of Nordernau; in 1448, the Elector Palatine escaped with difficulty from the sentence of a Vehm court; and in 1454, the Duke of Saxony found himself obliged to appear before

the tribunal of Limburg. The Duke of Bavaria was accused before the tribunal of Waldeck of having deprived one Gaspar of his hereditary office of chief huntsman, of having beaten his servants, seized his hounds, and destroyed his castle of Torringen, and of having despoiled his wife of her jewels and other property; and the free count cited him to appear and take his trial. After an ineffectual appeal to the Emperor Sigismund, the duke adopted the expedient of getting himself initiated as a member of the society, by which he probably procured a more favourable verdict than he could otherwise have expected. Gaspar, in his turn, appealed to the emperor, who referred the matter to his Vehm lieutenant, the archbishop of Cologne; but whether it was brought before the general chapter, or how it finally terminated, is unknown.

Even the powerful order of the Teutonic knights, who were masters of Prussia and Livonia, were not free from the influence of the formidable Vehm-gerichte. Hans Holloger, a citizen of Dantzic, and a member of the society, was cited to appear before the tribunal of Elleringhausen, 'because he had spoken what he ought not to have spoken about the secret tribunal;' and the town-council were commanded, under a heavy penalty, to lodge the offender in prison until he had given security for his appearance. The town of Dantzic subsequently incurred the displeasure of the Vehm-gerichte, and the town-council was cited to appear before it; they appealed for protection to the Teutonic knights, whose grand-master wrote to Mangolt, count of the tribunal of Freyenhausen, warning him against adopting any further proceedings against the subjects of the order, when the latter haughtily replied, 'You have your rights from the empire, and I have power to judge all who hold of the empire.' Soon afterwards a tradesman at Liebstadt died deeply indebted to the Teutonic order, whose officers seized upon the deceased's effects; but his son, Hans David, produced a heavy claim against the order, and a document purporting to be an acknowledgment of the debt. The grand-master refused payment, and swore that the order owed David nothing, and that the bond was a forgery; and indeed it bore internal evidence of being spurious. David appealed to the king of Poland, and on that monarch declining to interfere, he denounced the order to Mangolt, who cited the grand-master to appear before his tribunal. The latter appealed to a general chapter held at Coblenz, by whose decision the proceedings against the order were declared null, and Mangolt liable to deposition for having cited the head of a religious order, as the Teutonic knights were considered. The emperor also issued a mandate declaring the proceedings of Mangolt iniquitous, and contrary to law; and David was thrown into prison at Cologne, where, notwithstanding the exertions of the Vehm counts in his behalf, he was detained two years. The emperor then directed the archbishop of Cologne and the margrave of Baden to institute a new inquiry into the matter, and to liberate David upon his giving security to appear at Nuremberg. This proceeding, which is attested by existing documents, can only be attributed to the influence of the secret tribunals, and it affords a striking proof of the importance which they had then acquired. The judicial proceedings were removed from Nuremberg to Vienna, where it was proved that the bond had been forged at the instance of David by a student of Elbingen named Rothofé; but as David had assaulted a prior

of the Teutonic order, the emperor, probably glad to be rid of the affair, referred the case to the decision of the pope; and after a long delay, Hans David and Count Mangolt were sentenced to pay a fine to the order of six thousand florins.

In 1489, one Weller, a citizen of Görlitz, and a member of the Vehm society, was accused of necromancy, and by order of the magistrates he was expelled from the town, and his property confiscated. Weller made friends of the bishop of Waradin and the imperial chancellor, and a new inquiry was instituted; but the magistrates of Görlitz justified themselves, and the sentence was confirmed. Weller then appealed to the pope, and two papal commissioners were appointed to make a further inquiry, the result of which was decidedly in his favour. Failing, however, to recover his property, he again applied to the pope, and commissioners were again appointed, who on this occasion confirmed the sentence of the magistrates of Görlitz. Weller then determined to bring the case before a Vehm tribunal, and the magistrates and town-council were cited to appear before the secret tribunal of Brackel, the citation being affixed to a hedge near the town. Görlitz had been exempted from all foreign jurisdiction by the Emperors Charles IV. and Sigismund, and the burgomaster therefore appealed against this citation to the king of Bohemia, who wrote to the free count of the tribunal of Brackel in behalf of the town; but no notice was taken of his mediation. At the appointed time, the accused not being present, Weller made oath that he estimated his losses at 500 florins, and was authorised to indemnify himself at the expense of the town of Görlitz in any manner that he could, severe penalties being awarded to any one who should impede him in the attempt to recover his property. As Weller was unable to indemnify himself for his losses, a second citation was served upon the authorities of Görlitz, which was found upon the floor of the convent church. The magistrates now began to be alarmed, and applied to the archbishop of Cologne and the free count of Brackel for a remission of the sentence; but no notice was taken of the application, and when the time allowed them expired without their appearance, they were outlawed. By this act every person was forbidden, under the pain of a like penalty, to harbour any inhabitant of Görlitz, or to hold any intercourse with them, until they had given satisfaction to the Vehm-gerichte, and restored the property of the complainant. The inhabitants submitted the case to the Bohemian Diet, the members of which interceded for them with the archbishop of Cologne, but without any effect; and an appeal to the landgrave of Hessen was equally unsuccessful. They then appealed again to the king of Bohemia, who applied to the Emperor Frederick III., and obtained a mandate which appears to have stayed the proceedings of the tribunal of Brackel during the life of Weller. But on his death in 1502, his son and son-in-law revived his claims, which were supported by the Count of Hohenstein; but no compensation was obtained until 1512, when the affair appears to have been amicably and satisfactorily arranged.

Like all similar institutions, the Vehm-gerichte at length became corrupt, and was often perverted to the purposes of private interest or revenge. Less care than at first was shown in the appointment of free counts, and in the admission of members; and a writer in the reign of Sigismund says, 'that those who had gotten authority to hang men were hardly

deserving enough to keep pigs; that they were themselves well worthy of the gallows, if one cast a glance over their course of life; that they left not unobserved the mote in their brother's eye, but overlooked the beam in their own.' The free counts were often accessible to bribery, and sometimes were men of bad character, using the formidable powers of the society for the furtherance of their own evil purposes. The right of exemption was narrowed, and Jews were made amenable to its jurisdiction, which was likewise extended to civil affairs, and defendants in civil suits were sometimes outlawed for non-appearance. Various attempts were made to reform the Vehm tribunals during the sixteenth century, but without success; and at length they became a positive evil and a social nuisance. The institution, moreover, was fast growing out of date, and soon became utterly at variance with the altered spirit of the age. The institution of the imperial chamber, and other civil reforms of the Emperor Maximilian, had done much to alter and improve the social condition of the empire, and the corruption of the Vehm tribunals caused them to be regarded with aversion. They were never formally abolished, but the excellent civil institutions of the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V., and the introduction of the Roman jurisprudence, caused them to be regarded as a remnant of barbarism, adapted only to the exigencies of a bygone state of society, and towards the close of the sixteenth century they begin to fade from the view. Some of the tribunals were suppressed, the rest were prohibited all summary proceedings, and exemptions and immunities from their jurisdiction were multiplied, until they gradually sank into insignificance.

Institutions analogous to the Vehm-gerichte, and springing from the same aspirations after justice, and the same inefficiency of the ordinary tribunals to redress the wrongs of the weak, have existed in other parts of Europe. Spittler, a German historian, quotes the following account of a secret tribunal at Cette, in the electorate of Hanover, from a manuscript work of Francis Algermann, written at the close of the sixteenth century:—'When the Vehm law was to be put in operation, all the inhabitants of the district who were above twelve years of age were obliged to appear, without fail, on a heath or some large open place, and sit down upon the ground. Some tables were then set in the middle of the assembly, at which the prince, his councillors, and bailiffs, took their seats. The secret judges then reported the delinquents and the offences; and they went round with a white wand and smote the offenders on the legs. Whoever then had a bad conscience, and knew himself to be guilty of a capital offence, was permitted to stand up and to quit the country within a day and a night. He might even wait till he got the second blow; but if he was struck the third time, the executioner was at hand, a pastor gave him the sacrament, and away with him to the nearest tree.' Similar tribunals existed at Wölpe and Rotenwald, where the secret judges were accustomed to give a private warning to any one whom they knew to have committed an offence within their jurisdiction. A mark was set upon his door during the night, and if this warning produced no effect—the offender neither quitting the country nor amending his life—the secret tribunal was assembled, and he was cited to appear before it. There was also a secret tribunal at Brunswick, which partook more of the nature of those just described than of the

Vehm courts which originated in Westphalia. The initiated, who were mostly respectable citizens, formed a secret police, whose duty was the surveillance of their fellow-townsmen, and collecting information relative to offences. The secret council assembled at midnight in St Martin's Churchyard; the initiated mounted guard at the gates and bridges, to prevent the escape of offenders; and at daybreak the tocsin was sounded, and the people assembled in the market-place, from whence they followed the council to an open space without the walls. All offenders were then summoned in turn—the tribunal taking cognisance of civil matters as well as criminal: if it was a first offence, the accused was permitted to clear himself by oath; if it was his second offence, or if there were two charges against him, he was required to produce six witnesses to testify to his innocence; and on the third charge he could clear himself by the ordeal of red-hot iron. The Tribunal of the Knowing, in the Tyrol, had also some points of resemblance to the Vehm-gerichte, but the proceedings were more summary. The custom of this court was for the accuser to place his finger on the head of the accused, and swear that he knew him to be guilty of the offence laid to his charge, while six reputable witnesses placed their fingers on the arm of the accuser, and made oath that they knew him to have sworn truly and honestly. This was held to be sufficient evidence of his guilt; and the court proceeded to judgment.

Traces of similar institutions have also been discovered in Sicily. The chronicles of the abbey of Monte Casino and Fossa Nuova state that in 1186, in the reign of William II., a society arose, the members of which assumed the name of *Vendicosi* (Avengers), and committed, according to the monkish chroniclers, much mischief; their sittings were held and their judgments executed by night. Adiorolphus, their grand-master, was hanged by order of the king, and many of his followers were branded with a hot iron. About a century later, the society of the Beati Paoli arose in Sicily, and spread its ramifications over the whole island. Persons of all ranks were initiated and united by secret signs; and their exertions were principally directed against the great feudal barons, whose power placed them beyond the reach of the ordinary tribunals. Its results are acknowledged to have been salutary, even by those opposed to the institution itself; and indeed in the unsettled state of society which then existed, when might was right, a system of terror was the only means of restraining the licentiousness and tyranny of the great. The summons of the secret tribunal, posted by night upon the gates of the oppressor's castle, struck more terror into his heart than would the mandate of the monarch. His castle walls and his armed retainers might enable him to bid defiance to the sovereign and the ordinary judges, but they availed him not against the sworn servitors of the secret tribunal dwelling unsuspected beneath his own roof. The punishments inflicted by the Beati Paoli were death by poison or the dagger, mutilation, or beating with sticks; sometimes, when the offender's person was beyond their reach, they destroyed his property by fire. The Sicilian monarchs promulgated the severest laws, and denounced the heaviest penalties against them; but the society continued to exist throughout the middle ages. It was most formidable in the districts of Messina and Trapani; and papers relating to the society are said to be still extant in the archives of these towns. The change in the state of,

society which took place in the sixteenth century at length effected what the government had essayed in vain; and the Beati Paoli gradually became extinct, though traces of its existence are found as late as the middle of the last century, when one of its most daring chiefs, surnamed Testa Longa, was executed by order of the Prince of Trabia. A subterranean chamber beneath the Strada della Canceddi, and near the church of Santa Maria di Gesù at Palermo, is shown as one of their places of meeting; and a vivid recollection of the association is said to remain among the Sicilians, who often exclaim, when smarting under some injury for which they can obtain no redress, 'Ah, if the Beati Paoli were still in existence!'

Casual notices of other secret societies besides those already mentioned are met with in the history of the middle ages. Müller intimates that secret associations of a religious nature existed in Italy during the pontificate of Alexander III., but little is known concerning them; they were probably some of the disciples of Arnold of Brescia, one of the earliest of the reformers, who was seized and burned at a stake by order of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. The colliers of Germany, who inhabited the extensive forests of that country, and followed the occupation of preparing charcoal, are also said to have formed themselves into an association for mutual assistance, and for protection against banditti, and to have recognised each other by secret signs and passwords. Their secrets, and the oath which bound them to each other, were called the Faith of the Colliers. Important services rendered to the order sometimes, though rarely, obtained for persons of rank admission into the society. These associations, in the course of time, acquired more consistency, and were spread over Germany, France, and the Netherlands. The criminal enterprise of Conrad of Kauffangen to carry off the Princes of Saxony failed through the intervention of the Colliers; and at a later period, a Duke of Wurtemberg was compelled by them, under menaces of death, to make certain alterations in the cruel and oppressive forest laws of that period.

Francis I. is said to have been initiated into the secrets of the Colliers or Charbonniers of France, whose hospitality he had shared when separated from his company in the chase, and benighted in an extensive forest, whose intricacies were unknown to him. St Theobald, who was a son of the Count of Brie, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1066, was also an honorary member of the association, and became its patron saint—a circumstance which led to his adoption in the same capacity by the Carbonari of modern times. The society of Charbonniers is said to have existed in the mountains of the Jura up to the close of the last century; the members were called Good Cousins, as among the Carbonari, and several members of the French parliaments are said to have been enrolled in the association between the years 1770 and 1790. The society of Hewers, which is likewise met with in the mediæval period of French history, resembled that of the Colliers or Charbonniers. Among its symbols of initiation was the trunk of an old tree, together with others referring to the avocations of its members in the forests, just as the Foresters of the present day have adopted for their symbols bows, arrows, axes, and hunting-horns.

One of the most extraordinary of the secret societies of the middle ages was that of the Rosicrucians, which arose in the fourteenth century,

and was founded by Christian Rosencrux, a native of Germany. That country was then the land of superstition and mysticism, as Egypt was in the early ages of the world; and the learned of that day, when everything in the field of science was matter of mystery and speculation, engaged with ardour in the exciting but delusive pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, the elixir of life, and the marvellous herb that rendered the possessor invisible, and plunged with avidity into the study of astrology, chiromancy, and magic. These subjects engaged the attention of Rosencrux; and he was supposed to have made many important discoveries, which he communicated only to his disciples. In the mental darkness of the middle ages, knowledge conferred on its few possessors greater distinction than it does now that it has become more generally diffused; and those whom the light of science had illuminated acquired more celebrity by conserving their knowledge than they would have done by imparting it to the world. The learned of the middle ages were in this respect in precisely the position of the conjurer at a country fair. Neither was there any inducement at that time to the communication of scientific discoveries, while there was every motive for the illuminated to keep the light of knowledge to themselves. The mass of the people were not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the truths of philosophy, and the clergy watched the progress of their illumination with a jealous eye. Hence those of the learned who were impelled by philanthropy to publish their scientific discoveries to the world, ran the risk of being drowned by an ignorant and brutalised mob as a sorcerer on the one hand, and of being consigned to the rack and the stake as an heretic on the other. Christian Rosencrux, therefore, communicated the knowledge he had acquired only to a few aspirants, who, after his death, formed themselves into a society for the secret and safe dissemination of the truths which he had imparted to them. For this purpose they devised a system of secret signs and passwords by which the illuminated recognised each other; and they provided for the conservation of their philosophic secrets among the members of the society, by compelling every one to swear at his initiation that he would not divulge them to any uninitiated person. Deriving the name from a verbal playing upon that of their founder, they called themselves the Brethren of the Rosy Cross, whence they were called, for brevity, Rosicrucians. Their philosophy, as far as it has descended to modern times, is mystic and fanciful, and laid open a wide field for romancists and poets to exercise their imaginative powers. In the air of romance and mystery in which they contrived to envelop themselves, they resembled the Illuminatis of a later period, and their philosophy peopled the elements with imaginary beings—with gnomes, sylphs, salamanders, and nymphs. The mines and caverns of the earth were the abode of the first class; the second filled the air like troops of dancing gnats on a summer evening, though visible only to the eyes of the illuminated; the third class dwelt in the midst of fire; and the fourth had their habitation in grotts of coral and pearl at the bottom of rivers. The Rosicrucians pretended to be on terms of familiarity with these imaginary beings, and minutely described their appearance, and related their conversations. This singular society of mystics was in existence as late as the seventeenth century, both in Germany and France; and a periodical devoted to astrology and the occult sciences which appeared a few years

since in London, stated that the society was not yet wholly extinct, and had many members even in this country. ♥

Freemasonry, which has been the parent of most of the secret societies of modern times, claims likewise to be descended from, and to have continued, those of the middle ages. The Rosicrucians form the last degree of its singular hierarchy—the keystone of the arch; and a connection is likewise claimed by the order with the Templars. Rossetti, an Italian writer, strongly insists upon this connection; and so convinced are the Freemasons themselves of it, that Mowdenhaler's history of the judicial proceedings against the Templars, compiled from the original documents, has been bought up by the order, so that it is now impossible to procure a copy. In like manner the modern Carbonari deduced their origin from the Charbonniers of the middle ages; but little credit is generally to be attached to these derivations, similarity of views and objects being sufficient to account for similarity of organization in these societies.

The Templars, like the Rosicrucians, form a degree in the masonic hierarchy; and there is also a Society of Templars, whose chief seat is in Paris, and whose branches extend to many parts of France and other countries, including England. Their manual asserts that Molay nominated one Lormenius as his successor, and that the charter of his appointment is still preserved at Paris among the statutes, archives, and banners of the order. The succession of grand-masters is said to have been continued down to the present time; but the story of the appointment of Lormenius is very improbable, and at variance with the ancient rules of the order. But whatever their origin, the present Templars can have no resemblance with the old order, originating as it did under a state of society which has happily passed away for ever.

RAJAH BROOKE AND BORNEO.

THOUGH a great deal has lately been written on the Indian Archipelago, particularly in connexion with Sir James Brooke and the pirates, nothing like an adequate knowledge of that part of the world is yet possessed by the public. This at first sight may seem surprising. An intercourse of three hundred years carried on between Europe and that portion of Asia ought to have familiarised us not merely with its geography, but likewise with its productions and inhabitants, of which, however, we are only now beginning to form something like a correct idea. And had events pursued their ordinary course, ages might still have rolled on and left us buried in profound ignorance; but the adventurous spirit of an individual, united with enlarged views and a generous philanthropy, has at length awakened the curiosity of civilisation, and rivetted it upon the Twelve Thousand Islands, so that in all probability we shall, in the course of a few years, have completely explored them, and rendered all their rich and varied resources accessible to the commerce of the West.

When the Arabs first penetrated beyond the golden Chersonese, and beheld group after group studding the waters of those sunny and tranquil seas, they bestowed on that mighty Archipelago the name of the Twelve Thousand Islands, making use of a definite expression to signify an indefinite number. Geographical pedants have cavilled at the appellation, as they have at that which the same poetical people, in the first burst of admiration, gave to the Maldives. But exactness in such cases is not sought, the object being to produce deep impressions, and by exciting the fancy, to rouse and keep awake the spirit of enterprise. We shall therefore, for the sake of variety, employ the Arab phrase as a synonyme of the Indian Archipelago, having entered into the above brief statement merely to guard against misapprehension.

This immense system of islands, extending through nearly fifty-five degrees of longitude, and thirty-two of latitude, is about 3600 miles in length by 2200 in breadth. Lying on both sides of the equator, it enjoys throughout its whole extent something like perpetual summer, except where the elevation of the mountains produces a temperature approaching to that of more northern climates. It will be readily conceived that the productions of so vast an Archipelago must be extremely varied. Indeed, when the whole comes to be explored, it will probably be found that

almost every island, small or great, grows something peculiar to itself in addition to many productions which are common to the entire group.

Entering at the Straits of Malacca, and sailing eastwards, you may be said to enjoy a perpetually-shifting panorama, whose features are richer and more magnificent than can be viewed anywhere else in the world. Here you observe innumerable islets, level or pyramidal, floating like so many green nests upon the waves; there you seem to be sailing along the coasts of large continents or of islands, which you could not circumnavigate in many months. Sometimes, as you advance towards the rising sun, you behold a succession of verdant plains or savannas, which are then suddenly interchanged for Alpine regions, covered with gorgeous vegetation to the summit, which is often lost in the clouds. In one place the seas are narrow as rivers, intersected by coral-reefs, studded with feathery islets, sheltered by mountains overhung by cliffs and precipices, and painted with a variety of brilliant colours by the superb reflection of the shores. Elsewhere, the waters unfold themselves into sunny expanses, on which for whole days you may lose sight of land, though always made conscious of its vicinity by the flight of birds, or the appearance of small prahus, which could not venture their frail construction upon the ocean.

The reflection which naturally suggests itself to the mind is, that you are passing over the ruins of a submerged continent, the pinnacles only of which now appear above water. At other times you are induced, on the contrary, to believe that a portion of the earth's crust, upheaved by volcanic agency, is preparing to prolong indefinitely the southern limits of Asia, already too vast to be regarded as one division of the globe. But whatever turn your geological speculations may take, you cannot avoid regarding with extreme interest the ever-varying aspect of the groups around you, peopled by millions of human beings in very different stages of civilisation. Here you observe fleets of prahus laden with the merchandise of Europe, making their way with oars and sails towards the Aroo Islands and the coasts of New Guinea; there you encounter other fleets of similar embarkation steering towards Macassar, Labuan, Sarūwak, or Singapore, with the rich commodities found among the islands on the eastern verge of the Archipelago. In these simple, but hardy and active agents of civilisation, you cannot fail to be deeply interested. The impulse by which they are moved to undertake voyages so protracted and full of peril is no doubt the love of gain: their mental horizon is bounded by their own welfare and that of their families; they are guided by no enlarged philosophy; contemplate no extensive or lasting results; speculate on no golden awards of fame, on no second life in the grateful emotions of distant ages, benefited by their patriotism or their enterprise. But they nevertheless perform, and faithfully too, the duties of civilisation's primitive apostles—uniting innumerable islands and groups by the links of commerce, whose golden touch everywhere awakens industry, and incites men, otherwise lethargic, to serve their neighbours by benefiting themselves.

By this beneficent process the whole circle of the Twelve Thousand Islands might in time be brought to taste the blessings of refinement, were not the operations of trade obstructed by some blighting influence. From time immemorial such an influence has unfortunately existed in that system of piracy which, making its operations coextensive with those of commerce,

has for ages plunged the whole Archipelago in barbarism, from which, to all appearance, there would have been no hope of escape through the exertion of native energy. It was necessary that assistance should come from without; that a people elevated by superior knowledge, and invested with superior power, should counteract the evil influences so long at work, and deliver the numerous populations of the Indian Ocean from the incubus which pressed upon and paralysed their energies.

The Archipelago may be said to have found its deliverer in Sir James Brooke, who, appearing suddenly among its tribes, organized and brought into play that system of policy which in all likelihood will ultimately insure to them most of the arts and advantages of civilised life. It was not to be expected that he would be suffered to carry out so grand a design without encountering opposition; such is not the fashion of this world. To do good, you must often consent to be suspected of evil. There is a natural antipathy between littleness and greatness which incites all those tormented by the consciousness that, under similar circumstances, they could not go and do likewise, to calumniate and persecute Sir James Brooke; to misrepresent his motives, and, as far as their petty means enable them, to thwart his purposes and blast the hopes of the Archipelago.

With the character, powers, and objects of many of these individuals we are well acquainted, and know them to be wholly incapable of achieving anything themselves; but the offices of petty obstruction are within every man's reach. If he cannot perform great actions himself, it is at least always possible for him to cast aspersions on those who can; and to a certain class of minds this is productive of some satisfaction. But we happen to be acquainted with Sir James Brooke also, and know him to be actuated by the noblest motives, to be swayed by the soundest and most comprehensive views of policy, and to be possessed of an intrepid soul, which will enable him to brave all the assaults of envy or malice; and by the exercise of exalted and persevering virtue, to acquire lasting honour for himself, while he heaps shame and confusion of face upon his adversaries.

When history comes to delineate the characters of these times, it will find few greater than that of Sir James Brooke. Many men are wealthier—many are distinguished by loftier titles and more pompous pretensions, but no one has exhibited more originality in sketching out for himself a plan of action, or more energy and perseverance in pursuing his design. It may be that he is ambitious, for what great man is not? But, fortunately for his fame, it is his ambition to become the benefactor of mankind—to enlighten the ignorant, to protect the weak, to paralyse violence and injustice, and to erect a superb fabric of civilisation where he found nothing but darkness, barbarism, and crime. This is his ambition, and not even Columbus himself was actuated by a nobler. It will, however, be long, very long, before the European public are in a condition to appreciate correctly the achievements of this distinguished man, merely to comprehend whose designs is obviously beyond the reach of a majority of his contemporaries. The mere wish, however, to do him justice, implies the possession of honourable feelings, and a certain amount of courage and sagacity; for calumny has been so actively at work, that his actions must necessarily be misunderstood by many, and his character by many more.

Sir James Brooke was born on the 29th April 1803, at his father's seat at Coombe Grove, in the neighbourhood of Bath. Some have supposed Benares to have been the place of his birth, but erroneously, though the long residence of his father in the Bengal presidency very naturally gave rise to the mistake. Over the early development of his mind his mother—a woman of remarkable abilities—presided with the tenderest care. Afterwards he received in the schools the usual education of English gentlemen, and being designed for the military profession, was sent out very young to India. Shortly afterwards, on the breaking out of the Burmese war, he accompanied his regiment to the valley of the Brahmapootra, where, in the neighbourhood of Rungpore, he received during an engagement a shot in the lungs. This dangerous wound occasioned his return to Europe, and led ultimately to his abandonment of the service. He then proceeded in the *Castle Huntly* to China, and it was during this voyage that he formed the grand design to the accomplishment of which he has since devoted his life. The spending many months at sea, whatever may be the studies or pursuits of the voyager, is in most cases felt to be extremely tedious. People torture their invention, therefore, to hit upon new methods of killing time. Sir James (then Mr) Brooke and his friends planned for this purpose the publication of a newspaper, to be written in verse. Sir James was chosen editor, and supplied numerous contributions under the formidable signature of CHOLERA-MORBUS. Mr St John has published a specimen of the poetry in his 'Views in Borneo;' and there are several others before us in manuscript of much merit, but filled with allusions to persons and circumstances of the hour, which would require a commentary to render them generally intelligible. But everywhere, in the midst of much gaiety, we discover traces of a thoughtfulness approaching to melancholy, with a strong relish of the beauties of external nature, and a tendency towards solitude and meditation. A second voyage to the Celestial Empire only served to confirm him in his purpose, by disclosing the commercial value of the Archipelago, and suggesting the means by which a civilising influence might be communicated to its vast and varied population.

From studying the history of the group, he perceived that, besides the evils resulting from the wild passions of the natives, other causes materially contributed to repress commerce and industry. The Spaniards in the north, and the Dutch in the south, pursuing a narrow and debasing policy, reduced the population under their sway to a state of helpless effeminacy. Sloth and superstition combined to check all progress in the Philippines, while a savage and relentless system of monopoly shed a perpetual blight over Java, Sumatra, and the Moluccas. Even the mighty island of Borneo—as, in imitation of the Spaniards, we denominate the Pulo Kalamantan of the natives—was not free from the encroaching and pernicious policy of the Netherlands; which, while Great Britain neglected to assert the rights secured to her by treaty, proceeded with remorseless ambition and cruelty to subjugate one aboriginal tribe after another, everywhere establishing, together with its authority, that jealous system of exclusion which has invariably characterised the commercial transactions of Holland.

Succeeding, on the death of his father, to a large fortune, Sir James Brooke fitted out a handsome yacht, and, with vast ideas in his mind, bent his course towards the extremities of the Indian Ocean. At a distance

perhaps the imagination may contrive to invest with something like grandeur the fierce and vindictive struggles of barbarians. But war, terrible in all its aspects, becomes at once revolting and contemptible when we discover on what paltry principles, and in how pitiful and degrading a manner, it is carried on among the Malays, for example, and Dyaks of Borneo. In immense systems of operations, the littleness of the motives in which they originate is often lost sight of; but when avarice, revenge, treachery, cruelty, and a cunning scarcely worthy of the inferior animals, appear in all their naked deformity before us, they irresistibly excite our detestation and our scorn, and inspire us with the wish that any equitable means could be discovered of arresting their progress.

It is this feeling that induces us to follow with so deep a sympathy the career of Sir James Brooke. On his arrival in Sarawak—the capital of which, now dignified by the name of the province, was then called Cuching—he found the Rajah Muda Hassim engaged in hostilities with several of the Dyak tribes. Through the instrumentality of this man, to whom Sir James Brooke afforded important aid, he was enabled to obtain a footing in the island; his own courage, prudence, and generosity did the rest. As was natural, the unfortunate aborigines immediately became bound by a strong attachment to him. To them kindness and disinterestedness were things altogether new. From the Malays they had never experienced anything but oppression; and therefore, on seeing a man invested with power without exhibiting an inclination to make use of it to their detriment, their hearts were filled with unwonted pleasure, and his influence over them became unbounded. At the bidding of their new ruler they relinquished their immemorial habits and prejudices, gradually abandoning the slaughter of men and women for their heads, and, what was still more wonderful in savages, exchanged the enjoyment of sloth and listless indolence for the painful processes of industry.

On the arrival of Sir James Brooke, the capital of Sarawak numbered no more than from 1500 to 1800 inhabitants, including the Malays, who had come thither with Muda Hassim from Bruné. No sooner, however, had the Englishman been proclaimed rajah, and given proofs of the mildness and equity of his rule, than the population began insensibly to augment. Until then, the province, from the seacoast to the mountains, had presented little to the eye but the irregular undulations of one vast forest. Here and there, indeed, in spots so diminutive as to be almost imperceptible, the wretched Dyaks had cut down a few trees, erected small hamlets, and commenced an imperfect and scanty cultivation. Everywhere else nature reigned in all her wild magnificence. Trees of enormous height were united to each other by screens and canopies of parasites, whose bright flowers at particular seasons of the year seem to set the forest in a blaze. The smaller rivers ran during nearly their whole course under leafy arches, and even the larger streams appeared, as you ascended them, to be overhung with cloistered roofs, rent and shattered by time, so far and so densely did the trees project their mighty boughs over them.

A change was soon visible. The clearings commenced in the neighbourhood of the capital, where, upon what had so lately been the site of the primeval wilderness, you beheld trim gardens and plantations of cocoa-nut trees. The sound of the axe was perpetually heard among the forests, and

the song of the woodman mingled with the crash of falling timber, the lowing of kine, and the shouts and laughter of children. The city increased as if by magic. Trading prahus crowded thither from all the neighbouring provinces, mingling with English ships of war, and square-rigged merchant vessels from Singapore, Pinang, and other British settlements. Scarcely had Singapore or Aden risen to importance with greater rapidity. From the dimensions of an insignificant village, Sarāwak swelled, in the course of a few years, into a city, with a population which at the present moment falls in all likelihood but little short of 20,000.

A similar growth and improvement have taken place throughout the country, where the villages are enlarging and multiplying, cultivation extending its empire over hill and valley, gold-washings carried on with activity, mines sunk, and trade daily acquiring fresh development. An English church, with its unpicturesque, Puritanical architecture, is now rearing its head beside a Mohammedan mosque; schools have been opened for the education of Malays and Dyaks; and printing-presses, we understand, will soon be at work to diffuse the knowledge of the West among the natives, and send information to Europe of the progress made by Borneo in knowledge and civilisation.

From the point of time at which we now stand it is impossible to foresee all the consequences of the movement which has been commenced by our adventurous and noble countryman. We make no doubt, however, that the whole interior of Borneo will soon be penetrated and quickened by his influence. Unfortunately insuperable obstacles stand in the way of our discovering what is thought among the tribes of the interior of the new light at this moment beheld blazing on the coast; but we know that nothing is done in Sarāwak the consequences of which do not immediately vibrate through the whole population, including even those tribes whose very names are not with certainty known to the Malays. As on the discovery of America messengers carried across the whole continent news of the arrival of the strangers, so Sir James Brooke's advent in Sarāwak was notified to the chiefs and sultans whose territories are situated on the extreme limits of Pulo Kalaunantan towards the East. Opinion, therefore, it is certain, is already over the entire surface of the island preparing the way for a better order of things. Among listless savages the first and chief step is to arouse attention, to awaken hope, or even to excite terror. Nothing is so fatal to man as mere stagnation, which now no longer exists in Borneo, except where the deadening influence of the Netherlands draws a wall of circumvallation around the tributary natives.

But whatever may be the remote consequences of Sir James Brooke's operations in the Archipelago, it is certain that many hostile influences must be overcome before any great amount of good can be effected. No sooner had he set foot in Borneo, than the jealousy of Spain and Holland was awakened. The Dutch pretended that by the treaty of 1824 the English were entirely excluded from holding any possessions in the Archipelago; and they chose to regard Sir James Brooke's proceedings as originating with the nation to which he belonged. A wholesome fear, however, of the anger of Great Britain restrained them from acts of violence. They contented themselves with calumniating and maligning

him; and, as we shall presently see, it was not long before they found coadjutors in this honourable task among our own countrymen.

The most formidable difficulties, however, remain still to be described. In various parts of the Archipelago were found communities of Malay or Arab descent, strengthened frequently by alliance with native tribes, which, relying on their superior intelligence, and restrained by no motives of morality or religion, addicted themselves, without disguise, to the practice of piracy. The term, indeed, requires in their case to be understood in a sense somewhat different from that in which it is employed by Europeans. It does not, in the Twelve Thousand Islands, exclusively signify robbing on the high seas, but includes the burning and plunder of villages, the wanton ravaging of sea-coasts, the capturing of women and children, and wholesale dealing in slaves. Of the number of those engaged in working this dreadful system no exact idea can perhaps be formed; but their force is so great, that it suffices, when dispersed and scattered, to carry on operations upon nearly all points of the Archipelago at once. Persons ignorant of the truth, or interested in misrepresenting it, have recently endeavoured to propagate extremely erroneous views of these piratical hordes; of whom, with the artifices of vulgar rhetoric, they have spoken, according to the purpose of the moment, in friendly or contemptuous language. According to them, there exists beyond the Straits of Malacca no such thing as piracy. What we designate by that name, they, under the impulse of a more enlarged humanity, denominate 'intertribal wars,' with which, as they interpret the laws of nations, we have no right to interfere.

To enter into discussion with such individuals would be utterly unavailing: their arguments are as untenable as their doctrines are false and dangerous; because, while making large professions of philanthropy, the effect of their proceedings would, if successful, be to abandon to mutual extermination the rude or half-civilised inhabitants of numerous rich and spacious islands or groups. Their cry, incessantly repeated, is, that the piracy of the Malays and Dyaks, supposing it to deserve the name, does not interfere with the commerce of Europeans. It confines its attacks entirely, as they maintain, to the aborigines of the Twelve Thousand Islands; for which reason, according to their principles of policy, we should look on with imperturbable indifference, however general may be the deluge of misery it inflicts upon the populations of the Archipelago.

We will not, however, insult the people of this country so far as to imagine they can possibly be indifferent to the sufferings even of the most barbarous tribes, whose ignorance or want of refinement does not place them beyond the circle of humanity. To carry on hostilities against barbarism, we must derive fresh resources from the very process itself. This we can only do through the development of commerce. A man ceases to be a savage when you awaken in him the desire to buy and sell. He thenceforward turns his attention to some form of industry: to the collection of gums, or feathers, or shells, or birds'-nests, or canes, or aromatic barks, or other wild productions of the forest. He ceases to think exclusively of bloodshed; and if the life of man does not immediately become more sacred in his eyes, to take it certainly ceases to be thought so desirable as formerly. He prefers trafficking with to killing him; and by a sort of invisible network of profit and loss, he thus connects himself with other

members of his species, and recovers the original conviction of our race—that we are all brethren.

In what way precisely these ideas take root and germinate in his mind, it exceeds our metaphysics to explain; but experience indisputably proves that a strong taste for commerce leads by the shortest road to civilisation. At the same time it must not be forgotten that in rude conditions of society various influences apparently contradictory are at work. Thus where trade has made considerable progress, it is generally accompanied by piracy; and the reason is plain: there are in all societies large bodies of men with the taste for such enjoyments as wealth can purchase, but without those habits of patient industry which would enable them to acquire wealth; to these arms supply a short road to enjoyment. They seize by force what others have created or amassed; and finding the method agreeable, pursue and convert it into a profession.

In the Indian Archipelago, long before the advent of Europeans, men of this class everywhere abounded. As the temptations to rob on the high seas always existed, so likewise perhaps did pirates; but they began to multiply and appear in great force towards the decline of the native governments, particularly in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Similar phenomena have accompanied the decay of most empires, but in that part of the world many causes concurred to produce the same effect. However, the chief impulse seems to have been derived from the intervention of Western enterprise, which, by destroying the power of the native princes without immediately setting up anything in its place, left the bucaneeing chiefs a clear stage for their ambition. Accordingly, in nearly all the groups of islands, from Papua on the east, to Sumatra on the west, the sea-marauders flourished and became numerous. The nature of the seas afforded them every possible advantage for carrying on their calling successfully: large and endless coral-reefs, of which they alone perhaps knew the secret entrances and exits; narrow channels between islands; gulfs, shoals, creeks, and bays; and on the great islands innumerable rivers; with a vast network of branches, channels, deltas, sandbanks, and diverging mouths. In this way trade was everywhere beset by formidable enemies. It may perhaps excite surprise that obstacles so great and so numerous did not altogether deter native merchants from entering upon the speculations of commerce; but they acted under the same influence with the pirates themselves—namely, the love of gain; which, if it did not render them insensible to danger, at least enabled them to encounter it. Besides, there is a principle in human nature which produces a flux and reflux in all such affairs, and this sometimes gave the ascendancy to the enemies of trade; sometimes, by exciting the merchants to resistance, it led to the cultivation on their part of warlike habits, which again frequently produced equally evil results; for traders who had been triumphant in their encounter with pirates, acquired fearlessness and proneness to contention, which at times induced them to attack persons who were not pirates; or, in other words, to become bucaneeers themselves.

By such means were the populations of the Archipelago corrupted and deteriorated till the period of Sir James Brooke's arrival. The mischief had acquired its greatest development, and become formidable even to the commerce of the West. For nothing can be more absurd than the oft-

repeated assertion, that the pirates of those seas never attack square-rigged vessels, or any craft manned by European sailors. To introduce a dry list of the ships captured, and of the crews reduced by the Malays or Dyaks to servitude, would be totally beside our purpose. But we may observe in general terms, that both European and American vessels have been assailed and plundered by the bucaniers of the Archipelago; and that not once or twice, but frequently. Sir James Brooke himself ransomed from slavery several unfortunate crews, partly Lascar, and partly English, who, by the wrecking of their barks, had been thrown into the hands of the piratical tribes; and there are on record numerous other examples, particularly on the Sulu group, whither the Illanuns and Balanini usually conveyed their unfortunate captives for sale.

We have, besides, in favour of this view of the subject the testimony of the Dutch writers, not one of whom has ever attempted to deny the existence in the Archipelago of a formidable system of piracy. They maintain that every portion of the vast group teems with bucaniers, and recount with laborious industry the efforts made, during 147 years, by the Netherlands government for the extirpation of the system. Among the regulations put in force by the Dutch, both in Java and the Moluccas, and indeed in various parts of Borneo itself, there was one which indicates the extreme difficulty encountered by our neighbours in the undertaking: they forbade the natives in all the islands nominally under their sway to arm their prahus, or to have, under any pretence, more than a certain number of men on board, whether crew or passengers.

The consequences might have been foreseen: the bolder and more spirited among the natives disregarded the absurd injunction, while those who obeyed it fell an easy prey to the pirates. Had the Dutch been lords-paramount throughout the Archipelago, or had they even possessed a fleet sufficiently powerful to punish the piratical communities, one after another, the result might have been different. As it was, they only multiplied the victims of dishonesty by placing all trading prahus belonging to countries under their influence at the mercy of the bucaniers.

Another important point must not be lost sight of: finding itself altogether incapable of dealing single-handed with the evil, the Netherlands government, upon the recovery of its Eastern possessions, stipulated by treaty that Great Britain should aid it in reducing to obedience such native tribes as still addicted themselves to piracy. Had Holland itself been equal to the performance of this task, its natural jealousy would have prevented it from seeking our co-operation. But the experience of a century and a-half had sufficed to convince it of its incapacity. Even its ships of war had been often defeated or captured by the native prahus; and examples are related of Dutch officers having been sold for slaves, and ransomed from captivity by Chinese merchants. Besides, disguise it how they may, no doubt can be entertained that both Javanese and Dutch ladies have been taken from their own dwellings in Java, and transferred to the harems of the native chiefs on the eastern coast of Borneo. Those writers, consequently, who now seek to propagate the belief that Malay and Dyak piracy, though a nuisance, is not formidable, argue an entire ignorance of the facts, or else dishonestly misrepresent them. Precisely the same remark will apply to those speakers in parliament who have

recently rendered themselves somewhat notorious by their hostility towards the civilising operations of the rajah of Sarāwak.

Returning to the pirates, we may now venture to take it for granted that they are at once numerous and formidable. But the English government, though by treaty it promised assistance to Holland, neglected for many years to redeem its pledge. Little progress was therefore made towards removing the obstacles which had so long obstructed the track of commerce in the Archipelago. Left to themselves, the Dutch adopted that course of policy which they found most practicable—attacking the pirates when it was in their power, at other times avoiding quarrels with them, or even, as has been reported, conniving at their misdeeds, and lending them the countenance of their national flag. Who supplied the marauders with ammunition is not exactly known: several nations have been suspected, we ourselves among the rest. But the greatest weight of evidence seems to be cast into the scale against the Netherlanders, who have never been too scrupulous in the exercise of their craft and calling as merchants.

The reader will by this time be disposed to experience no surprise at beholding the piratical system taking root in every part of the Archipelago, springing up into luxuriance, and rendering itself formidable, both to the native governments and to traders from the West. Scarcely a single tribe of warlike people escaped the taint. There is a charm in danger—a fascination in the look of death which often allures brave men from the path of duty. They forget the ethics of the case, and stimulated by their courage, rush to conflict, that they may enjoy its intense excitement. Civilisation curbs this appetite, but can never eradicate it. All men, at the bottom of their hearts, feel a propensity towards strife; and even when most refined, have the original savage very easily awakened in them.

It accordingly requires no great effort of the imagination to comprehend the force of temptation held out to wild and daring barbarians by the appearance of a piratical fleet preparing to put to sea. We must picture to ourselves nearly all the men of a tribe descending from their dwellings towards the beach, accompanied so far by their wives and children, by their encouragement and applause urging them to battle. Let us imagine hundreds of gallant prahus, heaving and tossing on the waves, tom-toms beating, streamers of all colours flying, guns, spears, matchlocks, and krises flashing in the sun, and thousands of dusky visages inflamed with fiery passions. Over such men the public opinion of distant communities can be expected to exercise no influence. They have a public opinion of their own, and this incites them to brave death and danger in pursuit of plunder. They may possibly, if they ever reason on the matter at all, condemn their predatory expeditions with legitimate warfare, since it is a prevalent practice of mankind as far as possible to colour their vices with some appearances of virtue. But their warfare, if it deserve the name, is carried on indiscriminately against all they meet, even their next-door neighbours and countrymen. Whatever weaker than themselves they encounter on the sea is prey, as those pseudo-philanthropists, who so pertinaciously declaim about their innocence, would be very speedily taught had they the ill-luck to be found in their way.

Of the strength of the bucaneeering fleets the most varied estimate must

be formed, since they have sometimes been known to amount to 400 prahus, and occasionally not to exceed five or six. No useful purpose could be served by exaggeration. We will therefore suppose that when writers speak of a fleet of 400 prahus, they mean to include small boats and canoes, or perhaps indulge in a mere rough approximation. Could we, however, adopt their view, we must believe that 20,000 pirates, at the lowest reckoning, have sometimes gone forth on the same expedition, in which case it would be difficult to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to the industrious and peaceful among the natives. In our own day rumour has spoken of fleets falling little short of 200 prahus; but we believe the largest actually seen by Sir James Brooke contained no more than ninety-eight. But even of these the united crews could not fall much short of 3000 men, all armed to the teeth, and inspired by an insatiable appetite for rapine and plunder.

The very history of an expedition of this sort must suffice to convince all reasonable persons that it is not to be regarded as any modification whatsoever of legitimate warfare. For the fleet does not proceed to attack the ports or fleets of any neighbouring or hostile tribe, as might be inferred from the vocabulary of those who employ the phrase of 'intertribal wars,' but taking the widest possible range, extends its ravages to the most distant islands of the Archipelago, and sometimes ventures even to include Singapore within the scope of its operations. It is an indisputable fact, that small vessels belonging to that British port had been captured amongst the intricate channels of the neighbouring groups, after which the bucaniers, disguising themselves as fishermen or honest traders, have boldly entered the harbour, and sold both the vessels and the merchandise they contained to the Kling, Chinese, or Malay residents. Of course the crews of such unfortunate vessels were otherwise disposed of—that is, were either murdered in cold blood, or sold for slaves in some distant island.

On other occasions, when the pirates confine their ambition to humbler achievements, they sweep along the coast of some great island, such as Pulo Kalamantan, plundering, ravaging, burning, and collecting captives as they advance. When their force is sufficiently great to inspire them with confidence, they ascend some river, and attack in succession all the towns erected on its banks. The plan they pursue is generally this: a party disembarks, and penetrating through the jungle, forms in the devoted settlement on the land side, while a cordon of prahus develops itself along the beach. The inhabitants rush to arms, and defend themselves, sometimes not without success, attacking perhaps and burning the enemies' vessels. More commonly, however, the assailants triumph, the village is sacked and destroyed, and the unfortunate inhabitants driven into the wilderness.

Sometimes they carry out their design in a more diabolical manner. Approaching the village under cover of night, with the utmost silence and secrecy they surround it completely on all sides; and while the main body stand ready with their spears and matchlocks to slaughter all who may attempt escape, a few kindle torches, and advance and fire the houses. A loud shout is then simultaneously raised, the more completely to bewilder the inmates, who, awaking in the midst of noise and flames,

rush forth blindly in the first impulse of terror, and are easily speared by the pirates. On all the men death is inflicted in this way, but the women and children are as far as possible preserved, to be disposed of in the slave-markets. This strongly reminds us of the slave-hunts in the interior of Africa, which indeed are conducted on precisely the same principles, and with the same objects.

There are, however, some circumstances in the condition of the pirates of the Archipelago which may assist considerably in misleading the professional philanthropists of the West. The marauders do not entirely subsist by plundering on the high seas: in the intervals between their depredations they closely resemble their neighbours in manners and occupations, applying themselves to fishing, trading, collecting the produce of the surrounding forests, or even cultivating the soil, the process least reconcilable with the habits of a buccaneer. An author, who, though acquainted with the Archipelago, is, upon the whole, more remarkable for his injudicious zeal than for his accuracy, maintains that the pursuit of gardening is incompatible with dishonesty. Whether or not he is borne out by the experience of mankind, we shall not undertake to determine; but this we know, that what he regards as a law of universal application, by no means holds good beyond the states of Malacca. The fact may run counter to the principle of this writer's Utopia, but a fact it unfortunately is, and there is consequently no getting rid of it.

As we have observed, then, the Malays, Dyaks, and Arabs, who in the Archipelago chiefly subsist by making war upon industry, are nevertheless at intervals themselves industrious. Pitching upon a suitable situation, they erect for themselves neat and capacious villages, which, because they are extremely peculiar, it may perhaps be worth while to describe briefly. In Borneo, as generally in all fertile countries near the equator, the trees attain an immense bulk and height, and in the primeval wilderness grow close together. With a taste and originality of conception, suggested at first perhaps by the nature of the climate, they ascend these vast denizens of the forest, and cut off the head and projecting branches at the height of about forty or fifty feet from the ground, and by barking, to prevent growth, convert them into so many pillars. On the summit of these they lay the foundations of their future village, which thus, even in the most swampy situations, is airy, cool, and healthy. The dwellings are formed with timber and light cane-work, and with republican simplicity are made all of equal height and dimensions. Along its whole length runs a broad gallery or veranda, with low lattice-work in front, to prevent the children from tumbling over. Frequently this gallery surrounds the whole village, and commands magnificent prospects over the river and country. Here, in a sort of cloistered shade and breezy elevation, the female pirates may be seen sitting at work, or nursing their babes, while their husbands are on their distant and dangerous depredations, or engaged in tending their gardens, paddy plantations, or cocoa-nut groves.

It may perhaps be conjectured that the fondness for gardens has been introduced by the Chinese into Palo Kalamantan and other parts of the Archipelago; for these people, rude and sensual in many other respects, are highly poetical in their partiality for horticulture. Doubtless Europeans, attached to their own theories in everything, would discover much

to find fault with in these piratical paradises. But with their trim beds, their carefully-laid out alleys, their plants, flowers, and luxuriant vegetation, they must still present an extremely pleasing feature to the fancy. Close at hand also are the cocoa-nut groves with their cleared stems and clustering fruit, and long pendulous leaves waving lazily in the wind.

In the dwellings of the pirates the imagination may likewise find something with which to interest itself. Where the Dyaks predominate, one of the most remarkable objects perceived on entering is a number of human heads, smoke-dried, and suspended in festoons or strings. These, regarded as warlike trophies, are exhibited with pride by the inmates; and if any of those peripatetic philanthropists who speak of them to the credulous part of the public as simple and innocent natives, were to enter one of these habitations, his sensibilities might perhaps be shocked by the look of savage triumph with which the sanguinary master of the house would point out the accumulated trophies to his guest.

‘See,’ he would exclaim, ‘the undeniable proofs of how many villages I have sacked, how many prahus I have captured, and how many men and women I have decapitated. There are their grinning skulls, smoke-dried, and preserved according to the traditional practice of my ancestors. Stranger from the West! admire my prowess, and learn to respect the hardihood with which I hazard my own life in order to take that of my neighbour! This is courage, this is what we call war! The blood of all the individuals to whom those heads belong would, if collected, float a prahu! In them, therefore, do you behold the record of my achievements—the proof that I belong to that independent race whose hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against it!’

Another circumstance connected with this exhibition of human heads must not be overlooked. In many Dyak villages there is a large building set apart, in which they are all collected, and transmitted from one generation to another. This is at once their guest-house and their temple, so that superstition may be suspected of stepping in and affording its sanction to this immemorial system of decapitation:—

‘Tanta potuit religio suadere malorum!’

Still we must not forget that although some of the boldest and bravest among the pirates of the Archipelago are Dyaks, the Malays also and Arabs occasionally betake themselves to the same profession, and subsist by the plunder of the merchant. That there should be Arabs at all in that distant part of Asia may justly excite the reader’s surprise, especially when he learns their numbers, and the amount of power they have at times wielded among the native tribes. Unfortunately we may almost be said to know as much of the irruption of the Heracleidæ into the Peloponnesus, as of the emigration of these men eastwards from the Arabian peninsula. We must suppose, however, that when Islamism was communicating its mighty impulse to the populations of Western Asia, and throwing them forth like lava streams, to overflow the neighbouring countries in all directions, a section of the bold race, half-prophets, half-adventurers, carried the sword of the faith to the very gates of the Celestial Empire, everywhere triumphing, either by the force of their arms or by the superiority of their knowledge and understandings. When the Moslems, elevated into a subli-

mity of character by their belief in the unity of God, first left their homes, there was not a region in the world in which they would not find themselves superior to all they met. With unparalleled disinterestedness, singleness of purpose, and enthusiasm, they undertook the conquest of the world, not so much to acquire riches and dominion for themselves, as to insure reverence to the truths they taught, and the morality which, for a time, they unquestionably practised.

Arriving in the Twelve Thousand Islands, they easily acquired among the rude natives both respect and power. Teachers first, they soon became rulers, magistrates, and lawgivers. Being few in number, they yet inspired terror by the energy of their character, and their indomitable courage. Unsusceptible of the passion of fear, they exposed themselves, without shrinking, to the greatest danger, firmly persuaded that they must obtain power on earth or the crown of martyrdom in heaven.

This ardour, by the operation of those laws which, though their influence may be eluded for a season, universally govern human nature, cooled by degrees, and became intermingled with more secular passions. The Arabs were soon tempted to carry on the work of proselyte-making for the purpose of securing sceptres to themselves. They taught, that they might subdue; indoctrinated, that they might govern. Their faith in El Islam might be sincere, but it was profitable; and they discovered a mighty El Dorado in the feeble and flexible intelligences of the heathen nations around them. What was first apostleship, therefore, speedily became ambition; and the children of Mohammed achieved for themselves sovereignties, erected palaces, organized harems, and delighted their epicurean fancies with a blaze of grandeur and magnificence scarcely known to the sultans of Egypt, or the still more voluptuous shahs of Iran.

Within the limits we have traced out for ourselves, it would be impossible to give even a sketch of the history of the Mohammedan kingdoms, which, in a wonderfully short space of time, were erected in the Archipelago. Sumatra, Java, Celebes, Timor, and Borneo, submitted to the sway of Moslem princes, who, possessing the elements of a civilisation elevated very far above that of the natives, may be said to have done good service by enlightening and humanising their subjects. Were it practicable to follow the footsteps of the Arabs, with their descendants and disciples, through the Twelve Thousand Islands, we might possibly delineate a picture as curious and instructive as any in history; but for this adequate materials no longer exist, or exist only in the unknown libraries of the Archipelago itself. What the Arabs of Egypt, of the Hejaz, of Yemen, of Oman, Bagdad, and Kufa, thought of the achievements of their countrymen in the East may be learned from the narratives of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights.' Our knowledge does not enable us always to fix the scenes of those marvellous fictions, but in every page we discover evidence that the imagination of the Moslems figured to itself a boundless world in the recesses of the Eastern ocean, where islands and continents of unimaginable extent and fabulous opulence stretched away interminably towards the rising sun. There it was supposed merchants might wander for ever from isle to isle among barbarians and cannibals, reluctantly subject to sultans instructed in the principles of El Islam.

The sultanate of Mataram in Java, and that of Brunè in Pulo Kala-

mantan, acquired extraordinary lead and authority; and we should perhaps be within the limits of truth were we to assert that there was not one large island, in the whole of the mighty group, which did not experience more or less the influence of Mohammedanism.

What direction this civilisation might have taken had it been left freely to develop itself, cannot now of course be determined, because, in the midst of its career, the natives of the West made their appearance in the Archipelago, and subverted or threw into inextricable confusion the whole of this extraordinary system of society. The Portuguese and Spaniards took the lead, and for a while reaped a golden harvest; but the former at least were not destined to obtain a permanent footing in the Twelve Thousand Islands. Drifting away towards China and Japan, where, at the outset, they met with greater encouragement, they left the Castilians to struggle with the Dutch for supremacy in the Archipelago, where the rich and beautiful group of the Philippines still yields obedience to Spain.

It is impossible to relate without regret the deeds perpetrated here by the adventurers from Western Europe. At the suggestion of national pride and sectarian animosity the Spaniards diffused everywhere through the islands the belief that the English and Dutch were rebels and pirates, who, having subverted their governments, and trampled their religion under foot, were sailing at random over the ocean in search of plunder or new settlements. As far as our countrymen were concerned, their plan succeeded, for, after repeated attempts to open a lucrative trade, and establish factories in that part of the world, they found themselves distanced by their competitors, and retreated, though unwillingly, from the field. But between the Spaniards and the Dutch the conflict was long continued, and indeed can scarcely be said to be ended yet, since, though the southern division of the islands owns more or less the sway of Holland, all the groups to the north of the equator are either subject to the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, or regard them with more friendly sentiments.

Reverting to the past, it was a sad day for the Mohammedan sultans when the Dutch, emerging from the Straits of Sunda, made their appearance on the northern coast of Java. Not that they displayed any peculiar hostility to the believers in the Koran, but with the impartiality of ignorance and cupidity, assailed with equal relentlessness the heretical sectaries of Brahminism and the believers in the aboriginal superstitions of the islands. To enter into the details of their sanguinary proceedings would be incompatible with our design. We shall scarcely allude, therefore, to the sad catastrophe of Madura, to the cruelties practised at Bantam, or to that treacherous policy by which one native prince was armed against another, until they were all degraded or subdued.

Had the civilisation of the West been substituted at once for the system introduced by the Arabs, little evil might perhaps have ensued. The islands would have changed masters, but they would not have been thrust back into barbarism. Through the course, however, which events actually took, one set of institutions was destroyed, not to be succeeded by another, but by that armed despotism which signifies the absence of

everything deserving the name of an institution. Spain has no doubt much to answer for in the East as well as in the West; and were the exhibition of her crimes our present object, we should animadvert on her delinquencies with becoming severity. But what the people of this country chiefly designate when they speak of the Indian Archipelago, is that portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands which has had the misfortune to be governed, directly or indirectly, for a long series of years, through the medium of Dutch policy, probably the most corrupting that has ever exercised its influence over half-civilised nations.

It may seem a paradox, but is yet a plain truth borne out by experience, that conquests effected by overwhelming force are preferable in every respect to conquests brought about by craft, because in the former case the virtue of the subjugated nation may not be wholly extirpated by its fall, whereas in the latter it is its very degradation that leads to its enslavement. All subjection to foreign power is in itself an evil, because the absence of sympathy between the governors and the governed necessarily produces a secret struggle, which must either lead to the overthrow of authority, or to the moral corruption and degeneracy of the subject race. If there be any exception to this rule, it takes place when they who establish the new dominion are so filled with the consciousness of their own just intentions, as to entertain no fear for their supremacy. They then exert themselves to elevate the ethical condition of the people among whom their lot is cast, and measure the success of their policy by the prosperity and contentment of the greater number.

Such of late years has been the system pursued in our Asiatic empire, where we have earnestly and sincerely laboured to sow the seeds of knowledge, morality, and religion; but it is in the power of no principles of politics or civilisation to alter the laws of nature, and therefore, in spite of our enlarged and enlightened statesmanship, the subjugated nations of India must still pay the penalty of having forfeited their independence.

Throughout the Oriental Archipelago the Dutch have illustrated by their policy a principle of conquest the very reverse of ours. Their object has been to establish at any price their own security, which they have sought to effect by rendering worthless and effeminate the populations under their sway; and the mode in which they have extended their authority lies no less open to objection than the manner in which they have exercised it when acquired. Their practice is to inveigle one native prince after another into signing a commercial treaty with them—than which, at first sight, nothing can appear more simple. The unfortunate ruler whom it is designed to entrap is assured that nothing more is signified by the treaty than that he will give a preference to the Dutch merchants over those of other nations. It is not to be denied that Asiatic politicians are themselves much given to craft and deception; but the hypocrisy of a barbarian is easily detected and seen through by a European diplomatist, who has derived from civilisation no advantage which he values equally with the power to perplex, overreach, and enslave the natives of less enlightened countries.

Accordingly, there has not been a single treaty concluded by the Dutch with any sultan, rajah, or chief throughout the whole extent of insular Asia, which ought not to be regarded as a monument of the superiority of

Europeans over those islanders in cunning. Adroitly, and with the most exquisite sophistry, articles have been introduced into these conventions, which, perfectly harmless in appearance, have concealed beneath a mass of verbiage a recognition on the part of the native prince of the supremacy of Holland. Without at all perceiving it, he has placed himself in the position of a slave, deprived himself of the power to enter into negotiations with any other European people, to have any commercial dealings with them, or even to exercise over his own subjects certain rights of sovereignty. Experience has taught the Dutch that barbarians are never scrupulous in the observance of commercial or political stipulations; and if it were not so, they take care to make it difficult for their ally to avoid infringing some of the conditions of the treaty. Ignorantly, and perhaps innocently, he departs from the spirit of his mysterious engagement, upon which the wretched man discovers for the first time that the signing of that fatal document was tantamount to abdication; for that, instead of being master of his own territories, he has dwindled into a Dutch agent, and has no longer any power over his own actions. Should he disobey, in the minutest particular, an envoy in a ship of war from Batavia soon arrives to admonish him, and the fiery passions of the East almost inevitably betray him into some error, of which the imperturbable *sang froid* of his allies takes instant advantage. Indignant at having been outwitted, he now, too late perhaps, has recourse to arms—is defeated and deposed, while his country is either confiscated or placed in the hands of some chief who will consent to conduct its affairs in strict subservience to Dutch interest.

This, divested of names and dates, is the history of the subjugation of numerous princes in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the Moluccas. Recently, the same atrocious maxims of policy were attempted to be put in practice in Bali and Lombok, and not entirely without success. The Balinese expected succour from Great Britain, which, with a deference by no means due to the Netherlands government, our ministers refused to afford them. In diplomacy, the reason by which their policy was regulated may be good, but common sense, unversed in the arts of statesmanship, would pronounce it pre-eminently unsatisfactory. It was merely the proximity of Bali to Java which it was feared would make our interference appear extremely invidious. However, the wishes of the Balinese, over whom the Netherlands had no authority, ought to have been paramount in the British cabinet, which so far, therefore, may be charged with having abandoned a brave and independent people to the effect of the Dutch system—the most pernicious that can possibly prevail.

Whatever ought, in strict justice, to be the determining reason of states in their political proceedings, experience will not suffer us to doubt that interest really exercises the most powerful influence. We ought to inquire, therefore, into the wealth, actual or possible, of the Archipelago, in order that we may convince a people chiefly swayed by commercial considerations that we should be justified by prudence in carrying out the grand scheme of policy which originated with Sir James Brooke.

Something has already been said of the productions of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and every fact connected with them that has come to the knowledge of Europeans goes to show their great wealth and importance.

On landing on a desert island, the navigator conjectures the quality of the soil from the character and quantity of the timber it produces. But when an island is peopled, a different rule of judgment is adopted, and an inference favourable or otherwise is drawn from the number, wealth, and opulence of the inhabitants. We may here adopt both these means towards arriving at a correct conclusion. In all the islands, small or great, if we except a few barren rocks, the vegetable kingdom is beyond expression rich and magnificent. Nowhere else on the surface of the globe does the earth appear to possess a more prolific virtue: trees of gigantic size, shrubs and creepers of unparalleled beauty and luxuriance, flowers of the most gorgeous colours and exquisite forms, and fruits unrivalled for their fragrance and flavour, present themselves to the traveller. The forests abound with odoriferous gums, the seas and rivers with fish, the earth with the most costly gems and with the most valuable minerals and metals. Nor are the inhabitants without enterprise or ingenuity to turn these gifts of nature to account. All the first processes of civilisation are in many parts carried on, and it only needs the fostering influence of a just government to bring the social system to maturity.

When we state that any particular division of the earth contains a certain number of people, we obviously imply that its resources, natural or artificial, are adequate to their maintenance. Could we discover, therefore, what is the exact population of the Archipelago, we should possess the means of forming an estimate of its wealth and civilisation. But on this, as on many other points, we are in the dark. The Dutch, for reasons not difficult to be imagined, seek to propagate extremely false notions on the subject. According to them, population has increased in an exact ratio to the extent and stability of their power, and has reached its culminating point in Java, which in all respects may be regarded as a province of Holland. As you recede from the seat of their power, the population becomes thinner and more scattered—first in Sumatra, then in the Spice Islands, then in Celebes, and lastly in Borneo, which it suits their purpose to represent as nearly depopulated. No doubt can be entertained that this vast island, supposing it subjected to the empire of civilisation, could easily support 70,000,000 of inhabitants, since it is nearly all rich and fertile; the great deserts in the interior being purely the creations of the fancy of a fantastic writer, who has a particular end to serve by dealing in fabulous descriptions. But what number of inhabitants do the Dutch assign to this prodigious island? Very little more than 600,000!

Let our reader unfold before him the map of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and glance over it from Papua in the east to the northern point of Sumatra in the west, and ask himself if he can believe that considerably more than half the population of the whole is concentrated in the island of Java, to which our neighbours assign upwards of 10,000,000 of inhabitants. Recent investigations have proved that the natives of the Archipelago run strangely enough into exaggeration, in a direction the reverse of that which we usually observe among other barbarous races. Having but imperfect ideas of number, they greatly underrate the population of their towns and villages, and thus unintentionally mislead inquirers. But allowing for the accidents of savage life, and drawing rational inferences from the history, commerce, and natural condition of the various groups, we are convinced

that, by the most moderate computation, we may estimate the inhabitants of the entire Archipelago at 40,000,000 in round numbers.

To say how these numbers are distributed, would, in the present condition of our knowledge, be impossible. We accept the Dutch calculation with respect to Java, and presume it to contain ten millions of people, while the population of Sumatra ranges between five and six millions. Bali, small as it is in dimensions, is supposed by many to possess 1,000,000 of inhabitants, so that there remains for Borneo, Celebes, Papua, the Philippines, Magindanao, Palawan, the Molucca, and the Sulu islands, little more than 23,000,000, which we hold to be absurd. Still, to avoid the slightest risk of exaggeration, we adopt the low estimate we have mentioned. It remains to be ascertained with how large a proportion of these England could open a trade, supposing her to possess a sufficient number of settlements on various parts of the Archipelago. We know that, until very lately, it formed one of the chief objects of Dutch policy to exclude us from all participation in the commerce of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and Borneo. By our own weakness we have been excluded from the Spice Islands ever since we restored them to our ungrateful neighbours. Recently, however, the pressure of circumstances at home has compelled our ministers to scrutinise the treaties by which we were long supposed to be excluded from the Archipelago; and the result has been, to deny the Dutch interpretation of those conventions, and in some measure to restore their rights to the merchants of this country. By the adoption of a foreign policy, in entire harmony with the spirit of the age, our merchants would obtain access to every portion of the Twelve Thousand Islands—that is to say, would be permitted to supply more or less largely with goods 40,000,000 of people. Many of these are still no doubt in a low stage of civilisation. But supposing the piratical system to be at an end, there is not a single island in the immense group which would not contribute valuable materials to the commerce of the world. Our imagination is too apt to be dazzled by the mention of gold, and diamonds, and spices, and odoriferous gums, and all those other costly articles of luxury with which nearly every part of Asia abounds. The Archipelago is not wanting in these fascinating commodities. Gold and diamonds exist in great quantities in Borneo; but it is not on that account that we should desire to behold British influence predominate in the island. To benefit the inhabitants as well as ourselves, we should seek to call into play the productive powers of the soil—far surer sources of riches than the most costly ores and gems. What these resources are no man yet knows, though the late discovery of the qualities of gutta percha may serve to justify the belief that thousands of articles which might be converted to the use of civilised man still lie concealed in the forests of the Archipelago. The finding of coal on Labuan and the opposite shores of the greater island must suggest the propriety of examining the natural wealth of the group. It has been suggested, too, that the maritime districts of Pulo Kalamantan would produce cotton not inferior in quality to that grown in the uplands of Georgia.

In this case no language can exaggerate the importance of the island to Great Britain, for doubtless a time will come when the United States, applying themselves more extensively to manufactures, will consume the whole of the cotton grown in the southern provinces, when we shall be

obviously dependent for a supply on the various provinces of India and the islands of the Archipelago. The cotton grown in Sarāwak, of which we have examined several specimens, is fine, though somewhat short-stapled; but carrying our ideas further northwards to the mountainous regions in the vicinity of Kene Balu, it seems probable that districts far more favourable to cotton cultivation will there be discovered.

No great stress should doubtless be laid on any branch of commerce which owes its existence to a caprice of luxury. Yet, while the influence of that caprice continues, it must clearly be the duty of merchants and others to turn it to advantage. We allude to the traffic in edible birds'-nests, which, found almost everywhere in the Archipelago, are conveyed in great numbers to China, where they have occasionally been disposed of for their weight in gold. On the materials and construction of the nests various ideas prevail. They are made by the sea-swallow, which finds the principal ingredient among the foam of the waves. This it collects as the bee collects honey from flowers, and conveying it to the hollows of distant rocks, builds with it there its 'pendent bed and procreant cradle.' What the substance is, chemical analysis has hitherto been unable to discover; but it is semi-transparent and glutinous, and when flavoured with the juices, and scented with the perfume of plants and flowers, it is admitted to form a rich and agreeable basis for soup. To this the Chinese attribute many wonderful virtues, which, if real, will probably hereafter insure for the nests an extensive sale in Europe.

The collection of this article affords occupation to a numerous and hardy class of men. In some instances, the business may be carried on without danger, when the bird builds in low caves, or in the hollows of inland rocks or trees, or in the face of precipices. But in some cases the occupation is dismal, and full of danger, for disturbed, perhaps, in the process of incubation, the bird selects for safety the summit of lofty caverns, into which the waves of the ocean incessantly roll. There is one particular cavern of this description in the north of Java where the nests are found at the height of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a desolate part of the coast lashed with almost incessant breakers. Into this deep cavern the nest-collectors penetrate with much difficulty. The apparatus they make use of is not described, but the slightest slip would precipitate them into the boiling waves below.

As we have observed, however, this branch of trade is less important than several others which may be carried on by the untutored natives. Of these many subsist by collecting camphor in the forests, or the brilliant and beautiful feathers of birds, or cutting canes or sandalwood. Others addict themselves to the cultivation of rice, of cocoa-nuts, pepper, cloves, nutmegs, and cinnamon.

But the numbers that live by carrying on these rude operations are small compared with those who would find employment were the trade properly developed. An example may serve to illustrate what may be done by encouragement, and how very speedily neglect dries up the sources of industry. Many years ago, when the government of Brund was in the hands of a sensible man, a small colony of Chinese settled there, and betook themselves to agriculture. The woods were cut down, the thickets cleared away, the soil industriously broken up, and very soon gardens,

orchards, and pepper-plantations covered the hills, which had a short time ago formed the site of the primeval wilderness. What they produced, traders from all parts of the world consumed; they acquired wealth, built themselves handsome dwelling-houses, and enriched the coffers of the state. When things had arrived at this pass, the sultan by whom they were favoured was gathered to his fathers, and a new sultan arose in his stead, who, understanding nothing of political economy, looked with envy upon the Chinese residents, and began to oppress and plunder them. At first, the force of local attachments prevailed over the indignation excited by injustice; but by degrees repeated insults and injuries reawakened the spirit of emigration, and the Chinese left Brundè, carrying away with them all the property they could. Their houses, gardens, and plantations they were compelled to abandon; and among the most recent visitors to the ancient capital of Borneo, one has particularly pointed out the sad prospect of the Chinese grounds relapsing into the dominions of the wilderness—their gardens being choked up by weeds, their houses crumbling to ruins, and their groves and plantations encroached upon by the rank vegetation of the forest. Still further migrations are at present going on—the industrious portion of the population passing over in great numbers to our lately-acquired island of Labuan: so that in the course of a few years, should the spirit of the government continue unchanged, it is to be feared that this considerable city, once the capital of the northern division of the island, will be utterly deserted.

In many parts of the Archipelago the natives themselves display great enterprise and ingenuity in manufactures and trade. Celebes has a reputation for its cotton goods, Pulo Kalamantan for its arms; and if inquiry were to be made, nearly every one of the larger islands in which civilisation has taken root would perhaps be found to excel in some particular production. Asiatics generally display a remarkable aptitude for the finer varieties of manufactures: the Hindús, for example, have at several periods of their history exhibited a marked superiority over all other nations in the finest works of the loom; and though the people of Celebes, from whatever stock descended, can make no pretensions to be compared with the Hindús, their fabrics are so much more lasting and beautiful than any imported from Europe, that they have hitherto beaten our goods out of the market.

To enumerate all the articles, natural or manufactured, obtained from the several islands, would be tedious, and, as many of the names could convey no ideas to the reader's mind, would be likewise useless. Nature is there as prolific in vegetable and mineral riches as in animal life. Borneo produces the *Mias Papan*, or Wild Man of the Woods—of all the inferior animals, the least removed from the human species; the rhinoceros, and in former times the elephant. At present, this last animal is supposed not to be found wild in the forests of the interior, though in one district near Cape Unsang it is said to have been seen in its natural state within the memory of persons still living.

To illustrate what might be accomplished in the Archipelago by enterprise and industry, we may adduce the example of an English gentleman who settled many years ago at Lombok. Arriving in somewhat humble circumstances, as it would appear, he speedily ingratiated himself with one

chief after another, until he had at length included the sultan himself among his friends. The profession he followed was that of a merchant. He bought; he sold; he realised great profits; he purchased lands; he built himself houses; and came at length to be regarded in the light of a great personage. Wealth is the natural ally of power; and the prince, standing much in need of the pecuniary aid of the merchant, soon bethought him of the regular Oriental method of attaching him to himself. He gave him two of his daughters to live in his harem, and he among the number of his wives; and the contracting of this double alliance raised the stranger to the highest eminence in the state.

Had not the Englishman been gifted with rare prudence and many other distinguished qualities, his rapid success might have proved his ruin; since in despotisms, small as well as great, the envy that accompanies the monarch's favour is to be appeased or warded off with extreme difficulty. Our countryman, however, steered safely between the Scylla and Charybdis of court patronage and the malice it inspires among the nobility. All the subordinate chiefs in the island sought to be numbered among his relatives or friends, so that his harem soon rivalled that of a Persian Shah, while he enjoyed almost a monopoly of the trade of the island.

An officer in the navy, who happened, some years ago, to touch at Lombok, was entertained by this princely merchant, and invited by him to witness a grand procession and assembly which took place on the occasion of some public act of rejoicing. The nobles thronged to the capital from all the distant provinces, and vied with each other in displays of magnificence. Nothing could exceed the barbaric splendour of their appearance. Numbers of led horses, caparisoned with cloth of gold, and adorned with jewelled ornaments, accompanied each chief; together with standard-bearers supporting brilliant and costly banners, horsemen gorgeously equipped, and a long retinue of dependents in sumptuous apparel. The sultan, seated on a throne beneath a gorgeous canopy, had the English merchant on his right hand, to whom, indeed, he was indebted for much of the opulence displayed by his court and his favourites.

Another and a greater proof of the power and influence exercised by the strange merchant may be discovered in the part he played during the late war between the Dutch and Balinese. When the struggle broke out, both parties were desirous of obtaining assistance from the sultan of Lombok, who, however, by the advice of his European counsellor, kept himself as far as possible aloof from the quarrel. He, however, despatched the merchant, as his plenipotentiary, to the seat of action; and, at his own suggestion, authorised him to act as a medium of communication between the hostile parties, in the hope of bringing about a friendly understanding. The ability of the negotiator would probably have effected this humane purpose, had it been the wish of Holland to avoid hostilities. But her object was the subjugation of Bali; and therefore, instead of thanking those who laboured to promote peace, she rather looked upon them as new enemies, whom she would some day chastise for their interference.

The island of Lombok contains much rich pasturage and meadow-lands, watered by innumerable streams, which here and there expand into marshes, or sheets of water like lakes. These natural features have led to the cultivation of a peculiar species of industry—namely, the keeping of

immense flights of ducks, of which some individuals possess tens of thousands. These birds, valuable at once for their flesh, their feathers, and their eggs, are kept in farms, where at night they are shut up in capacious buildings erected for the purpose. Early in the morning the ducks proceed to the marshes under the care of a keeper, who is furnished with a long flap-whip, by which he restrains the numerous members of his flock from mixing with that of his neighbour. In the marshes they are kept equally separate with comparative little trouble, the force of habit co-operating with the diligence of the drivers in restraining the nomadic propensities of the animals.

Of the native trade, by far the greater portion is carried on through the instrumentality of the Bugis, settled in Celebes, or on the eastern coast of Kalamantan. These hardy and adventurous people make annually a visit to Singapore, where they purchase considerable quantities of British goods, which they pay for either in specie or with native produce. When they have laden their prahus, which sail in small fleets for mutual protection, they turn their faces eastward, and visiting nearly all the groups and islands lying between Sumatra and the distant Papua, distribute, as they go, the productions of the West, taking in exchange such articles as the natives can supply.

For various reasons they do not extend their voyage to New Guinea, but stop a little short of it—at Dubbo, among the Aroo islands, where one of the most curious phenomena in the development of Eastern commerce may every year be witnessed. In the interval between the departure and arrival of the merchants, Dubbo wears very much the appearance of a deserted isle, the sand on whose solitary beach is perpetually washed by the waves. For some months nothing but aquatic birds is beheld skimming along the shore; but on a given day in a particular month, the sails of two or three Bugis prahus are seen in the offing, upon which the natives, from all parts of the Aroo group, crowd towards the sandy promontory, where, with great speed and ingenuity, they run up a number of rude dwellings for the accommodation of the strangers. Scarcely have the Bugis landed, when natives from all parts of the Harafura Sea likewise make their appearance, with gold, and ebony, and birds of paradise. Thither also come the Javanese, the Balinese, and natives from Timor and Timor Laut, and people from Solor and Lombok, and Malays from the western islands of the Archipelago, with natives from the Philippines and Moluccas. In this motley assemblage you behold almost every variety of Oriental costume, from the sober garments of the Arab to the gay and flaunting dresses affected by the inhabitants of the further East. Krises, swords, and matchlocks flash perpetually in the sun; a sort of rude police is improvised on the spot, and considerable order prevails in this sudden Babel. As you pass from booth to booth, you observe side by side the productions of men in the rudest stages of barbarism and those of the highest civilisation of the West—that is to say, cotton-prints from Manchester and Glasgow beside the natural wealth of Papuan forests. The mart of Dubbo may be adduced as a proof of the civilising influence of trade; for notwithstanding that every man there is animated by a keen sense of his own interest, serious quarrels would appear to be few, and crimes against life or property still fewer. Indeed we know of no well-authenticated instance of any outrage being

committed. Like the Arabs of Northern Africa, they seem to shout, and gesticulate, and bawl, and abuse each other with great vehemence while conducting their bargains; but all these things are looked upon as matters of course—so much seasoning, as it were, to the ordinary dulness of business, which lead to no disagreeable consequences. Usually, therefore, men depart content with themselves and with their neighbours, and every visit to the mart constitutes a new step in the progress of civilisation. Dealings are carried on in this way for eight or nine months, though very few merchants remain during the whole of that period. On the contrary, there is a perpetual influx of strangers; while others, having completed their transactions, sail away, to make room for them. Suddenly, when the entire cycle of business has been completed, the prahus disappear, the tents are struck, the booths and huts are cleared away, and the sandy promontory is abandoned once more to the sea-fowl.

The organization of this mart, which would seem to have existed from time immemorial, might have been expected to produce far more important effects than have probably flowed from it. But here, again, the influence of commerce has not been permitted to develop itself freely. The merchants on their way to and from Dubbo have to encounter the worst dangers to which seafaring men are exposed—the plunder and violence inflicted by pirates, and the chances of being made captives, and sold for slaves; and it was to prevent such sad catastrophes that Sir James Brooke urged upon the British government the necessity of employing a portion of its navy in securing to these enterprising but peaceful men immunity from pillage and massacre on the high seas.

Shortly after his establishment as Itajah of Sarāwak, our intrepid and large-minded countryman began to develop his plans for the emancipation of the native races. His own power was obviously unequal to the clearance of the seas; piratical fleets, issuing from various rivers, swept down the coast of his own territories, ascended the Sarāwak river, landed in several places, and plundered and destroyed the villages and plantations: for it is a characteristic of these savages not to be content with robbery, but, with a wanton indulgence in mischief for mischief's sake, they cut down fruit-trees, destroyed the enclosures of gardens, and trampled every attempt at cultivation under foot.

At length the day of vengeance began to dawn in which the pirates were to be called upon to expiate their innumerable offences against society. Permission was given to several officers of the royal navy to act in concert with Sir James Brooke, or to place themselves under his direction, or in some cases orders were sent them to carry on a system of independent operations. The history of these transactions has been written by various authors, but chiefly by the able and conscientious pen of Sir James Brooke himself. It would therefore be superfluous to enter into minute details, which would only be to compile materials already before the public in a popular form. This is by no means our object. What we desire to do is, to present our readers with the philosophy of the whole matter, that they may be able to explain to themselves the political principles on which Great Britain has acted through the instrumentality of Sir James Brooke.

Whoever has had any experience in Asia, need not be told that to

negotiate with barbarians is an undertaking of extraordinary difficulty. If you conduct yourself towards them with politeness, deference, and gentleness, they set it down to weakness and fear, and repay your humanity with insolence; and if you behave towards them with a high hand, things are soon brought to extremities, and you have to repress force with force. This we have found in Central Asia, in the Red Sea, in India, in China, and wherever else we have made the attempt. The Oriental Archipelago forms no exception; but when Sir James Brooke sought to inspire the piratical chiefs and tribes with ideas of peace, order, and civilisation, they treated him with the utmost scorn; interpreted his pacific efforts into proofs of weakness; and hinted the most insulting defiance against him and the country to which he belonged.

This led to a series of warlike operations at Tampasuk, at Pandasan, at Malludu Bay, on the Rejang, in the Mambakut, and afterwards in the Brunè river. During these conflicts it is not to be denied that much blood was shed. The pirates, attacked in their strongholds, fought with an intrepidity bordering at times on desperation. Accustomed to inspire terror in others, it was not easy for them to pass into the opposite category, and experience apprehensions themselves. However, Sir James Brooke, and the officers of the British navy who were associated with him in this great work of civilisation, performed their painful task with unflinching justice. To have spared and converted them to the principles of humanity would have been far more agreeable; but the attempt would only have excited the laughter of the bucaniers, who spurned all gentle counsels, and knew no law but that of arms.

It would nevertheless be unjust not to admit that even these fierce marauders gave proof occasionally that the human heart is nowhere entirely corrupt: pirates are husbands and fathers; and some of the most obdurate and sanguinary characters often displayed extraordinary affection for their wives and children. To those, however, who comprehend the laws which regulate human nature, this will not appear at all surprising. In men of strong passions love is generally as powerful as cruelty, so that their attachment to their own friends is equal to their hatred of their enemies. In some cases these bloody marauders stood side by side like a wall before their women, and received the shots like hail in their breasts, to afford them an opportunity of escape; and there is an anecdote told of one of these ruffians which would do honour to a father in any stage of society. The piratical chief in question had a favourite child, a boy, whom he doubtless meant to bring up to his own lawless calling: when his stronghold was stormed and burned, he took the child on his left arm, and holding the dripping kris in his right, defended him with desperate energy, retreating as he fought. Having received several wounds, and feeling himself grow faint from loss of blood, he laid the child gently on the ground, and then giving him one long, last, fond look, plunged into the woods, and was never heard of more. That death speedily overtook him is most probable; for when his pursuers lost sight of him he was covered with wounds and blood. Indeed he only yielded up his burthen through sheer incapacity to bear it any longer.

It would doubtless be a great triumph to bring over men so intrepid, so gallant, and enterprising, to the service of civilisation. Theirs, indeed,

may in some sense be regarded as the best and bravest blood of the Archipelago; but they have unfortunately taken up arms against society, and can only be brought to reason by the application of superior force. The mock philanthropists who affect here in Europe to commiserate them, are incapable of experiencing a thousandth part of the sympathy with which Sir James Brooke regards them. As a brave man, he sympathises with bravery, and would make any personal sacrifice to preserve the lives of these heroic robbers; any sacrifice, we mean, short of principle. But courage and daring are not the only virtues of man; and when tempted to hold his hand in pity, he remembers the thousands of innocent natives who must be sacrificed if these are spared, and this steels his heart against a false and unavailing compassion.

No one can have known Sir James Brooke without being aware of the long series of efforts he has made to check piracy by negotiations; what repeated representations he has sent to the various chiefs, and how earnestly and pertinaciously he has striven to wean them from their inhuman practices. While the philanthropic declaimers in parliament or at public meetings, and the manufacturers of articles for the press, have been dozing comfortably in their beds, he has been passing sleepless nights in the endeavour to devise means for checking the effusion of blood in the Archipelago. But though, as we have observed, he cannot refuse his sympathy to the brave, even when they are the scourges of their brethren, his chief anxiety is for the upright and the honest. He does not belong to that class whose humanity exhausts itself on criminals, but has no ear for those who suffer from their villany. But no meditation, no experience, can teach the means of compelling dishonest men to prefer industry to piracy: chastisement only can effect their cure, and he resolved therefore to administer it with stern severity. Yet in all cases the policy pursued has been to afford the offenders a chance of retrieving their characters. Threats have been again and again employed; and a large force has been brought to the very threshold of the piratical stronghold, and paused there if there appeared to be the slightest hope of amendment in the inmates. This was the case particularly at Kanowitz; and the same course was sought to be pursued towards the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks; but without success. These two tribes, strong and numerous, addicted to piracy from time immemorial, and puffed up by a long series of sanguinary triumphs, received his pacific overtures with scorn. The classical reader will remember that when the king of Persia, after the battle of Kunaxa, sent messengers requiring the little band of Greeks who had accompanied his brother into the heart of his kingdom to deliver up their arms, those heroic republicans replied that he might come and take them; an enterprise upon which his Persian majesty could not venture. In the same spirit, though not in quite so good a cause, the Sarebas and Sakarrans answered Sir James Brooke that if he wished them to disarm, he might come and disarm them. But in the true temper of barbarians, they added gross insult to defiance, observing that he was an old woman, and only withheld by fear from entering their rivers. On a man of Sir James Brooke's character taunts like these could produce no effect, except that of convincing him that, however reluctantly, he would have to employ force before they could be brought to reason.

This, therefore, he resolved to do; and about the middle of summer (1849) proceeded with the *Nemesis* and a small force in native boats towards the mouth of the Sarebas river, resolved to punish the bucaneroes who refused to relinquish their plundering expeditions, and treated contemptuously the power and authority of Great Britain. It was somewhat surprising that the chastisement of Brunè, to which they had formerly been subject, should not have inspired them with some apprehension for the fate that might overtake them. They had beheld their ancient sultan driven from his capital, and compelled to return by the menaces of strangers: they had seen him forced to break off his connexion with the pirates; nay, league against his old friends, and bind himself by solemn treaty never again to afford them either countenance or encouragement.

But this did not inspire the Sarebas and Sakarrans with prudence or moderation. They could bring into action 12,000 fighting-men, 6000 from either tribe; and relying on their numbers, which appeared to them irresistible, they resolved to adhere to their piratical profession, and live by the plunder of their inferiors in numbers, courage, and arms. Accordingly, they sent out a considerable fleet of bankongs, which tracked and plundered all the trading prahus it encountered at sea. Some of these were afterwards found smeared with clotted blood and human hair, drifting about at the mercy of the waves—the crews having been murdered, and hurled into the sea. Many small craft from Singapore met with this fate, and three villages on the coast had been stormed, plundered, and burned. The bankongs were numerous, strongly manned, and furnished with abundance of arms and provisions. No thought of peace seems to have entered the minds of the pirates. They were resolved to face the English, not having as yet experienced the terrors of their power, or known what it was to oppose undisciplined ferocity to calm and well-regulated courage.

When the news reached the English, Sir James Brooke was lying ill in his prahu eight or nine miles from the piratical fleet; and the wind not serving for sailing-craft, the *Nemesis* only was able to make her way by steam towards the scene of action. The battle began towards the close of day, and lasted, without intermission, throughout the night, the steamer incessantly plying her guns, and the pirates, with the most obstinate perseverance, returning her fire. At rapid intervals the waves on the shore were lighted up by the flashes of the guns, while their thunder passed along in protracted reverberations. As might have been expected, the number of casualties was considerable in the piratical fleet, no fewer than 350 having been killed on the spot.

It has been made a reproach to Sir James Brooke that he did not interfere his authority to stop the effusion of blood; but, in the first place, he was, as we have already observed, at the distance of eight or nine miles from the scene of action, lying ill in his bed from a severe attack of dysentery. However, had he been present, how could he have interfered to preserve the pirates, so long as they continued to offer resistance? They had not thrown down their arms—they had not asked for quarter; but, on the contrary, seemed to be animated by the hope of victory, and fighting under the persuasion that their own fire had proved no less

destructive to the English than theirs had to them. Besides, it could have answered no useful purpose to leave the Sarebas and Sakarrans, with their spirit unbroken, to renew the conflict in the course of a few months or weeks. The object was to disgust them with their profession, and impress on their minds the necessity of earning an honest livelihood, which was not to be accomplished while they knew no higher power, and while their strength remained unimpaired.

Another fact, which does not appear to be known to the philanthropists, should not be lost sight of: it is of course quite clear now that the *Nemesis* was more than a match for the piratical bankongs while they remained at a distance, and with a rash policy exposed themselves to a raking fire; but had they approached, and boarded her, the event might have been very different; and more than once during the night, Sampans starting from the scene of action, brought the intelligence to the rajah that the English had been beaten. It could scarcely enter into the imaginations of the natives that the dreaded Sea Dyaks could be overcome by any one. Fame had represented them as invincible; and up to the very last moment, it is not to be doubted that, with the exception of the few English, all those with Sir James Brooke confidently anticipated defeat. Again, although the officers and men of the *Nemesis* doubtless expected that their guns would do considerable execution among the piratical bankongs, they could scarcely believe that the bucaniers would continue the action after experiencing so severe a loss as they actually did. It was natural to suppose that they would have taken to flight; but as they continued the engagement, and kept up their fire without slackening, the only rational inference was, that they were not without hope of victory. The destruction of life, however, was great. As we have already remarked, 350 men were killed during the battle, 50, after the pirates had taken refuge in the jungle, were cut off by the hostile Dyaks, and about 400 are said to have died of their wounds after they returned to their own country. Several of the marauders fell into the hands of the natives in alliance with the English, and these were all ransomed by Sir James Brooke, and immediately sent back to their friends, except some few women, who preferred remaining with their captors.

This, though brief, is a faithful account of the combat between the *Nemesis* and the Sarebas and Sakarran Dyaks. We have omitted entering into minute details, which the reader would find tiresome, as the names of persons and places would then have to be introduced—barbarous in themselves, and extremely unmusical to our European ears.

We have alluded cursorily to a circumstance which ought perhaps to be explained at greater length—we mean Sir James Brooke's ransom of prisoners. They who seek to earn a reputation for humanity by libelling and calumniating him, do so, we will charitably suppose, in entire ignorance of his character and proceedings. But the public should be made acquainted with the real state of the case, that it may perceive how little reliance is to be placed on the statement of mere traders in benevolence, who sound a trumpet before them when about to do anything which they consider praiseworthy; thinking, and perhaps correctly, they might otherwise lose their reward, which is notoriety. While they preach, however, James Brooke is practising humanity. Instead of confining his soli-

citude to himself, instead of expending his fortune in hiring trumpeters in Europe, he generously applies his surplus resources to the alleviation of the miseries of barbarism. No act is more common with him than that of ransoming men, women, and children from captivity, so that many a savage hearth once desolate has been rendered bright by his genuine philanthropy. It is believed by those who know him that he expends in this way more than all the sum he receives annually from government as Commissioner to the Indian Archipelago. As the amount thus disbursed must of necessity vary from year to year, we cannot pretend to have ascertained it exactly; but the fact we give not as a mere vague rumour or report, but as a thing of which we ourselves can vouch the accuracy.

It remains for us to take a glance of what further has been done in the Archipelago towards effecting the suppression of piracy and the establishment of civilisation. Within the last few years arrangements have been entered into with numerous chiefs of tribes, who have bound themselves by solemn engagements to abandon the practice of plundering on the high seas. That all these will abide honestly by their stipulations is more than can be expected. They will probably in some instances relapse occasionally, succumbing to the old temptations to dishonesty. But even under such circumstances something will have been gained, since it is not to be supposed that they can ever display that hardihood in iniquity to which they were formerly accustomed. They will carry on their depredations by stealth, with apprehension and timidity, since even the most reckless savages experience some degree of shame when detected in breaking their solemn engagements.

This may be inferred from the recent conduct of the sultan of Brunè, who, when signing his first treaty with England, would seem to have looked upon it merely as a means of putting off the evil day. He afterwards found, however, to his extreme astonishment, that he would be expected to act in conformity with the treaty he had concluded; and that the other high contracting party, to borrow a phrase from diplomacy, was in a condition to enforce the keeping of his word. From this one of two results must inevitably follow: either he will, together with his subjects, addict himself to an honest course of policy, and in that way insure his own and their prosperity, or if the wages of iniquity cannot be dispensed with without producing ruin, Brunè, its rulers and people, must sink into utter annihilation.

The same thing may with equal justice be remarked of the sultan of Sulu—a group of islands of which European geographers do not as yet know the number or names. Sir James Brooke has paid two visits to that state, once denominated an empire, comprehending under its sway the northern division of Borneo, with a part, perhaps the whole, of Palawan and Magindanao. About the Sulu Islands we possess extremely curious information, which it would be impossible, however, to compress into the present Paper. It may perhaps be sufficient to say that they are hundreds in number, and in some places grouped so as to resemble the atolls of the Maldives. Many are extremely diminutive, while others are of considerable magnitude, fertile, cultivated, and possessing ports admirably adapted to trade.

Shortly after his return from England to the Archipelago, Sir James Brooke paid a first and a second visit to the Sulu capital, and concluded a

treaty with the sultan, which was immediately sent home for ratification. By this convention the ruler of Sulu has bound himself to hold no farther communication with pirates, and as far as may be in his power, to expel them his dominions. This last clause is aimed at the Illanuns, the Balinini, and Sea-Gipsies, found scattered without a home or country amid the more secluded groups of the Twelve Thousand Islands.

Almost while we write, however, society in that part of the world is assuming new forms, by the melting of one tribe into another, and the disappearance of certain names which may be said to have become famous in the history of the Archipelago. Thus the Sakarran Dyaks now no longer exist as a separate tribe, having been merged by circumstances into the Sarebas, while the Balinini are supposed to have been destroyed by the Spaniards. Destruction, however, in this case is synonymous with dispersion; because it is not to be supposed that all the individual men and women once known collectively under the name of the Balinini have actually perished, though we no longer meet with them on the sea in bankongs or prahus of their own.

Respecting the Sea-Gipsies our knowledge is extremely imperfect. In their original condition they were not pirates, but, under the name of Bajows, led a wandering life upon the ocean, confining themselves entirely to their boats, and earning their subsistence by fishing and an irregular species of trade. They were said to shift their place according to the season, flying before the violence of the monsoons, and casting anchor in tranquil waters to which long experience directed them. A fleet of Sea-Gipsies, passing through some narrow frith at night, used to present to the mariner an extraordinary spectacle, the prow of each bankong being illuminated with lamps, which glimmered like so many huge glow-worms on the sea. Probably their disposition was never very pacific, and at all events it seems to have required little temptation to transform them from fishermen into pirates. Latterly, they would appear to have withdrawn almost entirely from the more-frequented latitudes, and to have taken refuge in those intricate and little-frequented seas lying on the eastern skirts of the Moluccas. Here they will probably disappear from history, melting away into those populations which, more numerous and powerful than themselves, may display a disposition to conform to the new principles of society introduced from the West.

In the cruise which our enterprising countryman took to effect this important object, he visited Balam Bagan and Magindanao; and during the third voyage, in which he is probably engaged at present, it is to be hoped he may find it practicable to explore the latter of these islands, so little known to any save those who happened to have fallen in with the works of the Spanish Jesuits. Palawan, too, is all but a *terra incognita*; and even of the Philippines our knowledge is extremely imperfect. Many portions of the Moluccas may likewise be said to be unknown to us, particularly the islands of Giloolo and Ceram, of which our navigators have obtained but imperfect glimpses. An expedition is now engaged in surveying New Guinea or Papua, under the direction of a very superior officer; and when the result comes to be laid before the public, we may confidently hope, therefore, that a veil will be withdrawn from the most distant and least-known portion of the Archipelago.

Illness may be said in some measure to have interfered of late with Sir James Brooke's proceedings. He has been residing, after a severe attack of fever, at the agreeable retreat of Pinang Hill, from which, when the last advices left the Archipelago, he was about to proceed to Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. With those countries our trade has never hitherto been placed on a proper footing. Instead of being conciliated by the vicinity of Singapore and the recent settlement on Labuan, the sultan of Siam, in particular, would seem to have been inspired with increased hostility, alternating with paroxysms of friendship. Though probably conscious of his weakness, the general Oriental passion for monopoly betrays him at frequent intervals into insults to the British flag; after which, terrified at what he has done, he attempts the fortification of Bangkok, obstructs the channels of the river, and trembles and prepares for flight at the departure of every war-steamer from Singapore. With the suavity and superior powers of diplomacy, Sir James will calm and reassure the mind of this barbarian, at the same time that he will probably convince him of the necessity of adopting a more just policy towards Great Britain. In this case we may confidently reckon on a large increase to our trade beyond the Straits of Malacca, since the kingdom of Siam could consume immense quantities of British goods, and possesses abundant resources with which to pay for them.

Again, in Kambodia and Cochin-China it is possible to lay the foundations of an extremely lucrative commerce, at present almost entirely monopolised by the merchants of the Celestial Empire, who send down annually a number of junks, which, passing along the coast, take up its merchandise at several points, and proceed sometimes to Singapore. In Cochin-China the French also have for many years possessed great influence, though this has occasionally led to disastrous misunderstandings.

Neither here, however, nor in any other country belonging to the Hindú-Chinese nations, has there ever existed a proper outlet for the superfluous productions of the soil, which might be profitably exchanged for the commodities, manufactured or natural, of other parts of the world. To awaken in them the spirit of enterprise, and to bring them within the commercial circle, may be said to have been one of the principal objects aimed at by the settlement on Labuan. They constitute a part of the great market of the Archipelago, producing much that its natives require, and consuming large quantities of what they produce. As the representative of the Archipelago, they will probably receive Sir James Brooke with respect, because with the friendship of Great Britain he can offer them immediate profit and protection from the violence of any other nation.

Another consequence of our recent movements in the Archipelago will in all likelihood be a mission to Japan, an empire which, for more than two centuries, has been closed against the commerce of the West. This arbitrary and tyrannical policy exerted a most baneful influence on the Archipelago, once perpetually visited by Japanese junks bringing cargoes of the precious metals, and taking in exchange the merchandise of the various islands. To throw open this channel to the trade of the world would be an achievement worthy of Great Britain: to persist in sullen seclusion is a crime against the laws of nature, because it wantonly inflicts injury on millions of the human race. No truth is more important than this—that

mankind are brethren ; and if, therefore, any one portion of them withdraws itself from the commerce of the rest, it is as unjust as if it committed robbery to the amount of what is lost by its seclusion. Not to understand this is to be ignorant of the first principles of society ; and therefore, in the face of the whole civilised world, Great Britain would be fully justified were it to employ the *ultima ratio regum* to compel the Japanese back into the great circle of human brotherhood.

We have thus cast a rapid glance over the Archipelago and its external relations, doubtless leaving much unsaid that might easily have been brought forward did our limits permit, but still touching, we hope, however briefly, on all the important parts of the subject. To satisfy the reader, however, with such a sketch would be impossible. Discovery, though it has not been very actively at work in that part of the world, has still laid open innumerable sources of interest which it would require whole volumes to describe. The utmost we have attempted is to awaken the reader's curiosity, after which the materials of knowledge will be easily discoverable on all sides. There exists, indeed, no proper history of the Indian Archipelago, the publications once circulated under that name possessing nothing to justify such a title. Recent events, however, have attracted and rivetted public attention on that part of the East, so that we may confidently look for a series of works in connexion with it, based on conscientious research, which will enable the nations of the West to sympathise with the populations of insular Asia, which may at present be said to be wrapped in darkness, since no one has hitherto penetrated into their mental constitution, or drawn aside the veil which conceals their thoughts, their opinions, and feelings, from the scrutiny of the civilised world.

THE LAST OF THE RUTHVENS.

I.

‘**DAVIE CALDERWOOD!** worthy tutor and master!—Davie Calderwood.’—The old man made no answer to the call, which he scarce seemed even to hear. He sat not far from the shadow of his college walls, watching the little silvery ripples of the Cam. His doctor’s robes hid a common homely dress of gray; his large feet, dangling over the river bank, were clumsily shod, and his white close-cropped hair gave him a Puritanical look, when compared with the cavalier air of the two youths who stood behind him.

‘Davie Calderwood—wake up, man! News!—great news! From Scotland!’ added the elder lad in a cautious whisper.

It pierced the torpor of the old man: he started up with trembling eagerness.

‘Eh, my dear bairn!—I mean my lord—my Lord Gowrie!’

‘Hush!’ said the youth bitterly: ‘let not the birds of the air carry that sound. Was it not crushed out of the earth a year ago? Call me William Ruthven, or else plain William, till with my good sword I win back my title and my father’s name.’

‘Willie—Willie!’ murmured the younger brother in anxious warning.

‘He is afraid—wee Patrick!’ laughed William Ruthven. ‘He thinks that walls have ears, and rivers tongues, and that every idle word I say will go with speed to the vain, withered old hag in London, or to daft King Janie in Edinburgh! He thinks he shall yet see brother Willie’s love-locks floating from the top of the Tolbooth beside those of winsome Aleck and noble John.’

The elder youth spoke in that bitter jesting tone used to hide keenest suffering; but the younger one, a slight delicate boy of nineteen, clung to his brother’s arm, and burst into tears.

‘My lord,’ said Master David Calderwood, ‘ye suld be mair tender o’ the lad—your ae brother—your mother’s youngest bairn! Ye speak too lightly o’ things awfu’ to tell of—awfu’ to mind. Master Patrick,’ he added, laying his hand gently on the boy’s shoulder, ‘ye are thinking of ilk puir bodie given to the fowls of the air and to the winds of heaven, at Stirling, Edinburgh, and Dundee; but ye forget that whiles man dishonours the poor dust, evermair God keeps the soul. Therefore mind ye thus o’ your

two brothers—the bonnie Earl of Gowrie, and noble Alexander Ruthven—that are baith now with God.’

As he spoke, the doctor’s voice faltered, for nature had put into his huge, ill-formed frame a gentle, womanly spirit; and though he had fled from his country, and never beheld it since the year when his beloved lord, the first Earl of Gowrie, and father of these youths, perished on the scaffold—still, amidst all the learning and honours gained in his adopted home, David Calderwood carried in his bosom the same true Scottish heart; and perhaps it yearned more over the boy Patrick, in that he was, like his long-dead father, a quiet retiring student, given to all abstruse philosophy; whereas William the elder was a youth of bold spirit, who chafed under his forced retirement, and longed to tread in the footsteps of his ancestors, even though they led to the same bloody end.

‘Well, good master,’ he said, ‘when you have wept enough with Patrick, hear my news.’

‘Is it from your mother, the puir hunted dove, auld and worn, flying hither and thither about the ruins of her nest?’

Lord Gowrie’s—let us give him the title for three months borne, then attained, but which yet fondly lingered on the lips of two faithful friends, David Calderwood, and Lettice his daughter—Lord Gowrie’s brow reddened, and instinctively he put his hand to where his sword should have hung. Then he muttered angrily, ‘Ah, I forget I am no earl, no Scottish knight, but only a poor Cambridge student. But,’ he added, his face kindling, ‘though the lightning has fallen on the parent trunk, and its two brave branches, and though the rest are trodden under foot of men, still there is life, bold, fresh life in the old tree. It shall grow up and shelter her yet—my noble, long-enduring mother—the first, the best, the—No; she shall *not* be the last Lady Gowrie.’

While speaking, a flush deeper even than that of youth’s enthusiasm burned on the young earl’s cheek, and he looked up to the window where Lettice sat—sweet Lettice Calderwood, sweeter even than she was fair! She at a distance dimly saw the look; she met it with a frank smile—the smile a single-hearted, happy girl would cast willingly on all the world.

‘The news—the news!’ murmured old David. ‘My bairns, ye talk and ye raye, but ye dinna tell the news.’

‘My mother writes that the cloud seems passing from our house; for the Queen Anne—she favours us still, despite her lord—the Queen Anne has secretly sent for our sister Beatrice to court.’

‘Beatrice, whom brother Alexander loved more than all the rest,’ said Patrick simply. But the elder brother frowned, and rather harshly bade him hold his peace.

Patrick is a child, and knows nothing,’ said the young earl; ‘but I know all. What care I for this weak queen’s folly or remembered sin, if through her means I creep back into my father’s honoured seat. Oh shame that I *can* only creep; that I must enter Scotland like a thief, and steal in at the court holding on to a woman’s robe, when I would fain come with fire and sword, to crush among the ashes of his own palace the murderer of my race!’

He spoke with a resolute fierceness, strange in such a youth; his black

brows contracted, and his stature seemed to swell and grow. Simple Davie Calderwood looked and trembled.

'Ye're a Ruthven, true and bold; but ye're no like the Earl o' Gowrie. I see in your face your father's father—him that rose from his dying bed to be a shedder of blood—him that slew Rizzio in Holyrood!'

'And when I stand in Holyrood—whether I creep in there or force my way with my sword—I will kneel down on that bloody spot, and pray Heaven to make *me* too as faithful an avenger,' was the keen low answer. Then turning off his passionate emotion with a jest, as he often did, Lord Gowrie said gaily to his brother, 'Come, Patrick, look not so pale; tell our good master the rest of the news—that to-night, this very night, thou and I must start for bonnie Scotland!'

'Who is talking of bonnie Scotland?' said a girl's voice, young indeed, but yet touched with that inexplicable tone which never comes until life's first lessons have been learned—those lessons, whether of joy or grief, which leave in the child's careless bosom a woman's heart.

Lord Gowrie turned quickly and looked at Lettice, smilingly—rapturously, yet bashfully, as a youth looks at his first idol. Then he repeated his intention of departure, though in a tone less joyous than before. Lettice heard, without emotion as it seemed, only that her two thin hands—she was a little creature, pale and slight—were pressed tightly together. There are some faces which, by instinct or by force of will, can hide all emotion, and then it is the hands which tell the tale—the fluttering fingers, the tight clench, the palms rigidly crushed together. But these tokens of suffering no one sees: no one saw them in Lettice Calderwood.

'Do ye no grieve, my daughter, over these bairns that go from us? Wae's me! but there's danger in ilka step to baith the lads.'

'Are both going?' asked Lettice; and her eye wandered towards the younger brother, who had moved a little apart, and stood by the little river, plucking leaves, and throwing them down the stream. 'It is a long, severe journey, and Master Patrick has been so ill, and is not yet strong,' added the girl, speaking with that grave dignity which, as mistress of the household, she sometimes assumed, and which made her seem far older than her years.

'Patrick is a weakly fellow, to be sure,' answered Lord Gowrie, inwardly smiling over his own youthful strength and beauty; 'but I will take care of him—he will go with his brother.'

'Yes,' said Patrick, overhearing all, as it seemed. But he said no more: he was a youth of few words. Very soon Calderwood and the young lord began to talk over the projected journey. But Patrick sat down by the river-bank, and began idly plucking and examining the meadow-flowers, just as if his favourite herbal and botanical science were the only interests of life.

'Patrick!' whispered Lettice's kind, sisterly voice. She sometimes forgot the difference of rank and blood in her tender compassion for the young proscribed fugitives who had been sent, in such utter destitution and misery, to her father's care—'Patrick!'

'Yes, Mistress Lettice.'

'The evening closes cold; take this!' She had brought a cloak to wrap round him.

'You are very kind, very thoughtful—like a *sister*.' Saying this, he turned quick, and looked at her. Lettice smiled. Whether gladsome or sorry, she could always bend her lips to that pale, grave smile.

'Well, then, listen to me, as you always do; I being such a staid, wise old woman'—

'Though a year younger than I.'

'Still, listen to me. My Lord Gowrie, your brother, is rash and bold; you must be prudent for the sake of both. When you go from us, Patrick, cease dreaming, and use your wisdom. You have indeed the strength and wisdom of a man; it will be needed. Let not William bring you into peril; take care of him and of yourself.'

Here the lips that spoke so womanly, grave, and calm, began to tremble; and Lettice, hearing her name called, went away.

Patrick seemed mechanically to repeat to himself her last words, whether in pleasure, pain, or indifference, it was impossible to tell. Then his features relapsed into their usual expression—thoughtful, quiet, and passionless. An *old-young* face it was—a mingling of the child with the man of old, but with no trace of youth between—a face such as we see sometimes, and fancy that we read therein the coming history as plainly written as in a book. So while, as the evening passed, Lord Gowrie's fiery spirit busied itself about plots and schemes, the fate of kingdoms and of kings; and David Calderwood, stirred from his learned equipoise, troubled his simple mind with anxiety concerning his two beloved pupils—Lettice hid all her thoughts in her heart, brooding tremblingly over them there. But the young herbalist sat patiently pulling his flowers to pieces, and ruminating meanwhile; his eyes fixed on the little rippling stream. He seemed born to be one of those meek philosophers who through life sit still, and let the world roll by with all its tumults, passions, and cares. They are above it; or, as some would deem, below it. But in either case it touches not them.

It was the dawn of a September day, gloomy and cold. All things seemed buried in a dull sleep, except the Cam that went murmuring over its pebbles hour after hour, from night till morn. Lettice heard it under her window, as she stood in the pale light, fastening her head-tire with trembling hands. They were just starting—the two young Scottish cavaliers. Both had cast off the dress of the student, and appeared as befitted their birth. Bold, noble, and handsome looked the young Earl William in his gay doublet, with his sword by his side. As he walked with Lettice to the garden (he had half-intreated, half-commanded to have a rose given by her hand), his manner seemed less boyish—more courtly and tender withal. His last words, too, as he rode away, were a gay compliment, and an outburst of youthful hope; alluding to the time when he should come back endowed with the forfeited honours of his race, and choose, not out of Scottish but of English maidens, a 'Lady Gowrie.'

Patrick, stealing after, a little paler—a little more silent than usual—affectionately bade his master adieu; and to the hearty blessing and good-speed only whispered 'Amen.' Then he took Lettice's hand; he did not kiss it, as his brother had gracefully and courteously done; but he clasped it with a light cold clasp, saying gently, 'Farewell! Lettice, my kind *sister*.'

She moved a little, as if pained; and then calmly echoed the farewell. But when the sound of the horses' feet died away, she went slowly up to her little chamber, shut the door, sat down, and wept. Once only looking at her little hand—holding it as if there still lingered on it a vanished touch—the deep colour rose in her cheek, and over her face there passed a quick, sharp pang.

'His sister—always his sister!' She said no more. After a while she dried her tears, wrapped round her heart that veil of ordinary outer life which a woman must always wear, and went down to her father.

'Lettice, what are those torn papers that thou art fastening together with thy needle? Are they writings or problems of mine?'

'Not this time, father,' said Lettice meekly; 'they are fragments left by your two pupils.'

'That is, by Patrick; William did not love to study, except that fantastic learning which all the Ruthvens loved—the occult sciences. Whose papers are these?'

'Master Patrick's; he may want them when he returns.'

'When! Ah, the dear bairn, his puir father's ain son; will I ever see his face again?'

There was no answer save that of silence and paleness. Lettice's fingers worked on. But a dull, cold shadow seemed to spread itself over the room—over everywhere she turned her eyes; duller than the gloomy evening—colder than the cold March rain which beat against the narrow college-windows—that shadow crept over her heart. She looked like one who for many days and weeks had borne on her spirit—not a heavy load, that is easier to bear, but a restless struggle—sometimes pain, sometimes joy, doubt, fear, expectation, faith, wild longing, followed by blank endurance. It was now a long time since she had learned the whole bitter meaning of those words, 'The hope deferred which maketh the heart sick.'

'My dear lassie,' said the old doctor, rousing himself from a mathematical calculation which had degenerated into a mere every-day reverie, 'where hae ye keepit the puir young earl's letter, that said he and Patrick were baith coming back to Cambridge in a week? Can ye no tell how lang it is sin syne?'

Lettice could have answered at once—could have told the weeks, days, hours—each passing slow like years—but she did not. She paused as though to reckon, and then said, 'It is nigh two months, if I count right.'

'Twa months! Alas, alas!'

'Do you think, father,' she said slowly, striving to speak for the first time what had been so long pent up that its utterance shook her whole frame with tremblings—'do you think that any harm has come to the poor young gentlemen?'

'I pray God no! Lettice, do you mind what our puir Willie—I canna say "the earl"—tauld us of their great good fortune through the queen; how that he would soon be living in Edinburgh as a grand lord, and his brother should end his studies at St Andrews; only Patrick said he loved better to come back to Cambridge, and to his auld master. The dear bairn! Do ye mind all this, Lettice?'

'Yes, father.' Ah, truly poor Lettice did!

'Then, my child, we needna fear for them. They are twa young gentlemen o' rank, and maybe they lead a merry life, and that whiles gars them forget auld friends; but they'll aye come back safe in time.'

So saying, the old doctor settled himself in his high-backed chair, and contentedly went to sleep. His daughter continued her work until the papers were all arranged and it grew too dark to see, then she closed her eyes and pondered.

Her thoughts were not what may be called love-thoughts, such as you, young modern maidens, indulge in, when you dream of some lover kneeling at your feet, or walking by your side, know yourself adored, and exult in the adoration. No such light emotion ruled Lettice's fancy. Her love—if it *were* love, and she scarce knew it as such—had crept in unwittingly, under the guise of pity, reverence, affection; it had struck its roots deep in her nature; and though it bore no flowers, its life was one with the life of her heart. She never paused to think, 'Do I love?' or 'Am I loved?' but her whole being flowed into that thought, wave after wave, like a stream that insensibly glides into one dry channel, leaving all the rest.

Lettice sat and thought mournfully over the many weeks of wearying expectation for him who never came. How at first the hours flew winged with restless joy, how she lay down in hope and rose in hope, and said to herself, calmly smiling, 'To-morrow—to-morrow!' How afterwards she strove to make those words into a daily balm to still fear and pain that would not sleep; how at last she breathed them wildly, hour by hour of each blank day, less believing in them than lifting them up like a cry of despair which *must* be answered. But it never was answered; and the silence now had grown so black and dull around her, that it pressed down all struggles—left her not even strength for fears.

She had feared very much at first. The young Earl William, so sanguine, so bold, might have been deceived. The king's seeming lenity might be but assumed, until he could crush the poor remnant of the Ruthven blood. She pondered continually over the awful tale of the Gowrie Plot; often at night in her dreams she saw the ensanguined axe, the two heads, so beautiful and young, mouldering away on the Tolbooth. Sometimes beside them she saw another—Horror! she knew it well—the pale, boyish cheek—the thoughtful brow. Then she would wake in shudderings and cries; and falling on her knees, pray that wherever he was—whether or no he might gladden her eyes again—Heaven would keep him safe, and have pity upon her.

Again she thought of him in prosperity, living honoured and secure under the glory of the Ruthven line—forgetting old friends, as her father had said. Well, and what right had she to murmur? She did not—save that at times, even against her will, the selfish cry of weak human tenderness would rise up—'Alas, thou hast all things, and I—I perish for want!' But her conscience ever answered, 'He neither knows nor sees, so with him there is no wrong.'

Night, heavy night, fell down once more. Lettice had learned to long for the dull stupor it brought—a little peace, a little oblivion mercifully closing each blank day. 'Is it not time for rest, father?' she often asked long ere the usual hour; and she was so glad to creep to her little bower—

chamber, and shut out the moonbeams and the starlight, and lie in darkness and utter forgetfulness, until lulled to sleep by the ripple of the stream close by. There had been a time when she either sat up with her father, or else lay awake until midnight, listening for steps in the garden—for voices beneath the window—when every summons at the gate made her heart leap wildly. But all this was passed now.

Lettice put down the lamp, took off her coif, and unbound her hair. Before retiring she opened the window and gazed out into the night, which was cold, but very clear. She half-leaned forward, and stretched out her hands to the north. No words can paint the look her countenance wore. It was yearning, imploring, despairing, like that of a soul longing to depart and follow upwards another soul already gone. In her eyes was an intensity that seemed mighty enough to pierce through all intervening space, and fly, dove-winged, to its desire. Then the lids drooped, the burning tears fell, and her whole frame sank collapsed, an image of hopeless, motionless dejection.

She was roused by a noise—the dash of oars on the usually-deserted river. She shut the window hastily, blushing lest the lamp should have revealed her attitude and her emotion to any stranger without. The sound of oars ceased—there were footsteps up the garden alleys—there was her father's eager voice at the door, mingled with other well-known voices. They were coming!—they were come!

In a moment all the days, weeks, months of weary waiting were swept away like clouds. The night of her sorrow was forgotten as though it had never been.

‘And now that I am returned, thou wilt not give me another flower, Mistress Lettice?’ said the young earl, as he followed her up the garden-walks in the fair spring morning. She had risen early, for sleep had been driven away by joy.

‘There are no flowers now, at least none gay enough to be worth your wearing. Daisies and violets would ill suit that courtly dress,’ said the maiden, speaking blithely out of her full-hearted content.

‘Does it displease you then? Shall I banish my silver-hilted sword, and my rich doublet with three hundred points, and don the poor student’s hodden gray? I would do it, fair damsel, and willingly, for thee!’ And he smiled with a little conscious pride, as if he knew well that six months passed in the shadow of a court had transformed the bashful youth into an accomplished cavalier—brave, handsome, winning, yet pure and noble at heart, as the young knights were in the golden time of Sidney and of Raleigh.

Lettice regarded him in frank admiration. ‘Truly, my Lord Gowrie, you are changed. Scarce can I dare to give you the name you once honoured me by permitting. How shall I call you and Master Patrick my brothers?’

‘I wish it not,’ said the young man hastily. ‘As for Patrick—never mind Patrick,’ as Lettice’s eyes seemed wandering to the river-side, where the younger Ruthven sat in his old seat. ‘You see he is quite happy with his herbal and his books of philosophy. Let him stay there; for I would fain have speech with you.’ He led her into a shady path,

and began to speak hurriedly. 'Lettice, do you know that I may soon be summoned back to Scotland—not as a captive, but as the reinstated Earl of Gowrie? And, Lettice'—here his voice faltered, and his cheek glowed, and he looked no more the bold cavalier, but a timid youth in his first wooing—'dear Lettice, if I might win my heart's desire, I would not depart alone.'

'Not depart alone! Then thou wilt not leave Patrick with us, as was planned?' said the girl, uttering the first thought that rose to her mind, and then blushing for the same.

'I spoke not of Patrick—he may do as he wills. I spoke of some one dearer than brother or sister; of her who'—

'What! is it come to that?' merrily laughed out the unconscious girl. 'Is our William, at once, without sign or token, about to bring to us, and then perforce to carry away home, a bonnie Lady Gowrie?'

The earl seemed startled by a sudden doubt. 'It is strange you should speak thus! Are you mocking me, or is it a womanly device to make me woo in plainer terms? Hear, then, Lettice! Lettice that I love! It is you I would win, you whom I would carry home in triumph, my beautiful, my wife, my Lady Gowrie!' She stood transfixed, looking at him, not with blushes, not with maiden shame, but in a sort of dull amaze.

'Do my words startle you, sweet one? Forgive me, then, for I scarce know what I say. Only I love you—I love you! Come to my heart my Lettice, my wife that shall be;' and he stretched out his arms to enfold her. But Lettice, uttering a faint cry, glided from his vain clasp, and fled into the house.

In their deepest affections women rarely judge by outward show. The young earl, gifted with all qualities to charm a lady's eye, had been loved as a brother—nothing more. The dreamy Patrick, in whose apparently passionless nature lay the mystery wherein such as Lettice ever delight—whose learning awed, while his weakness attracted tender sympathy—he it was who had unconsciously won the treasure which a man giving all his substance could not gain—a woman's first, best love.

Her wooer evidently dreamed not of the truth. She saw him still walking where she had left him, or passing under her window, looking up rather anxiously, yet smiling. One thought only rose clearly out of the chaos of Lettice's mind—that he must be answered; that she must not let him deceive himself—no, not for an hour. What she should say she mournfully knew—but how to say it? Some small speech she tried to frame; but she had never been used to veil any thought of her innocent heart before him she treated as a brother. It was so hard to feel that all this must be changed now.

Lettice was little more than eighteen years old, but the troublous life of a motherless girl had made her self-dependent and firm. Therefore, after a while, courage came unto her again. Strengthened by her one great desire to do right, she descended into the garden, and walked slowly down the alley to meet the earl. His greeting was full of joy.

'Did I scare her from me, my bird? And has she flown back of her own accord to her safe nest—her shelter now and evermore?' And once more he extended his arms with a look of proud tenderness, such as a

young lover wears when he feels that in wooing his future wife he has cast off the lightsome follies of boyhood and entered on the duties and dignities of a man.

Lettice never looked up, or her heart would have smote her—that heart which already, half-crushed, had now to crush another's. Would that women felt more how bitter it is to inflict this suffering, and if wilfully incurred, how heavy is this sin! Even Lettice, with her conscience all clear, felt as though she were half guilty in having won his unsought-for love. Pale and trembling she began to say the words she had fixed on as best, humblest, kindest—'My Lord Gowrie'—

'Nay, sweet Lettice, call me William, as you ever used to do in the dear old times.'

At this allusion her set speech failed, and she burst into tears. 'Oh, William, why did you not always remain my brother? I should have been happy then!'

'And now?'

'I am very—very miserable.'

There was a pause, during which Lord Gowrie's face changed, and he seemed to wrestle with a vague fear. At last he said, 'Wherefore?' in a brief, cold tone, which calmed Lettice at once.

'Because,' she murmured with a mournful earnestness there was no doubting or gainsaying, 'I am not worthy your love, since in my heart there is no answer—none!'

For a moment Lord Gowrie drew himself up with all his ancestral pride. 'Mistress Lettice Calderwood, I regret that—that'—He stammered, hesitated, then throwing himself on a wooden seat, and bowing his head, he struggled with a young man's first agony—rejected love.

Lettice knelt beside him. She took his passive hands, and her tears rained over them; but what hope, what comfort could she give? She thought not of their position as maiden and suitor—Lord Gowrie and humble Lettice Calderwood—she only saw her old playmate and friend sitting there overwhelmed with anguish, and it was her hand which had dealt the blow.

'William,' she said brokenly, 'think not hardly of me. I would make you happy if I could, but I cannot! I dare not be your wife, not loving you as a wife ought.'

'It is quite true, then, you do not love me?' the young earl muttered. But he won no other answer than a sad silence. After a while he broke out again bitterly—'Either I have madly deceived myself, or you have deceived me. Why did you blush and tremble when we met last night? Why, before we met, did I see you gazing so longingly, so passionately, on the way I should have come? Was that look false too?'

Lettice rose up from her knees, her face and neck incarnadine. 'My Lord of Gowrie, though you have honoured me, and I am grateful, you have no right'—

'I have a right—that of one whose whole life you have withered; whom you have first struck blind, and then driven mad for love! Mistress Calderwood—Lettice'—

In speaking her name, his anger seemed to disperse and crumble away, even as the light touch shivers the molten glass. When again he said

'Lettice,' it was in a tone so humble, so heartbroken, that, hearing it, she, like a very woman, forgot and forgave all.

'I never did you wrong, William: I never dreamed you loved me. In truth I never dreamed of love at all, until'—

'Go on.'

'I cannot—I cannot!' Again silence, again bitter tears.

After a while Lord Gowrie came to her side, so changed, he might have lived years in that brief hour. 'Lettice,' he said, 'let there be peace and forgiveness between us. I will go away: you shall not be pained by more wooing. Only, ere I depart, tell me is there any hope for me in patience or long waiting, or constant, much-enduring love?'

She shook her head mournfully.

'Then what was not mine to win is surely already won? Though you love not me, still *you love*: I read it in your eyes. If so, I think—I think it would be best mercy to tell me. Then I shall indulge in no vain hope: I shall learn to endure, perhaps to conquer at last. Lettice, tell me: one word—no more!'

But her quivering lips refused to utter it.

'Give some sign—ay, the sign that used to be one of death!—let your 'kerchief fall!'

For one moment her fingers instinctively clutched it tighter, then they slowly unclasped. The 'kerchief fell!

Without one word or look Lord Gowrie turned away. He walked with something of his old proud step to the alley's end, then threw himself down on the cold, damp turf as though he wished it had been an open grave.

When the little circle next met, it was evident to Lettice that Lord Gowrie had unfolded all to his faithful and loving younger brother. Still Patrick betrayed not his knowledge, and went on in his old dreamy and listless ways. Once, as pausing in his reading, he saw Lettice glide from the room, pale and very sad, there was a momentary change in his look. It might be pity, or grief, or reproach, or what none could tell. He contrived so as to exchange no private word with her until the next morning; when, lounging in his old place, idly throwing pebbles into the river, and watching the watery circles grow, mix, and vanish, there came a low voice in his ear.

'Master Patrick Ruthven?'

He started to hear his full name uttered by lips once so frank and sisterly, but he took no notice.

'Well; what would you, Lettice?'

'It is early morning; there is no one risen but we two; come with me to the house, for I *must* speak with you. And what I say even the air must not carry. Come, Patrick; for the love of Heaven, come!'

Her face was haggard, her words wild. She dragged rather than led him into the room where the two boys had once used to study with her father. There she began speaking hurriedly.

'Did you hear nothing last night?—no footsteps?—no sounds?'

'No; yet I scarce slept.'

'Nor I.' And the two young faces drooped, unable to meet each other's

eyes. But soon Lettice went on : 'At dawn, as I lay awake, it seemed as if there were voices beneath my window. I did not look : I thought it might be'——

'William sometimes rises very early,' said the brother gravely.

'It was not Lord Gowrie, for I heard them speak his name. Your hopes from King James were false! Oh, Patrick, there is danger—great danger! I have learned it all!'

'How?' And rousing himself, the young man regarded eagerly Lettice's agitated mien.

'I opened the lattice softly, and listened. When they went away, I followed stealthily to the water's edge. Patrick, they said that on the night but one after this they will return and seize you in the king's name! Fly—fly! Do not let me lose for ever both my brothers!'

And she caught his hands as in her childhood she had used to do, when beseeching him to do for her sake many things which, from dreamy listlessness, he would never have done for his own.

'What must I do, Lettice—I, who know nothing of the world? Why did you not tell all this to William?'

'I—told William?' She blushed scarlet, and seemed struggling with deep emotion.

'Oh, true—true!' Patrick said, and there seemed a faint waking up in his passionless features. 'No matter; I will at once go and tell my brother.'

Lettice sat down to wait his return. All her murmur was—'Oh, William—poor William!—so truly loving me whom others love not at all! I turned from thee in thy prosperity, but now shall I save thee and lose myself?—shall I sacrifice all to thee?' But instinct rather than wisdom whispered to Lettice, that she who weds, knowing her heart is not with her husband, wilfully sacrifices both. In the sight of heaven and earth she takes a false vow, which, if requited not by man, will assuredly be avenged by God.

Patrick Ruthven came back in much agitation. 'He says he will not fly; that he heeds neither the prison nor the block; that he has no joy in life, and death is best! Lettice, go to him: save him—you only can!'

'How can I save him?' mournfully Lettice cried.

'By urging him to fly. We can take horse, and cross the country to Harwich, whence a ship sails for France to-night. I know this, for yesterday I, too, was planning how to depart.'

'You?'

'No matter,' said Patrick hurriedly. 'Only go to William; compel him to save his life: he will do so at your bidding.'

He spoke commandingly, as if fraternal love had transformed the gentle, timid youth into a resolute man. Lettice, wondering and bewildered, mechanically obeyed. She came to Lord Gowrie, who, with the disordered aspect of one who has wasted the night in misery, not sleep, lay on the floor of what had been the boys' play-room. To all her intreaties he only turned his face to the wall and answered not. At last his brother beckoned Lettice away.

Looking at Patrick, the girl marvelled. All his impassive coldness seemed to have melted from him. His stature appeared to rise into

dignity, and there was a nobility in his face that made it beautiful to see. Lettice beheld in him, for the first time, the likeness of what she knew he would one day become—a grand, true man; the man before whom a woman's heart would instinctively bow down in Eve-like submission, murmuring—'I have found thee, my greater self—my head, my sustainer, and guide.'

Patrick stood silent awhile, sometimes reading her face, sometimes casting his eyes downward, as it were struggling with inward pain. At last he said solemnly, 'Lettice, this is no time for idle scruple. I know all that took place yesterday. I know, too, that there is one only chance, or William is lost. Is your will so firm that it cannot change? Must he die for loving you—my dear, my noble brother, whom I would give my poor life to save? Lettice, in this great strait I intreat you—even I'—and he shuddered visibly—'Consider what you do. It is an awful thing to have life and death in your hands. I beseech you, let him love you, and be happy.'

Lettice listened. As he spoke, slowly—slowly—the young rich blood faded from her face; she became rigid, white, and cold; all the life left was in her eyes, and they were fixed on Patrick, as it were the last look of one dying.

'Answer me,' she said with a measured toneless voice—'answer truly on your soul. Do *you* desire this of me? Is it *your* wish that I should become your brother's wife?'

'My wish—my wish?' he muttered, and then his reply came clear and distinct, as one says the words which fix the sentence of a life-time, 'In the sight of God, yes!'

Lettice gave him her hand, and he led her again to his brother.

'I need not stay,' he whispered: 'you, Lettice, will say all—better say it at once.'

She looked at Patrick with a bewildered uncertain air, and then began to speak.

'Lord Gowrie, that is, William, I'—

She said no more, but fell down at Patrick's feet in a death-like swoon.

Lettice lay insensible for many hours. For her there were no farewells—when she awoke the two brothers were gone. She found on her neck a golden chain, and on her finger a ring, the only tokens of the last passionate embraces which William had lavished on her, whom he now considered his betrothed, and which she then felt no more than one dead. But when they told her all this, she flung away the ring and chain, and prayed Heaven that she might die before ever Lord Gowrie came to claim her vows.

Of the younger Ruthven, she could learn nothing either from her bewildered father or her old nurse except that Patrick had forcibly torn his brother away. He had not spoken, save leaving a kind farewell to *his sister*.

In the twilight Lettice rose from her bed. She could not, for any inward misery, neglect her good father. And all her senses had been so stunned, that as yet she was scarce alive either to the present or the future. She sat almost as if nothing had happened, listening to the old man's broken talk, or idly watching the graceful smoke-wreaths of the Virginian weed that Sir Walter Raleigh had just introduced, and with which rare luxury the young knight's friendship had provided David Calderwood.

Oppressed by the sudden events which had greatly discomposed the tenor of his placid existence, the worthy doctor smoked himself to sleep. When with his slumbers Lettice's duties ceased, her bitter grief rose up. It choked her—it seemed to make the air close and fiery, so that she could not breathe. Dark and cold as the March night was, she fled out. But she kept in the thick alleys of the garden—she dared not go near the river, lest out of its cool, cool depths should rise a demon, smilingly to tempt her there.

But at length, when the moon came out from under a black cloud, Lettice thought she would approach and sit in Patrick's old seat by the side of the Cam, where in summer nights they had spent hours—she, with girlish romance looking up at the stars, and he teaching her all concerning them in his learned fashion, for the boy was a great astronomer.

Was it a vision? that he sat there still, in his old attitude, leaning against the willow-tree, the light slanting on his upward brow! Her first thought was, that he had met some fearful end, and this was his apparition only. She whispered faintly 'Patrick;' but he neither spoke nor moved. Then she was sure she beheld the spirit of her beloved. Her highly-wrought fancy repelled all fear, and made her feel a strange joy in this communication from the unseen world.

Once more she called him by his name, adding thereto words tenderer than his living self would ever hear. Then, seeing that the moon cast his shadow on the water, the conviction that it was no spirit, but his own bodily form, made her start and glow with shame. Yet when she approached he lay so still, his eyes were closed, and she could almost have believed him dead. But he was only in a deep sleep, of such heavy exhaustion that he hardly seemed to breathe.

Lettice crept beside him. Scarce knowing what she did, she took his cold hand and pressed it to her breast. There, suddenly waking, he felt it closely held; and met a gaze so pure and maidenly, yet so full of the wildest devotion—a look such as man rarely beholds, not even in his wife's eyes, for the deepest tenderness is ever the most secret. Scarce had Patrick seen it than it melted into Lettice's ordinary aspect; but he *had* seen it, and it was enough.

'When did you come back?' faintly asked Lettice.

'At twilight: a day's hard riding exhausted me, and I suppose I fell asleep here.'

'And wherefore did you return?' Mechanical were the questions and replies, as though both spoke at random.

'Why did I return?'

'Yes—to danger. I had forgotten all that. Oh, Patrick, how shall we save you? Why did you not sail with William, if he has sailed?'

'He has! There was a passage for one only—his life was most precious—he is my elder brother, so I persuaded him to go on board; and then—I left him.'

'Patrick—Patrick!' Unconsciously she looked up at him in her old childish, loving way, and her eyes were full of tears.

'Are you glad, Lettice?'

'Glad, because you have done a noble thing. But if through this you should be discovered and taken; if I—that is—we all—should lose you—Hush!' That instant her quick ear, sharpened with terror, heard down

the river the sound of oars. 'They are coming—those men I saw last night—they will have brought the king's warrant that I heard them speak of. It is too late. Oh, would that you at least had been saved !'

'I, and not William?' His words spoke grave reproach, but his looks belied his tone.

'I think not of William now. Why did he go and leave you to perish? But I will not leave you; Patrick, I will die with you—I'—

'Lettice!' He began to tremble, he took her hand and looked questioningly into her eyes. There seemed a doubt suddenly purling off from his mind, so that all was light and day—ay, even though nearer every minute came the distant sounds which warned him of his danger.

'Hark! they are close upon us;' said Lettice in an agonized whisper. 'They will search the house through: what must be done?'

'I know not,' answered Patrick dreamily.

'But I know: come—come!'

She drew him cautiously into a laurel thicket close by, which, lying deep in shadow, furnished a safe hidingplace. Thinking a moment, she took off her black mantle, and wrapped it over him, that his light doublet might not be seen through the boughs.

'We may escape them,' she said: 'we two have hidden here many a time when we were children.'

'Ah, Lettice!' he sighed, 'we were happy then! Even now, if William had not loved you'—

'Hush! they are landing; I hear their steps—keep close.' She made him kneel so that her dress might hide him, and, as fearing that his fair floating curls might catch some stray moonbeam, she put her hands upon his hair.

Footsteps came nearer and nearer—life or death was in each tread. The terrified voice of David Calderwood was heard declaring that, hours since, the Scottish brothers had fled; and still the only answer was 'Search—search!'

In their agony the two young creatures—they were both so young!—drew closer to each other; and Patrick's arms were wrapped round Lettice, as they used to be when she was a child. He whispered, 'If I die, Lettice, love me!'

She pressed her cold lips upon his forehead, and that was the only vow which passed between them. The officers began to search the garden, David Calderwood following, wringing his feeble hands. 'Good friends, gin ye seek till dawn, ye'll no find ae thing alive, save my puir bairn, if sae be she is in life still. Lettice—Lettice, whar are ye gane?' cried the old man piteously.

'Go to your father—go!' murmured Patrick; but she was deaf to all voices save his now.

'I'll help ye to seek in ilka bush and brake, if only to find my puir lassie; and I pray our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth'—

'Our sovereign lord King James of England and Scotland; that's the prayer now—so no treason, old man,' said one of the officers, giving him a buffet which made poor Davie stagger. Patrick Ruthven saw and started in his hidingplace.

'An owl in the bushes—Hollo there!' shouted the men.

Patrick and Lettice scarcely breathed. In her frenzy she clasped her arms passionately round his neck; her eyes, stretched out into the darkness, flashed fire; she felt that had she only a weapon at hand, she would have committed murder to save him. Vain—vain—all vain!

A crash in the bushes, a rough hand on Patrick's breast—'Ho! prisoners in the king's name!'

He was taken at last.

Whether she wept, or shrieked, or prayed, whether they took any farewell of one another or no, Lettice never remembered. All that remained in her memory after that awful moment was one sight—a boat gliding down the river in the moonlight; and one sound, or words which Patrick had contrived to whisper, 'The Tower—remember the Tower!'

II.

One day, in mid-winter, when Tower Hill, so often reddened with blood, lay white under many inches of snow, a woman might have been seen taking her way over the portcullis into the Tower. She seemed to belong to the middle class, her hood and kirtle were of humble fashion, black and close. She was a small, insignificant-looking woman too, and seemed to be admitted into the awful state-prison, or rather to creep in there, attracting from the warders no more notice than a bird flying in at a captive's window, or a little bright-eyed mouse peering at him in the dark.

Her errand, she said, was to the governor's lady. Thither she was brought through gloomy passages that seemed to make her shudder, under narrow-barred silent windows, at which she looked up with a terrified yet eager glance, as if she expected to see appear there the wan face of some wretched prisoner. She reached the governor's apartments. There air and light were not wanting, though it was in the grim old Tower. From it might be seen the shining Thames, with ships of all nations gliding by. There were flowers, too, growing in the heavy embrasures of one window, and in the other was a group of human flowers—a young mother and her beautiful children.

The stranger briefly stated her errand. She had heard that the lady desired an attendant for her daughters, and she came to offer her services, bearing credentials from one whom the governor's wife knew.

'The name is Scottish: are you from our country?' said the graceful mother, her fair face brightening with kindness.

'My father was, and so were all my nearest ties,' answered the woman in a low voice as she pulled her hood closer over her face.

'You say *was* and *were*: are all gone then?'

'Yes, madam: I am quite alone.'

'Poor young thing!'

'Nay, I am not young; I am thirty-four years old.'

'And you have never been married?'

'No.'

'Ah!' sighed the happy young wife of twenty-five, with a sort of dignified compassion. But she was of a kindly nature, and she discerned that the stranger wore a look of great sweetness, and had withal a gentle voice—

that truest index of a womanly spirit. She enrolled her in her household at once.

'And you are willing, my good—— What did you say was your Christian name?'

'Lettice.'

'Are you willing to reside in the Tower? It is at best but a dreary place for us as well as for the poor prisoners: though, thanks to our merciful King James, we have had but few executions here lately.'

Lettice faintly shuddered—perhaps it was to hear such gentle lips speak so indifferently of these horrors—but she answered, 'I am quite satisfied, madam: even this prison seems a home to one who has just lost the only home she ever knew, and who has now none in the wide world.'

She spoke with great simplicity, and in the calm manner of a woman who has been taught patience by long suffering. Nevertheless, when the governor's lady bade her take off her mantle and hood, and the three little maidens, summoned from the inner room, came gathering round her, and, won by her sweet looks, offered childish kisses, Lettice's self-control failed, and a few tears began to fall from her eyes.

'Nay, take heart, my countrywoman,' said the young matron kindly: 'we will make you very happy here; and perhaps find you, too, a brave yeoman-warder with a good estate: King James takes care his Scottish subjects shall thrive in merry England.'

And quite satisfied that in a wealthy marriage she had thus promised the chief good of life, the lady departed.

That night Lettice saw the stars rise and shine—not on the limpid Cam, not on the quaint old garden where her childish feet had played, and where afterwards—all earlier memories blotted out by those of one terrible night—she had walked patiently, bearing the burthen of her sorrow for sixteen years.

Sixteen years! It was thus long since Patrick Ruthven had disappeared, and yet no tidings had ever been heard of or from him. She had exerted all energies, exhausted all schemes—so far as she dared without endangering her father's safety—but could gain no clue as to the after-fate of the doomed youth. Whether he still languished in prison, or had been freed by escape or death, all was mystery: her only certainty was, that he had not perished on the scaffold.

And so praying for him day and night, and loving him continually, this faithful woman had lived on. The days and years of her youth had glided from her like the waves of a river, uncounted, for no light of love rested on them. Their onward course she neither watched nor feared.

She saw the young men and maidens of her own age pass away into the whirl of life, woo, and marry, and gather round them a third generation, while she remained the same. Woors she had, for when sorrow comes in early youth, and fails to crush, it sometimes leaves behind a tender charm beyond all beauty, and this made Lettice not unsought. Some women—good women, too—can love in their simple, easy-hearted fashion, twice, thrice, many times. Others pour out their whole soul in one love, and have no more left to give ever after. Lettice Calderwood was one of these.

Her father lingered many years in great bodily weakness, and in an almost

fatuous old age. She tended him unweariedly until he died. Then when she had no kindred tie left in the wide world, no duty to perform, none to love, and none to obey, she formed a resolution over which she had been long brooding with an intensity of persevering will such as few women have, but which none ever has *except* a woman.

That resolution planned, maturely guided, carried through many hindrances, formidable indeed, but which fell like straws before the might of her great love—Lettice found herself at last an inmate of the Tower. If there—as in all human probability he was, unless no longer of this world—she should certainly discover Patrick Ruthven. Farther plans she saw not clear, still doubtful as she was of his very existence. But as she sat by herself in the silent midnight, within a few yards, it might be, of the spot where, if living, he still dragged on his mournful days; or where, if dead, his spirit had parted from the body—there came upon her a conviction which often clings to those whose portion is somewhat like to hers.

‘He is not dead,’ Lettice murmured, ‘else he would have come to me: he knew I should not have feared. No, he is still living; and if living, I will find and save him.’

So, praying for her Patrick with the woman’s pale, faded lips, as the girl had prayed sixteen years before—Lettice fell asleep.

It was a dangerous thing for the free inhabitants of the Tower to inquire too closely about the prisoners. The days of Guy Fawkes and Sir Thomas Overbury were not so long past but that all who had any interest in the enemies of King James were wisest to keep a silent tongue and close-shut eyes. Lettice Calderwood had dwelt for weeks within the walls where perchance lay her never-forgotten lover, and yet she had never heard or breathed the name of Patrick Ruthven.

Her whole time was spent with the governor’s children. They, happy little creatures! played merrily outside the cells wherein was buried misery and despair. Sometimes they talked about ‘the prisoners’ with a light unconsciousness, as if speaking of cattle, or things inanimate. Poor little ones! how could they understand the meaning of the word?

‘Do you ever see the—the prisoners?’ Lettice ventured to ask of them one day.

‘Oh yes; a few are allowed to walk on the leads, and then we peep at them from below. We are very good friends with one or two—our father says we may.’

‘Who are they, my child?’ If the little girl could have known the strong convulsion that passed over Lettice’s heart while she put this simple question!

‘We don’t call them anything: they are only prisoners. They have been heré a great many years, I believe. One lives there, in the Beauchamp Tower—he is always writing; and when we go in to see him—for he likes us to come—he does nothing but puff, puff, puff!’ And the laughing child put her finger in her mouth, and began mimicking a smoker to perfection.

‘Mabel,’ said the elder sister, ‘you should not laugh at him, for our father says he is a good man, and the king is not very angry with him, any more than with the other man who is shut up in the Bell-Tower.’

You should see him, Mistress Lettice; he is *my* favourite, because he is so gentle. They say he walks on the leads between his room and the Beauchamp-Tower, night after night, watching the stars; and he plays with us children, and gets us to bring him quantities of flowers, out of which he makes such wonderful medicines. He cured Mabel of the chinough, and father of the ague, and '—

'Hush, Grace; Mistress Lettice is quite tired with your chatter. See how white she looks!'

'No—go on, my darlings; talk as much as you will,' murmured Lettice; and rousing herself, she contrived to learn from them what this prisoner was like.

A little, bent man—very old the children thought, because his hair was quite gray, except a few locks behind that were just the colour of Grace's.—Lettice, holding the child on her knee, had often secretly kissed the soft fair curls; she did so now with passionate tenderness. Yet could it indeed be Patrick—so changed! The thing seemed scarce possible.

Next time the children went to see this prisoner she hid herself, where, from below, she could watch the leads on which he was accustomed to walk. There was the figure of a man, moving with the heavy, stooping, lounging gait of long captivity. Could it be that Patrick's youth had been crushed into such a pitiable semblance as this? He came and leaned on the breast-work or boundary of his narrow walk. In the distance the features were indistinct; but something in the wavy falling of the hair reminded her of Patrick. She half uttered a cry of recognition, suppressed it, sank back, and wept. His name—if she could only learn the captive's name! But there was great mystery kept about that. The children said 'he had none, he had been in the Tower so many years.' Grace added, that she had once asked him, and he answered 'that he had almost forgotten it.' Alas, poor soul!

One day Lettice, impelled by a wild hope, fastened in Grace's dress a little childish ornament that she herself had used to wear: it had been broken, and the boy Patrick's rude workmanship was on it still. If this man were indeed he, it might catch his eye, and bring back to his dulled memory the days of his youth. He touched the ornament, Grace said; observed that it was pretty; that he thought he had once seen one like it, he could not tell where; and then his dull mood came over him, and he would not talk any more.

Lettice's eager hope sank; but on it she lived yet longer; and day by day she watched tearfully the poor captive, who, if not Patrick, had suffered Patrick's doom.

The child Grace fell sick. Lettice grieved, for she loved the little girl; but this trouble seemed helping to work out her one great aim of life. Then, *at least*, she might hear more of the prisoner whose skill in medicine had won the deep gratitude of both the governor and his lady. But Grace improved, and still of the invisible physician nothing was disclosed. At length one night, when the anxious mother and Lettice were watching the child, together and alone, there arose an emergency.

'The potion will be needed at dawn; 'tis near midnight, and I have not sent to—to the Bell-Tower,' said the mother. 'What must be done? Who

can I trust?' She looked at Lettice, whom she and all the household had already learned to love—'I will trust you.'

She explained briefly that the child's physician was a state prisoner, who had acquired his skill during sixteen years' captivity; that his durance was now greatly softened by the king's order; but that still, except the governor's family, he was allowed to see no one, nor to hold any communication with the outer world. 'And,' said the lady, 'if I send you to him, you must keep silence on all concerning him, for he and his have been greatly hated by King James; and no marvel. He is Patrick, "the last of the Ruthvens!"'

What dizzy, tumultuous joy rushed to the heart of the faithful woman, who, after long-silent years, again heard the music of that name! But she stood still and mute, calm, and gave no sign.

'Lettice, will you go?'

'I will:' and she went.

There was not a foot heard, not a breath stirring, in the grim old Tower. As, bearing the ponderous keys, she unfastened door after door, the sound of the opening locks was startling and awful. At the foot of the Bell-Tower Lettice paused. Sixteen years seemed all swept away; her heart throbbed, and her pale brow of middle age flushed like a young girl's. Would he know her? Would she not appal him, standing suddenly, like a spectre, by his side? She pulled her hood over her face, and resolved to feign her voice, lest the shock might overpower his strength. Thinking of his emotion, she soon calmed her own, and came with firm step to the outer door. There gleamed a faint ray through some worm-eaten fissure; the governor's wife had told her that he always studied until late in the night. Lettice pictured him as at the old home at Cambridge, as in perpetual youth he dwelt ever in her memory. She saw him, leaning over his books, with his pale boyish features, his fair curls, his dreamy-lidded eyes. She opened the door, and saw—A gray-headed man, withered and bent, quaint and careless in dress, sat writing by lamplight. He momentarily raised his head; the face had a strange, old-world look, mingled with an aspect half of vacancy, half of abstraction. Lettice shrank aghast. It seemed as if the olden Patrick were dead for ever, and this were a phantom risen up to mock her. But when he spoke, it was his own true voice.

'Ah, you come for the child Grace's potion?' said he. "'Tis all prepared; wait a moment—listen!'

He rose, put the medicine into her hand, and proceeded to give various directions concerning it. Then he sat down again, and prepared to resume his reading. Lettice stood silent; that he did not recognise her she plainly saw, yet this was what she had desired. Why should she feel pain?

She put back her hood, and approached him: 'Master Patrick Ruthven!'

He started, but it could only be to hear the long-unused Christian name; for looking up at her face, now turned fully on him, *his* expressed only blank unconsciousness. He did not know her!

'Madam, pardon me; I have not seen you before, but I suppose you come from little Grace. If I have omitted anything, or forgotten—— One forgets everything here.' Lettice groaned.

The poor captive looked disturbed, bewildered; restlessly he moved his

papers about, and she saw his hands, long, white, and woman-like, whose delicacy William used to mock, and Lettice to admire, the same hands she had clasped and kissed in her last frenzied agony of parting. She did so now.

'Patrick—Patrick! have you forgotten me—even me?'

He looked at her again, and shook his head. 'I have seen you somewhere I think, perhaps in the old time before I came hither; but my memory is poor, very poor. What is your name?'

'Lettice!'

A light came into his face for a moment, and faded. 'It is a sweet name. I used to love it once I believe—some one I knew bore it; but, as I said, I forget so many things now. Lettice—Lettice!' He repeated the name, as if trying to call back images of a long-past life.

Lettice's first horror passed. She discerned all now—she saw what he had become: how, shut up from youth to manhood in that fearful prison, his life had withered there; how, as the slow vacant years crawled by, passion, affection, feeling of every kind, had grown dull. Wreck as he was—the wreck captivity had made him—her never-dying love encompassed him still.

'Patrick,' she said gently, though her tears were flowing fast, 'look at me, and try to think of the past. There was my father who taught you when you were a boy; and I, Lettice Calderwood, who used to be your playfellow. The old house at Cambridge—the river-bank where you liked to sit—the garden and the laurel-trees.'

His features began to quiver: 'It is dim, very dim; but I think I do remember all this, ay, and you, Lettice! I am glad to see you once more.'

He trembled a good deal, and looked at her many times, as though, in comparing his old recollection of her with her likeness now, the difference puzzled him.

Lettice said, faintly smiling, 'You know I am old now—one changes much in sixteen years.' But the smile brought back her own old self, and Patrick's mind seemed to grow clearer.

'I think,' he said with a mournful simplicity—'I think I must have loved you once. I never forgot you, even here, until'—and he shuddered—'until they put me into that dark, damp cell, where I heard no sound and saw no living face, for I know not how long: I forgot everything then.'

Lettice's heart was bursting: she pressed his hands to her breast, and sobbed aloud. At first he seemed troubled by her emotion, and then, as if unable to resist, his own gray hair drooped on Lettice's shoulder, and the poor prisoner also wept. By slow degrees Patrick's memory awakened to the things of the past and of the living world; but they seemed to touch him little. He heard of David Calderwood's death with a quiet sigh—all keen sense of human pain seemed to be obliterated from his mind. After a pause he asked, though still half-indifferently, 'There was my brother too—tell me something of William?'

'William acted nobly, and so acting, ceased to be unhappy!' said Lettice in a confused voice.

'Unhappy!' repeated the captive vacantly. 'Ah, yes; I had forgotten: we had much sorrow in our youth—he, and you, and I'—

'Hush, Patrick! we will not speak of that. I wrote to William, and

told him all: he freed me from my promises. Time brought him comfort: he remained abroad, married, and last year—grieve not, Patrick, for, living, he had great happiness—last year he died.’

‘Poor William dead!—my last brother dead!’ Patrick said thoughtfully; and sat a long time wistfully gazing in the air, now and then uttering broken words, which showed his mind was recalling incidents of their boyish days. At last he said, ‘And you, Lettice—what of yourself?’

‘I am as you left me—poor Lettice Calderwood; in nothing changed but years.’ She murmured this with her eyes cast down, as if she had need to be ashamed that she had felt a woman’s one, pure love; that for it she had given up all sweetnesses of wifedom and motherhood, and stood there in her faded bloom, speaking no word, but letting her whole life’s story speak for her: ‘See how faithful I have been to *thee*!’

Perhaps, as Patrick looked on her, some sense of the greatness of this love, so strong in its oneness, so patient in its endurance, dawned upon his bewildered and long paralysed sense. He stretched out his arms to her, crying, ‘I am unworthy—most unworthy! But Lettice, love me still: help me—take care of me: do not leave me again!’

He had forgotten, and she too, all worldly things. Waking, they found that she was only humble Lettice Calderwood, and he a prisoner in the Tower. No matter—one at least had ceased to fear. When a woman once feels that all depends upon the strength of her love—that the power to will and to act of necessity lies in her hands—she gains a courage which nothing can daunt or quell. And as Lettice bade Patrick Ruthven farewell, whispering hope and tenderness which his long-dulled ears would scarce receive, she felt certain that she should set her beloved free; ay, as certain as though she stood at the head of armies to hurl King James from his throne.

Little Grace recovered; and unto the mother’s heart, still trembling with its recent joy, another heart was led to open itself, with all its burthen of many years. One day, when both their spirits were attuned to confidence, Lettice told the governor’s wife her whole story. It was a story that would have melted many a one to sympathy: the young Scottish gentlewoman listened even with tears. Ruthven was her countryman, and she had shown him kindness ever since her husband was made governor; he was her child’s preserver, and she determined to try all efforts to obtain his liberty. She exerted secret influence at court, at first with hope of success; but that year the bugbear treason was loudly dinned into the pusillanimous monarch’s ears, and Tower-Hill was again watered with its red rain.

One day the little Grace and Mabel loudly lamented that they were forbidden any longer to visit their friend in the Beauchamp-Tower. On the next, Lettice and Patrick, walking on the leads (where she had liberty to visit him now), saw the black procession winding past, and heard distantly the heavy sound of the axe’s fall. Patrick said, ‘There dies a just man and a guiltless, and one that Davie Calderwood would have mourned. God receive the soul of Walter Raleigh!’

He spoke calmly, as if such sights had ceased to move him; but Lettice crouched down, hiding her face in inexpressible horror. When they

re-entered his narrow prison, she clasped her arms wildly round her betrothed—for they had plighted their troth to one another, whether it were for life or death—she held him fast: she felt that to have him safe, with freedom to see him, to love and comfort him, was blessedness even here.

And so, for a whole year, through fear lest the king's anger should be roused, nothing more was done towards effecting Ruthven's release.

When once a generous purpose roots itself in a leal Scottish heart, especially a woman's, it is not easy to uproot it thence. The governor's wife came to Lettice one day, and told her that there was hope; since Queen Anne was dead, and the king would now fear no treason from the Ruthven line. She applied to the court, and answer came that Patrick Ruthven should be set at liberty, if some near friend would solicit his pardon.

'A form—a mere form—only desired to soothe King James's pride,' said the plain-speaking Scottish lady: she came from the bold race of Kirkaldy of Grange.

But, form as it was, when Lettice told her lover the tidings, he shook his head in his listless way, and said it could never be.

'I have no friend in the wide world to plead for me, or to crave my pardon: all my kith and kin have died away; I am left the last of my race. No, Lettice; it is best as it is! Perchance I would have liked to go once more to the meadows by the Cam where the rare flowers grow; and it would have been a sweet and thankful duty to exercise my skill in healing on the poor and needy. But let be—let be! Do not talk of worldly liberty; we will go and look at the free, free stars that roam, night after night, over this prison, and never tire! Come, my faithful Lettice—come!'

But Lettice groaned in spirit. He, long used to captivity, scarce felt the chain; she, for his sake, writhed under it like a double weight.

'Patrick,' she said, leaning by him, and with him watching the few dull lights that were scattered throughout the black city which lay below, while a yellow mist rising from the river gathered over everything, palely and cold—'My Patrick, would it not be happy to go far away from here into your own clear northern air? Look!—and she pointed to the barren osier-flats through which the Thames winds seaward—'if instead of that dull line were the mountains you told me of when we were children, the blue hills rising, height after height, like a good man's life, which grows year by year nearer to heaven, until it melts, cloudlike, into heaven itself at last!—'

The prisoner sighed, and looked on the blank landscape with glistening eyes that saw not it, but some dim view beyond.

Lettice continued: 'Ay, and if we were free—both free—if we could hide ourselves in some sweet spot, and live our old childlike life!'

He answered restlessly—'Do not talk of this, or else I shall die of longing; and I had grown so resigned, so content with my books and my herbs. Why did you bring me back to the bitter world?'

'To save thee, my beloved!' she answered soothingly. 'To take thee out of prison, and bring back to thee the dew of thy youth. Shall it not be so?'

'How can it, when there is no one who has a right to intreat for my pardon? I have no kindred, no tie in the wide world!'

'Save one.'

'Ah, true!—forgive me, my faithful love! But what can *you* do?'

Lettice hid her face on his shoulder. If she blushed, it was not with shame, for she knew her own pure heart, and Heaven knew it too. She rose, and spoke in a quiet, womanly tone, though somewhat trembling the while.

'Patrick, we are neither of us young; all love we bear each other is stilled into the affection that lives between two who, having wasted half a lifetime in sorrow, hope to spend the poor remainder together and in peace. You will not misjudge what I am going to say?'

'No—no,' answered Ruthven in his absent manner.

'There is but one way to obtain your freedom. Dearest, long-lost, and found, let *your wife* go and plead for you before the king!'

The young kinswoman of Kirkaldy of Grange had a rebellious yearning, though she was a governor's lady. She liked to thwart King James of his captives when it could be done with safety. Secretly, in order to avoid all risk to her husband, she introduced a Scottish minister to the dismal chambers of the Bell-Tower. There, in that dull prison-house, was celebrated a marriage. Brief it was, and grave: without smiles, without tears: it could not be said without love, for they did love one another, those two who, as girl and boy, had clung together so wildly in the garden by the Cam. But their love was not like that of youth: it was deep, solemn, still.

When the marriage was performed, Patrick, in his dreamy way, said, 'Is it all done? Am I thy husband, Lettice?'

She answered, 'Yes.'

'A hard task to fulfil; a weary life to lead! But art thou content?'

She answered, 'I am content.' And taking his hand, held it fast in that which would now guide him through life.

'Nay, have no fear, friends,' cheerfully said the brave Scottish lady who had aided them so much. 'King James is feeble-hearted, and he has heard the people's outcry against Raleigh's twelve years' imprisonment, sealed at last with blood. He dare not do the like again. Lettice, take comfort; you will soon have your husband free.'

She heard the word—she who had never dreamed of any other life than one of aimless loneliness, over which hung the pale shadow of that early-lost love. Her heart melted under the sense of its great content, and she wept as softly and joyfully as though she had been a young bride.

'Will his majesty appear to-day, my Lord of Buckingham?' said one of the Scottish attendants of the palace at Whitehall, meeting the twin stars of James's court—'Steenie,' and 'Baby Charles.'

'Wherefore, good Ferguson?'

'Because, my lord, there is a person here craving audience who has been recommended to me by a countrywoman of my own.'

'A woman is it? My prince, let us see!'

The woman rose up and curtsied beneath the gaze of royalty and nobility;

but she had nothing in her to retain either. She was pale, little, and of middle age. 'Steenie' gave her a mock salutation; Prince Charles, ever chivalrous to women, acknowledged her lowly reverence with his dignified, half-melancholy, Stuart smile, and the two youths passed out.

'The king is coming, Mistress Ruthven; now is your time!' whispered young Allan Ferguson.

He entered—the poor feeble pedant, to whom had dwindled down the ancient line of Scotland's kings. Surrounding him were the great and noble of the day: Gondomar, the gay Spanish ambassador; the Lord-Chancellor Bacon; all the choicest of the English nobility left after the death-sweeping reigns of Mary and Elizabeth; and those of the king's own country whom his conciliatory rule had detached from various factions, to join in fidelity to the one branch of the Stuart family now remaining.

'Heh, sirs, wha's here?' James cried in his sharp quavering voice, through which rang the good-humour produced by a satisfactory arrangement with Spain completed that same hour. 'Petitioning, my bonnie woman! Aweel, then say your say!'

Lettice told her story in words so broken that they would scarce have been understood save for the earnestness of her eyes. It was a story touching and interesting even to James and his frivolous court. To them it sounded new and curious to hear of a woman who had loved and suffered, waited and hoped, and gone through all trial for *one* man's sake, for seventeen years. And it so chanced that their possible mockery of her long maiden life was prevented by Lettice always unconsciously saying 'my husband,' as the governor's wife had charged her to say, instead of mentioning at once the hated name of Ruthven.

James looked discomposed. 'My lords, a king maun do as he wills; ye a' ken the chapters in my "Basilicon Doron" respecting free monarchies, and the right or prerogative of rulers. But I wadna keep an innocent man—mind ye, an *innocent* man—in prison for sixteen—did she no say sixteen years? Woman, wha may ye be; and why dienna ye tell your husband's name?'

'It is a name, the bearing of which was the only wrong he ever did your majesty: I am the wife of Patrick Ruthven!'

James turned pale, as he ever did at the sound of that dreaded name. He never forgot that it was a Ruthven who acted in that scene of blood which impressed cowardice on the nature of the yet unborn babe: he never forgot the actors in the Gowrie Plot, who, for a brief space, caused him, a king by birth and right, to be tied and bound like a felon.

He frowned, and looked round on his courtiers, who kept a discreet silence. Then he said with a pedantic air, 'Woman, I will hear thee again on this matter,' and passed into the audience-chamber.

Lettice's heart grew cold. It was a horrible thing to reflect that life or death lay on the fiat of that poor, vain, fickle king. No! On the fiat of a King far higher, whose government was not kingdoms, but worlds. Kneeling where she had knelt to King James, she knelt to Him, and prayed.

There came, crossing the empty chamber, one of the nobles who had formed one of the monarch's train. He was an old man, tall and pale. His demeanour savoured more of the courtly grace of Elizabeth's reign than the foppish gallantry of James's. He announced his name at once.

'Mistress Ruthven, I am the Earl of Hertford.'

She had heard it in the Tower. It had been long chronicled there as a portion of that mournful story of the Lady Catharine Grey, sister to Queen Jane, who, marrying Hertford without Elizabeth's consent, had been imprisoned until her young life's close.

He was an old man now, but something in Lettice's story had touched him with the days of his youth. He came to say that he would plead her cause with the king, and that he thought she had good reason to hope.

'And you have been parted ever since your marriage—seventeen years?'

'We are but newly married, my lord; our bridal was in the Tower,' said Lettice, who never said aught but truth.

'Ah! no need to tell the king that: yet it makes a sadder tale still. Where abides your husband in the Tower?'

'In the Bell-Tower—a narrow, dreary spot.'

'I know—I know!' He turned away, perhaps remembering the poor young mother who had there given birth to his two brave sons. He, too, had felt the bitterness of captivity; and as he departed from Lettice, having given her both counsel and cheer, she heard the old nobleman muttering to himself, 'Seventeen years!—seventeen years!'

Patrick Ruthven sat in his tower poring over his wealth of books. An August sunbeam quivering in, rested on a bunch of dried flowers, which the herbalist was examining with great earnestness. He scarce lifted up his head when the light footstep warned him of his wife's entrance.

'Lettice,' he said, '*eureka!*—('I have found it!') 'This plant must be the veritable hemlock of the ancients—the potion which gave Socrates death. Compare the description—see.'

He looked at her; she was trembling all over with joy.

'My husband,' she said breathlessly, 'leave these books; come and gaze out in the clear morning air: how fresh it is; how free—free—free!'

She repeated the word, that her tidings might dawn upon him slowly, not too bewilderingly. She drew him out upon the prison-leads, and bade him look northwards, where in the distance the ripening wheat-fields shone wave upon wave like yellow seas.

'Think, Patrick, to go thither; to sit down under the sheaves like little children, as we used to do; to hear the trees rustling, and see the swallows fly; and then to go home—to a quiet safe cottage home. Oh, Patrick, my husband, you are free!'

'I am free!' He, the prisoner for seventeen years, neither fell down in a swoon of transport, nor wept, nor grew wild with ecstasy. He only uttered the words in a monotonous, incredulous tone—'I am free!' His wife embraced him with passionate joy; he kissed her, stroked her still fair cheek—fairer still since she had once more known peace—and then went slowly back into his dark room.

There he sat motionless, while Lettice busied herself in putting together the books and scientific matters which had gradually accumulated round the captive. Then she brought him attire suitable for a man of middle rank at that period.

'You must not wear this out in the world, my Patrick,' said the wife, touching his threadbare robe of a fashion many years back.

'Must I not?' and he contemplated the dress, which seemed to him gaudy and strange. 'Lettice,' he murmured, 'I am afraid—is the world so changed? Must I give up my old ways?'

But she soothed him with quiet words, and made ready for his departure. Ere they quitted the Bell-Tower, he went into the little closet which had been his bedchamber, and, kneeling down, thanked God, and prayed for all captives a deliverance like his own. As he rose, there peeped at him a bright-eyed mouse.

'Poor fellow-prisoner, whom I have fed so many years, who will feed thee now?' And breaking off some food, he called the little creature to his hand, and gave it its last meal.

Then leaning on his wife's arm, for he trembled, and seemed feeble as a child, Patrick Ruthven left the Tower. He had entered it a youth of nineteen; he quitted it a worn-out, prematurely old man of thirty-six. The prime and glory of manhood had been wasted in that gloomy prison. Thank God, there is no such doom for *innocence* now!

Far past what then was London's utmost verge, Lettice Ruthven led her husband. He walked through the streets like one in a dream: all sounds stunned him; all sights bewildered him. If a chance eye noticed his somewhat strange aspect, he clung to Lettice with terror, lest he should again be taken. She told him there was no fear, that the king had granted him a free pardon; that Prince Charles, the merciful and warm-hearted, had settled on him a pension for life. All this he heard as if he heard it not. Nothing soothed him but Lettice's calm smile.

They came to the place which she had chosen as their first abode. It was a farm-house, planted on one of the hills to the north of London. Above was a great wide heath; below, numberless little undulating valleys, with trees and meadows, harvest-fields and streams. There, after sunset, they took their evening walk. He, long used to the close air of the prison, shivered even at the warm summer wind; and his feeble limbs, accustomed to pace their narrow round, could scarce endure fatigue. But Lettice wrapped him warm, and took him to a soft-wooded bank with a stream running below. There he lay, his head on her lap, listening to the ripple of the water.

He had never heard that sound since he was a boy sitting beside the Cam, on the night his brother sailed from Harwich. Though his memory was dull yet, and he rarely spoke of the past, perhaps he thought of it now, for the tears crept through his shut eyes, and he whispered—'Lettice, you are sure, quite sure, that afterwards William was happy?'

She told him again and again that it was indeed so. She did not tell him how—though William grew renowned abroad—he never sent for tidings of his imprisoned brother. She would not pain the fraternal love which had kept its faith through life so close and true.

'And, Patrick, are you happy?'

He answered 'Yes!' softly, like a drowsy child. His wife leaned over him, and her hand fell on his hair, once so beautiful, now quite gray. Something of protection was there in her love for him: the mingling of reverence and tender care, due alike to his great mental power and his most infantile simplicity in worldly things. All he had, she honoured

with her whole soul; all he had not, she, possessing, made his own. She was a fit wife for him. And so, in this deep content and peace, the sun set upon Patrick Ruthven's last day of captivity.

III.

A house, simple, yet not mean, facing the river-side at Chelsea; its upper storeys fanned by that line of majestic trees which you, reader, may still stroll under; and if you are of dreamy mood, I know no sweeter spot than Cheyne Walk in the moonlight; the river lying silvery and calm; the tall trees rustling among their branches; telling tales of the quaint old mansions they overshadow. But the house of which we were speaking was far humbler than these. Its occupants had chosen it more for the sake of the trees and the river than for any interior show. They lived retired; and when, as now, the master re-entered his own door, he was not met by a troop of domestics, but by one little, old, gentle-looking woman—his wife.

Twenty more years had passed over the head of Lettice Ruthven, yet something of its ancient airiness was in her footstep still; and in her eyes shone the same loving light, for it was kindled at an altar where the fire was never suffered to decay.

'You are late to-night, Patrick?' said she.

'Ay, I have been all through the meadows at Chiswick, in search of herbs for a poor lad down there who is stricken with ague. I stayed late gathering them, and there came by a couple of Roundheads, who hooted at me for a wizard hunting for charmed plants in the moonlight. Ah, me! do I look such a weird creature, Lettice?' asked the old man in a piteous, humble tone.

He certainly had an out-of-the-world aspect in his long white beard and hair, and his black sergo gown, which he wore to indicate his character as physician. And there was a passive gentleness in his voice, which showed how little able he was to assert his own dignity, or to fight his own battles with the hard world. Well for him that neither had been needed; that for twenty years his life had flowed in a quiet stream, he growing continually more absorbed in his favourite studies, and leaving all mundane matters to his faithful helpmate. She did not usually trouble him with any of these latter, but on this day she seemed longing to talk of something else beside the additions he was making to the 'Middlesex Flora,' or the wonderful cures he had wrought with simples until then unknown; or, what he carefully kept to his wife's ears alone, his discoveries in those abstruse and occult sciences, the love of which seemed inherent in the Ruthven blood.

'I have found it out,' he said; 'the parchment charm worn by my brother, the Earl John. All these years I have kept it, and never deciphered it until now. It will bring to us and all our children great prosperity.'

'All our children!' repeated Lettice mournfully. She looked at a corner of the room where hung, each in its never-changed place, a boy's plumed hat, and beside it a heap of well-worn childish books, mementos of two sons who had come and been taken away, leaving the hearth desolate.

'Ah, I forgot!' said the father with a light sigh. 'Bravely did Aleck

read his Greek Galen; and as for poor wee Willie, he knew every plant in Battersea Fields. Well might the gossips mock at me, saying, "Physician, save thyself;" or rather, thy two better selves. But I could not. I am aye good for little, very little.'

His wife took his hand affectionately, and said, smiling through her tears, 'Nay, there is many a one hereabouts who lifts his hat when Dr Ruthven passes by.' If the vulgar mock, the learned honour my husband. And, Patrick,' she murmured with her sweet voice of calm, which hid all sorrow from *him*, 'though our two boys are with God, He has left us our Marie: I saw her to-day.'

'Did she come hither?'

'No, she cannot easily leave the queen's household you know. But she bade me meet her at some friend's,' and a faint expression of pain crossed the mother's face. 'Perhaps she was right; I am scarce fit to mingle with court ladies, as Marie does; and Marie is growing as beautiful and as stately as any of them all.'

'Is she?' said Dr Ruthven absently. He never felt the same affection for his daughter as he had done for his two lost sons. Marie had in early youth been separated from her family, and taken under the care of the wife of the former lieutenant of the Tower—now become a countess, and in high favour in the queen's household. Through her means the little girl was afterwards adopted by Henrietta Maria, to be educated at court, and raised to the position due to the last daughter of the direct Ruthven line.

'She had tidings for me, Patrick—tidings that may well make a mother's heart both tremble and rejoice. The queen wishes to dispose of our daughter in marriage.'

Ruthven lifted his eyes, dropped them, and then became intent upon a handful of flowers which he had drawn from the great coarse bag he always carried in his rambles. It was evident he took little interest in the news which had so agitated the mother.

'Do you not wish to know who it is that will wed our Marie—ay, and at once—for all is fixed?'

'I hope it may be some good man. Young women usually do marry—I am glad she should do so; but you know, Lettice, I am a quiet, dreamy, old philosopher; I have forgotten all such things.'

So spoke, after nearly forty years, the boyish lover who had sat mournfully by the side of the Cam. But this life is an eternal progression. Young, passionate love must of necessity change its forms. Yet what matters that, if its essence remains the same? Lettice, the wife of many years, keeping in her heart still something of its fresh, womanly romance, neither murmured nor felt pain that with her husband the day of love had gradually passed into evening-tide. And as with her, so should it be with all. Never should a maiden give her troth, never should a bride stand at the altar, unless she can look calmly forward to the time when all romance melts into reality; when youth and passion cease, and even long-assured affection, from its very certainty, at times grows tame. Never ought a woman to take the marriage-vow unless she can bear to think fearlessly of the time when she will sit an old wife by her old husband's side, while her only influence over him, her only comfort for herself, lies in the strength

of that devotion which, saying not alone in words but in constant deeds—‘I love thee!’ desires and exacts no more.

This picture was Lettice Ruthven in her old age.

She might have sighed to hear Patrick speak so forgetfully of those things which she with great tenderness remembered still—for women cling longer than men to the love-days of their youth—but she never thought of bringing the brightness of that olden dream to contrast painfully with their calm life now. She passed over her husband’s words, and kept silence, musing on her daughter’s future.

‘He is a rich man, and one of great renown, this Sir Anthony Vandyck,’ she said at last. ‘Being the king’s painter, he saw our Marie frequently at court: no wonder he thought her beautiful, or that he should learn to adore, as she says he does. I wonder if she loves him?’

‘Fret not thyself about that, good-wife, but come and tie up this bundle of herbs for me. There, hang it on the wall, and then sit by me with thy knitting-needles, which I like to watch until I go to sleep. I am so weary, Lettice.’

She arranged the cushion under his head: he looked quite old now, far more so than she, though they were nearly equal in years. But he never recovered the long imprisonment which had enfeebled all the springs of life. Lettice watched him as he slept—his pale, withered face, his thin hands—and her undying tenderness enfolded him yet. Dearly she had cherished her children—the two dead boys, the daughter now her sole pride—but this one great love was beyond them all.

Ten years more—ten years, during which the kingdom had been torn from its foundations; and the humble physician and his wife still lived on—safe in their obscurity. The storm had touched them, however; for with the overthrow of kingly power had ceased the pension granted by Charles I. to Patrick Ruthven. They were poor, very poor, and in their poverty was none to aid; for the aged parents were worse than childless. Marie—the young widow of Sir Anthony Vandyck, and soon afterwards the wife of Sir John Pryse—Marie had forsaken them. Still they lived on, needing little; but that little was always supplied. Patrick practised as a wandering physician and herbalist, so far as his declining strength allowed; and now and then they received help from their trusty friend, the leal-hearted Scottish lady who had contrived their marriage in the Tower. Day by day the faithful wife of Patrick Ruthven proved the truth of those truest words: ‘*I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*’

One day, when the January twilight was fast closing in, Lettice sat waiting for her husband. He had been absent since morning, having journeyed to London with a young boy whose life he had once saved, and who oftentimes faithfully guarded the old physician’s failing steps. Lettice waited, and waited, until it grew dark. The slow pulse of age is not easily stirred with the quick fears of youth. Yet she was growing alarmed, when she heard a well-known step, and Patrick Ruthven tottered in.

‘My husband, what is this?’ cried Lettice, for his aspect was wild and disordered. He trembled violently, and kept continually his hand before his eyes. At last he slowly removed it, and looked fearfully around.

'I think I shall not see it here; I have seen it all the way home—the axe, the block—even the snow on the hedge-side seemed dyed with blood! Oh Lettice, Lettice, it was horrible!'

She, in her seclusion, knew nothing of what had happened on that doomed day, which she had spent calmly sitting in her quiet cottage—the 29th of January 1649. She thought her husband's mind was wandering, as it well might, to the horrors of his youth and middle age. She tried to soothe him, but in vain. Some great shock had evidently overwhelmed the old man's feeble powers. As he sat in his arm-chair, shudder after shudder came over him. Often he clutched his wife's hand convulsively, or muttered broken exclamations. At last he said, speaking somewhat more connectedly, 'I will tell thee all, Lettice. This day I went to London; the streets were crowded with people, thronging, as it were, to some great sight. I asked a soldier if it were so. He laughed, and said there was indeed at Whitehall a rare show—a royal show. I thought it was the king restored, so I said with gladness, "God bless King Charles!" Then the soldier smote me down. Look, Lettice!' He held up his bruised arm, and his wife turned pale. 'Nay, it is nothing; for the people rescued me soon, and one man cried, "We have blood enough on our heads this day." So the crowd bore me on with them till we came to Whitehall.'

Lettice ever changed countenance at the word, which brought back that great crisis in her life—when she came to the palace to plead for her husband's freedom. She said anxiously, 'And what didst thou see there, Patrick?'

'A black scaffold, an axe, a block, sights I knew well!' he answered, shuddering. His wife came closer to him, but could not calm his rising excitement. 'Yes,' he cried, 'it was indeed a royal show—it was the murder of a king!'

There was a dead pause, and then Patrick continued.

'He came forth, stepping from his own palace-window to the scaffold. When he appeared, women shrieked, even men wept. For me—the strength of my youth seemed restored; I lifted my voice in the crowd, crying out, "I am Patrick Ruthven! That man's father sent my father to the block, slew my two brothers, imprisoned me for seventeen years; yet would I not take life for life. God defend King Charles!" But the people crushed round, and silenced me. There was an awful hush; then I saw the axe shining—saw it fall.'

The old man gasped, shivered, and was seized with a sort of convulsion. All night he raved of things long past, of the scenes of blood which had marked his childhood, of those he had witnessed in the Tower. Towards morning these paroxysms ceased, and with ebbing strength there came over him a great calm. He tried to rise, and walked with Lettice's help to their fireside. But he staggered as he moved, and sinking in his arm-chair, said piteously, 'I am so weary—so weary!' Then he fell into a quiet slumber.

While he slept, there entered the Scottish lady. She was attired in black, her countenance full of grief and horror. She came hastily to say she was going abroad, to join her unhappy mistress. Her heart seemed bursting with its load of indignant sorrow.

'Look you,' cried she, 'I never loved the Stuart line: even my husband says that, as a king, the king erred; but I would have given my right hand

to save the life of Charles Stuart. And I wish that I may yet see this vile England flow with blood, to atone for his which rests upon it this day! But, Lettice, you are calm—these horrors touch not you?’

And then mournfully Lettice told of what had befallen her husband.

The lady stepped quickly and noiselessly to look at Dr Ruthven. He still slept, but over his face had come a great change. The temples had fallen in, there were dark lines round the eyes; yet over all was a sweetness and peace like that of childhood. Lettice almost thought she saw in him the image of the boy Patrick, her playfellow by the Cam. She said so to her friend, who answered nothing, but stood steadfastly gazing a long time. Then she took Lettice’s hand, and looked at her solemnly, even with tears. But she did not speak, nor did Lettice.

‘I shall come back here to-morrow; my journey may wait a day,’ she muttered, and departed.

Lettice Ruthven went to her husband’s side, and watched him until he awoke. It was with a quiet smile. ‘What think you, dear wife, I have been dreaming of the old time at Cambridge. How long is that ago?’ She counted, and told him, more than fifty years. ‘It seems like a day. How happy we were, Lettice—you, and William, and I! How we used to sit by the river-side on summer nights, and play by moonlight among the laurels! I think, when I gain strength enough, we will go and see the old place once more.’

So he talked at intervals, all day referring to incidents which had vanished even from Lettice’s memory. For thirty years he had not spoken of these things; and Lettice, while she listened, felt a vague awe stealing over her. Something she remembered to have heard, that at life’s close the mind often recurs vividly to childhood, while all the intermediate time grows dim. Could it be so now?

At night Patrick did not seem inclined for rest. He said he would rather stay in his arm-chair by the fireside. There, sometimes talking, sometimes falling into slumber, the old man lay, his wife watching over him continually. Gradually the truth dawned upon her—that on the path they had long trodden together *his* steps would be the soonest to fail. To the eternal land, now so near unto both, he would be the first to depart.

‘It is well!’ she murmured, thinking not of herself, but only of his helplessness—as a mother thinks of a child whom she would fain place in a safe home rather than leave in the bitter world alone. ‘All is best thus. It is but for a little while.’ And she ceased not to comfort herself with these words—‘A little while—a little while!’

When Patrick woke his mind had begun to wander. He fancied himself in the old house at Cambridge; he talked to his aged wife as to the girl Lettice whom he had loved. More especially, he seemed to live over again the night when he was taken prisoner.

‘I will hide here, but I will not see Lettice—William’s Lettice! If I suffer, no one shall know. Hark, how the laurels are shaking! We must keep close. I clasp thee, love—I clasp thee! Why should I fear?’

Thus he continued to talk, but gradually more brokenly, until, just before dawn, he again slept. It was a winter’s morning, pale but clear. There was something heavenly in the whiteness of the snow; Lettice looking at it thought of the shining robes—white ‘such as no fuller on earth

can whiten them'—with which the long-enduring shall be clothed upon, one day. That day seemed near—very near, now.

She heard her husband call her. He had awakened once more, and in his right mind. 'Is it morning?' he asked faintly. 'I feel so strangely to-day. Lettice, take care of me.' She came to him, and laid his head on her breast. Patrick looked up, and smiled. 'Dear wife, my comforter and sustainer! I have been happy all my life—I am happy now.'

He closed his eyes, and his features sank into an expression of perfect rest. Once or twice he murmured his wife's name, those of his two boys, and another—unuttered for years—the name of *Marie*. Then, and not till then, the cruelly-forsaken mother wept.

The old man's breathing grew fainter—the solemn hour was nigh. Lettice said softly, 'My husband, let us pray.' She knelt beside him, still holding his hands, and prayed. When she arose, his soul was just departing. He whispered smiling, 'Come soon!' And Lettice answered, 'Yes, love—yes!' It was all the farewell needed for a parting so peaceful and so brief.

Thus Patrick Ruthven died.

'You will come abroad with me, my poor Lettice,' said the Scottish lady affectionately. But Lettice refused, saying it was not worth while changing her way of life for such a little time.

'Alas, a bitter life yours has been! It seems always the good who suffer!' bitterly said the lady. 'How strange seem the inequalities of this world!'

Lettice Ruthven lifted her aged face, solemn yet serene. 'Not so: I loved, I have spent my whole life for him I loved; I have been happy, and I thank God for all.' These were the only words that she would say.

Patrick Ruthven and his wife have long been forgotten; even their very burial-place is unknown. But there lives not one true heart—surely not one *woman's* heart—that, in dreaming over their history, would not say, 'These two were not unhappy, for they feared God, and loved one another.'

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BY men of all classes in this country the vast importance of the question, 'In what way are efficient means to be provided for the education of the people?' is now almost universally recognised. It is seen that this question is interwoven with nearly all others that can engage the attention of the public; that to a want of education are to be attributed much of the crime and pauperism, so destructive to individuals, and so expensive and dangerous to society, that now exist in the land; that by its want baneful superstitions are fed, class prejudices fostered, sectarian differences increased, and the moral and intellectual character of the population lowered and degraded. To an increase in the means of education the statesman looks for better subjects, fewer offences against the laws, and less necessity for criminal legislation; the clergyman for the removal of that dense ignorance that is a constant obstruction to his best efforts. All lovers of their country look to the general spread of sound education as among the most certain means of keeping Britain in her high position among the nations of the earth. While the importance of the subject is thus admitted, there is on all sides a desire expressed that 'something should be done;' and at every public meeting, no matter of what class, or party, or sect, the expression of no desire is more certain of a cheer than this. It is true that in numerous cases the feeling is evinced only in words, but in many others it is made more strikingly apparent in works; and everywhere the same sense of the importance of the education question, and the same earnest desire to see it speedily solved, are clearly manifested.

But here the unanimity ends, and those who met heartily on the same broad general grounds part company, each to carry out his own views in his own particular way. The constant bearing of education on every great question of the day, and every topic of human interest, here becomes one of the greatest obstacles to its progress. It is seldom or never considered alone; men seem unable to divest themselves of the fears or hopes which its bearing on their own long-cherished opinions excites, and consequently it has been repeatedly mixed up with questions of free trade and finance; of establishment and dissent; of central tyranny and local freedom; of the primitive idea of a state and the practice of legislative expediency. In truth, under the mighty shadow which this great question casts, its own battle has never yet been fairly fought, but a series of uncertain and irre-

gular skirmishes between rival sects and parties have taken place, in which the great issue has never been fairly tried, and the quarrel has often degenerated into one of mere statistics. Nor should it be concealed that the great mass of the people have contented themselves with a kind of stereotyped acquiescence in the general principle that education is a good thing, and it is desirable it should be generally diffused; but when they are asked to move a step further, when a plan is proposed or money sought, then comes either supineness or difference of opinion; little progress is made, and no lasting influence created. It is not to be wondered at that successive governments should have done so little in this matter; that they should have contented themselves with a small beginning; advancing slowly and cautiously, and desisting from any great measure until the real feeling of the country should have been ascertained or expressed, and the animosity of party to some extent cooled down.

We enter on the consideration of this difficult subject in no party or sectarian spirit; we shall endeavour to deal justly and fairly with the views and the practical efforts of all parties; we neither believe, on the one hand, that religious sects are more anxious to make proselytes than to educate the people, nor, on the other, that those who desire to separate religious and secular education desire to bring up a race of infidels and scorners of Christianity; we do not believe that any government in this country would dare, or, if daring, would be able to use education as an instrument of tyranny; nor, on the other hand, do we think that the fear of losing local influence is the reason why many deprecate government interference; and we shall endeavour to consider the question as far as possible without reference to the extraneous matter by which it is encumbered, and almost concealed. We trust that those who peruse this Paper will dispose their minds to the same spirit, and endeavour to forget, in the higher and nobler idea of the education of the people, those feelings of jealousy and mistrust which the discussion of the subject, as hitherto carried on, has had too great a tendency to engender.

What, we must first inquire, is to be understood by NATIONAL EDUCATION? In its popular and generally-understood sense, it means such a provision made by the nation (or the legislature, which is the same thing) for education, that no child shall grow up in ignorance. This education, by itself, may be defined as instruction in those branches of knowledge most useful and important to the child, and that religious training best adapted to implant virtuous habits and correct ideas of duty towards God and man. There is another view of the education of children as opposed to school education which is unfortunately seldom brought into prominent notice, but which it is of the utmost consequence that all should bear in mind—this, namely, that no child grows up without being educated; that if not educated in a school or at home, he is educated in the streets; if not instructed by teachers, then by companions older than himself in wickedness; if not educated in virtue, then in vice; and that the latter kind of education is, by the very nature of man, usually more thorough and more efficient of its kind than the former. All mere police regulations cannot prevent it: stop it in one way, and it reappears in another. It can only be diminished, and ultimately superseded, by an extension of school education;

and in what way this can be most effectually done, under existing circumstances, is the great question which all right-thinking men are now so anxious to see satisfactorily answered.

It appears very strange that any doubt should ever have been expressed of the duty incumbent on society to act in this matter with such power and force as the necessities of the case require. The mere instinct of self-preservation might have shown that it was dangerous to remain inactive, and the fact that the agency of individuals, even when combined in societies, did little to mitigate the evil, was sufficient proof that the voice and power of society, as expressed in the law and the government, were the only efficient remedies. The duty, like all others, could be neglected, and was neglected; and as a matter of course was followed by its own punishment, in the shape of those moral diseases that overtake every society in which a large portion of its members are left to grow up in ignorance and crime. Ignorance and vicious training are the parents of all kinds of crime, and criminals destroy wealth instead of producing it, and become a heavy tax on society, both directly and indirectly. No other argument than this—and even this is not the highest that could be employed—seems necessary to show that it is the duty of society to act in this matter—a duty which it cannot shake off; which is not to be considered a voluntary act, but obedience to an unavoidable command. With the practical fruits of ignorance so apparent, it is a mere waste of time to discuss whether the primitive idea of a state justifies such an interference: no man can tell what that idea was, and its discussion may, without regret, be left to the youngest members of the youngest debating society.*

Society, however, should interpose its authority and power only in certain circumstances. If adequate means of education were provided, and sufficiently used by the people—if it were clear that the provision would be permanent—if, in short, the state of education were entirely satisfactory—then society need not interfere, inasmuch as it would have nothing to

* We are not so sanguine as to suppose that the general spread of education will tear up crime root and branch; but it is a fact that criminals are almost exclusively drawn from the uneducated classes. By diminishing the latter, the former would be diminished also. At all events it is a system utterly unworthy of a great country and of a civilised age, to squander such enormous sums on the punishment, and so little on the prevention of crime. What will the future historian say, and, what is of more consequence, how do the living tax-payers feel, at the recital of such facts as the following? Irrespective altogether of local taxation, we are at this moment paying £2000 every day in the year for prisons and convict establishments at home and in the colonies, and at the same time £350 per day goes to promote the education of the people of England, Wales, and Scotland; the Millbank Penitentiary, opposite the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the river Thames, takes nearly £1000 a year more for the confinement, watching, and keep of 1300 prisoners, than 284 schools in Lancashire and Cheshire take for educating 40,000 children; while Van Diemen's Land, with a criminal population of about 6000, costs the country more by £600 than the whole education grant to Ireland, under which nearly half a million of children are now being educated; and more than £1 per annum per head is spent on the religious instruction of these same 6000 convicts, while in the heart of Liverpool there are as many people, happily not yet convicts, whose spiritual destitution and ignorance of religion are so great, that a clergyman labouring in the district is forced to say with sad truth, that '*the majority are simply not Christians.*'†

† Missions at Home; or a Clergyman's Account of a Portion of the Town of Liverpool. By the Rev. A. Hume, L.L.D. P. 12.

do; but if the reverse of this were the truth, if the provision were insufficient in quantity, and often bad in quality—if the use made of it by a large portion of the population were merely nominal, and another large portion never used it at all—if no permanence were visible in the system—if it were seen to be almost entirely dependent on the bounty of the rich, and the care of the religious inhabitants of each locality—a system sinking by the deaths of its friends—changing with every change in trade, and often fluctuating with sectarian rivalry—if, in short, education were in a very unsatisfactory state, and that it had reached this state amid efforts unprecedentedly great in its favour, it is clear that in such circumstances the interference of society through the law and the government is not only justifiable, but loudly called for.

It is with much regret that we are compelled to say that such circumstances exist in our country at the present time—an opinion to which we have slowly and reluctantly come, but in support of which the proof is overwhelming, as we shall now proceed to show.

I. The provision now made for education is insufficient in quantity.

At the last census in 1841 the population of the United Kingdom was as follows:—

England,	-	-	-	-	-	14,995,138
Wales,	-	-	-	-	-	911,603
Scotland,	-	-	-	-	-	2,620,184
Ireland,	-	-	-	-	-	8,175,124
Total,						26,702,049

The population of England and Wales may now be estimated at about 18,000,000; of Scotland about 3,000,000: in Ireland it is questionable whether, considering the losses from famine and emigration, there has been any increase since 1841. In round numbers, the population of the United Kingdom may be estimated at present as about 30,000,000. About one-fourth of this number may be said to consist of children of an age to attend school; and if every child attended school for ten years—a period not too long, when the time that should be spent in the Infant-School is considered—there ought to exist in the United Kingdom not only an actual provision for, but an actual attendance of, seven and a-half millions of children at efficient day-schools. It may be said that this is too high a standard ever to be realised in this country; that many parents will not send their children to school at all, and that many others will take them away long before they have completed ten years; and that, if even half the number were found in attendance, the result would be, on the whole, satisfactory. But no number that falls short of the proportion above stated will be completely efficient: the practices of parents with regard to the education of their children may explain, but cannot justify, a bad system; and in forming an idea of the existing state of things, it is desirable to compare it with an efficient state, even though the latter should be at present ideal and unattainable. But to be on the moderate side, let us take the estimate of one-sixth, adopted by Dr Hook:* schools, then, ought to exist for 5,000,000.

* On the Means of rendering more Efficient the Education of the People. By W. F. Hook, D.D., Vicar of Leeds. 1846. P. 22.

Is such a number of children in attendance at day-schools? Unfortunately sufficient materials do not exist for a complete answer to this question, and the greater part of the statements from which statistics are made up are of old date, and often of no value. Nevertheless, let us see what results can be obtained from existing statements.* According to the returns of 1833, there were in England and Wales 1,276,947 children in daily-schools. From 1833 to 1849 the government had granted about £425,000 towards the erection of new schools. In these accommodation was provided for 656,021 children. The number of schools built without government aid during the same time cannot be accurately ascertained; but, according to what Dr Hook calls 'a liberal estimate,' it is about 100 each year. This would give an aggregate of 1600 new schools, affording accommodation to perhaps 300,000 children. This is clearly an over-estimate; but accepting it in lieu of a better, it would increase the new accommodation provided to that sufficient for about 1,000,000 of children, which, added to the old, would give an aggregate of about two and a quarter millions. This statement must be received with many qualifications: *first*, no allowance is made for schools that may have been given up since 1833, either by being superseded by the new schools or otherwise; *second*, the Earl of Kerry's returns were notoriously incorrect; and *third*, though new provision has been made for about 1,000,000 of scholars, it is almost certain that not half that number are in attendance—a statement founded on the fact, that in 2292 schools assisted by government, accommodation is provided for 563,781, and the average daily attendance is 259,519, or less than one-half. Some of the schools, towards the building of which government has granted money, are now actually closed.† Making allowance for all these circumstances, it may safely be said that at the present moment the number of children attending day-schools in England and Wales does not exceed, if it even reach, 2,000,000. The number of children attending church-

* When the reader observes that throughout this Paper no notice is taken of Sunday-schools, let it not be supposed that we have not a high and just appreciation of their value, and of the zeal and self-denial of their teachers. They are not mentioned in the present Paper, because they are not included in its range. We have to do with ordinary day-schools, which are to be supplemented, not superseded, by Sunday-schools: the latter can never take the place of the former.

† The Rev. F. Watkins, government inspector of schools in York, Durham, and Northumberland, says in his Report for 1848-1849, 'On glancing at my list of schools, I can count up thirty-eight in Yorkshire only (that is, nearly one-fifth of the whole number on the list) which are thus hovering between life and death, or which are already extinct as daily-schools. Of those in Northumberland and Durham I cannot speak with any approach to accuracy. But I see no reason why they should be fewer in proportion to the whole number of schools in those counties. And if the same proportion exists in other parts of England, the subject has already obtained an extent and significance which may well entitle it to the early and careful consideration of those who have authority and power to act in this matter.' At a meeting held in Manchester on 27th December 1848 ('Manchester Guardian,' 30th December), a report was read by the Rev. Mr M'Kerrow, in which it was stated that a very considerable number of day-schools connected with places of worship in Manchester and Salford had been discontinued. Reference was made at the same meeting to other schools in Manchester that had been discontinued, in one of which 'the individual employed to sweep out the school, and keep it in a state fit for occupation, could not obtain a single item of payment for the discharge of those very important duties.'

schools is, according to the returns of the National Society, 955,865, or in round numbers 1,000,000. If we suppose, what is perhaps an over-estimate, that as many children are found in other schools, we arrive at the same conclusion as stated above.

In Ireland there are in the schools connected with the National Board 480,623 pupils; and if we suppose that half that number attend other schools, the number in Ireland cannot exceed three-quarters of a million.

In Scotland the provision, as stated by Lord Melgund in the House of Commons 19th June 1850, was as follows:—

883 Parish Schools,	-	-	74,300 scholars.
200 Supplemental do.,	-	-	16,800 ...
125 General Assembly do.,	-	-	15,000 ...
			<hr/>
§			106,100 ...
816 Free Church School-,	-	-	65,000 ...
Other schools, say	-	-	150,000 ...
			<hr/>
			321,100 ...

Sir George Clerk 'believed this was rather an over-estimate than otherwise, and that 300,000 would be nearer the mark.'

Thus, even on the most favourable computation, there are not found in the United Kingdom more than 3,071,100 children in attendance at school, or between a ninth and a tenth of the population. The proportion taken as a standard from Prussia was a sixth. The quantity may accordingly be said to be insufficient to the extent of nearly 2,000,000 of children.

These figures, however, do not give an adequate idea of the real state of the case; they give the aggregate of schools for the whole country, but throw no light on the mode in which these schools are distributed. In some districts there is even an excessive supply of schools, while in others there is a fearful deficiency. For example, in England and Wales there are 12,931 parishes or ecclesiastical districts, and of these 1171 have no church-school, while in other districts the provision is quite inadequate; as, for example, St John's, Liverpool, where '253 boys and half that number of girls have been refused admission lately from want of accommodation:' St Silas's, Manchester, where 'there are abundance of children to fill another school-room if it could be supplied:' at Gateshead, county of Durham, with a population of 16,000, the educational wants are 'at present barely half supplied so far as the national church is concerned:' Sunderland 'requires more National and Infant-Schools, there being above 1000 children uneducated at the present time:' of a parish in Lincolnshire it is said 'the state is most deplorable from want of a daily-school—the Sabbath is spent in a most unbecoming manner, and almost every description of sin is practised with impunity:' in St Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, 'it is estimated that there are 2000 poor children needing education—provision is made for one-fourth, and dame-schools for about 100 more, so that more than 1000 are not at school:' a parish in Nottinghamshire, with a population of 1706, 'is in a state of almost heathen ignorance—there is not one child educated in the principles of the church:' in Birmingham it is reported that nine more Infant-Schools are required capable of accommodating 150 children each: of a district in Huddersfield it is said 'the state is deplorable as regards education; of children between the ages of

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five and seventeen, not more than one-half attend any kind of Sunday-school, and of those between four and sixteen, not more than one-eighth part attend any day-school:’ of four districts in Leeds the following returns are given—‘school-rooms are wanted to accommodate 500 children; an Infant-School is required; a good school and funds to support it are very much wanted; and as it is uncertain how long the schools can be continued, the clergyman does not like to make any return of them.’ These extracts, which have been made almost at random from the school inquiry of the National Society, might be multiplied to any extent.

Other recent investigations into particular localities show the same results as regards insufficiency of supply. An inquiry was made in Glasgow in 1846 among a population of 40,000, and it was found that not much above one-half of those between the ages of six and sixteen attended school. Another inquiry, already alluded to, was made in 1847 in the district of Vauxhall in Liverpool, containing a population of 13,028, when it was found that the number of children old enough to attend school was 3228, of whom 2092 were receiving no school instruction whatever; while of 5538 parents, 361 fathers and 571 mothers could not read. In the spring of 1819 the statistics of day-schools were collected by the Wesleyans in the Manchester and Bolton districts—a district extending from Clithero and Colne in the north of Lancashire as far south as Stockport in Cheshire; westward to within about twenty miles of Liverpool, and eastward to the borders of Yorkshire. The population was estimated at 1,162,573, one-fifth of whom, or nearly a quarter of a million, were said to be children from three to fourteen years of age. The total number of day-schools, Church, Wesleyan, and others, was said to be 663, and of scholars 62,828, or about one-fourth of the actual number of children of an age to go to school. This return evidently contains many errors of omission, but even making the most ample allowance for these, the result shows a great deficiency. About fourteen years ago the statistics of education in three districts in Westminster were carefully collected by the committee of the London Statistical Society. This report bears throughout marks of the most vigilant personal examination, and though the state of things must have altered during the period that has since elapsed, yet the general conclusions of the committee will, we are afraid, be applicable to a great extent to the present condition of the districts. These conclusions are expressed in the following condensed form:—

‘Twelve thousand children of all ages receiving entirely, at the cost of the parent, an education of a very low order; 13,000 children of all ages receiving partly, at the expense of the parents, partly from private benevolence, an education more or less effective, but in all cases of some real value to the child; 3700 children of all ages receiving some little instruction in Sunday-schools, but no regular education; 4000 children of the upper and middle classes educated in superior private schools: 32,700 children of all ages receiving instruction, of whom 26,700 are between five and fifteen years old; and there are not less than 30,000 children between the ages of five and fifteen receiving no education in schools either really or nominally.’

Let it not be objected to this exposition of statistics that it is confined to the dark side of the picture. It is true that many places could be

quoted with the cheering remark that 'all educational wants are supplied,' and that all the children are in attendance at daily-schools. But these places are certainly exceptions to the rule, and our inquiry is concerned less with what has been accomplished than with what remains to be done. When the plague is raging, the physician passes by the healthy, and attends to the sick.

II. *This provision, insufficient in quantity, is often bad in quality.*

It does not necessarily follow because so many children are in attendance at school, that they are being educated there. Lord Brougham said very truly in the House of Lords in April 1834—"It is an old saying that "it is not all gold that glitters;" neither is it all education that outwardly looks like it. You may have many schools, but very little shall be taught in them; many children may darken the schoolhouse door, they may talk and buzz there all the day, they may depart to their homes at eventide, and yet during their attendance so little may have been taught to them, as to render it impossible to say that they have been improved further than the being kept out of harm's way.' Regarding many of the schools in Westminster, it was said that the children are sent mainly with the view of being kept out of the streets, and in general read out of any book which they happen to bring with them from home; while many parents give strict injunctions that their children are 'not to be worried with learnin';' and in a report on Newcastle it is stated that 'many of the rooms which are called schools, and are included as such in the foregoing tables, are merely receptacles for children that cannot conveniently be taken care of at home, and where instruction is scarcely ever expected or wished for by the parents.'* Even among what may be considered the best schools—those, namely, that have received government assistance, and are consequently open to inspection—the amount of instruction given is very limited. For example, during 1848 two inspectors examined schools in various parts of England, containing 29,524 children, of whom 12,084 were unable to do more than read letters and words of one syllable, and only 4500 could read the Scriptures with ease; 2000 had advanced in arithmetic as far as the compound rules; 800 were learning proportion, and thirty-nine algebra.†

The reports of the government inspectors of schools must convince all who will take the trouble to peruse such important and trustworthy documents, that the quality of the education given in a great number of the schools visited by them is very unsatisfactory. In the most recent reports the following among other statements are made:—"I cannot record any favourable impression of the schools (with four exceptions) which I have inspected in Leicestershire: the standard of instruction in the country schools (Northampton) is very low, little else being taught but reading, writing, and arithmetic, and these very imperfectly: the standard of instruction in most of these schools (Lincolnshire) is very low: of four schools which have been inspected (Rutlandshire), I can only record their inefficiency for any practical purposes of education: the schools which I visited in Lancashire did not seem to be in a satisfactory state—they were

* Journal of Statistical Society for 1838.

† Minutes of Committee of Council on Education, 1848-49 and 50, vol. i. p. 310; vol. ii. p. 8.

inadequately supplied with books, the desks were in most cases attached to the sides of the wall, and the lower classes generally left to the care of monitors. Nor can I report more favourably of those in Norfolk and Suffolk, as far as I had an opportunity of judging: the general state of education (Herefordshire) is defective: the schools in Bristol generally are not, I believe, in an efficient state. I have further to report the following schools (in Yorkshire, eight in number) as very inefficient, and, in their present state, utterly worthless for the purposes of education: the state of instruction in these schools (Lancaster, Cumberland, and Westmoreland) is in general very imperfect: and the inspector for Cheshire, Salop, and Staffordshire, reports the existence of very bad schools which hinder the commencement of others.'

If we come to particular instances, we find that the ignorance of the children in many of the schools is almost incredible. The Rev. Henry Moseley states that in the Windsor National School only two or three of the children in the first class knew the name of the Queen, though her palace was in the immediate vicinity; that in other schools, when asked what was the greatest city in England, the children have named the neighbouring market-town; for the four quarters of the globe they have given the four points of the compass; have said that the Queen of England was also Queen of France; and that the people of Scotland were black! Other inspectors tell us of schools where the boys in the senior classes could not work a simple sum in subtraction; of another, where all the boys in the first class were absent without leave or excuse; of a third, where a monitor described Heaven as 'a very nice place, where spirits were always flying about in the air and singing Hosanna;' of a fourth, containing eighty-four children, 'kept by a mistress, no maps, secular books, or apparatus, and only six children can work sums in simple addition;' of another, 'a mere apology for a school; the actual master is ninety-three years old, and has been here seventy-five years: his daughter keeps the school, such as it is, and the population reside two miles off;' and of another, thus described—'Neither master nor mistress were in the school on my arrival. Children in both schools in a great uproar, and very dirty. The discipline is most disorderly. Great deficiency of books, and no apparatus at all. One map of the world. Only twenty-three of the boys out of seventy-five were nine years old. The ventilation wretched. I consider no schools at all would be better than such as this. The clergyman complains that the district is most disheartening; that none care for education; that his scholars insult him when they have left school, and turn out infidels and Socialists.'

But if such is the quality of the instruction given in these comparatively favoured schools, what must it be in those of a lower kind known as 'Dames'-Schools?' More than one-seventh of the total number embraced in the returns of the National Society seem to be schools of this class. Their nature may be thus generally described:—A poor woman in reduced circumstances, a young person in delicate health, a widow left destitute, or an old woman unfit for work of any kind, determines to make a living, or add to the profits of some other occupation, by keeping a school. No time is spent in considering whether the requisite qualifications are possessed or not; little or no expense is incurred in preliminary outlay, and a room is

to some extent prepared for a school, but still retained for its old use, whether parlour, kitchen, or bedroom, or occasionally all three in one. Sometimes a shop is kept in connection with the school by those who do not place implicit reliance on their skill as educators. A notice is put up, written or printed, announcing that 'a day-school is kept here;' and a few good-natured neighbours send their young children to spend a few hours of each day in the dame's schoolroom. The children find their own books; and, when able, read whatever they may bring, whether it be the Bible or a book of fairy tales. No maps or globes are used; needlework is perhaps well-taught; and the highest effort at teaching arithmetic is put forth when a child is placed in a corner to learn the multiplication table. The children come and go pretty much at 'their own sweet will;' they learn little or nothing; and those are fortunate who are removed to some National or British School, to complete, in twelve or eighteen months, the education thus so auspiciously begun. The amount of instruction which the unfortunate children attending dames'-schools receive was perhaps most accurately and concisely stated by one of the dames when questioned on the matter—'It's little they pays me, and it's little I teaches 'em.'

If, on the other hand, we consider the teaching force of the country—that is, the number and qualifications of masters and mistresses—we shall find it to be to a great extent non-effective. It is only within the last few years that people have generally admitted that before a teacher was intrusted with the management of a school he ought to be trained to the work. Many of those at present acting as teachers have never been trained at all; they have 'taken to schooling' on the failure of other means of subsistence, and many of them possess no qualifications whatever for the office. Indeed the ranks of the army have not been recruited from a greater variety of sources than have the ranks of teachers. 'To open a schule, an' ca' it an Academy,' has been in too many instances the last refuge of the destitute. The man of good education trained for the church, the bar, or the medical profession, but who has sunk through misconduct or misfortune; the tradesman who has been unfortunate in business; the commercial clerk with a lost character; the workman who by accident can no longer labour with his hands; the pensioned soldier; and the crowd of women, single and widowed, between whom and starvation teaching is the only barrier, have all assisted in increasing the number of masters and mistresses. In many cases other callings are added; and we find some filling offices in connection with the church, the poor, or the roads; others collecting taxes; others closing school in summer, and becoming cattle-drovers; some keeping public-houses, others keeping turnpike-gates; some registering births, deaths, and marriages; others acting as secretaries to benefit and building societies; one teacher in South Wales described as 'porter, barber, and layer-out of the dead in a workhouse;' another, matron of a lying-in hospital; one a publican's wife separated from her husband; and in one district nine were in the receipt of parochial relief.*

This race is, however, passing away, and their places will be taken by others, for whose systematic training provision has been made by the government and the Education Societies. But for a long time to come

* Minutes of Council and Reports on Wales.

great difficulty will be experienced in inducing well-educated people to embrace teaching as a profession. Its emoluments are so small, that it has no attractions to active and able men. The police force of the country is much better paid than the teachers. In Manchester, for example, according to a return dated April 1849, the police force numbers 468, and their cost per annum to the inhabitants is £26,758, or about £57 per head, while in the same enlightened city and its neighbourhood there are 106 teachers (male and female) of Church-of-England schools whose salaries average about £49 per annum.* Again, the amount paid in salaries to the teachers of 2309 schools that have been built with government assistance is £170,788 per annum; if each school have on an average two teachers, this will show an average income to each of about £37 per annum, exclusive of course of a free house, which many will have. Dock-labourers in Liverpool get better remuneration than this; and a Lancashire collier would despise such an income.

The descriptions given of the class of students now in training at Normal Schools fully justifies the statement, that though the position of teachers is rapidly improving, yet their ranks are still to some extent recruited on the old plan. In the institution at Battersea there were in January 1848 eighty persons in training; four of these had no previous occupation, and twenty-seven had already been acting as teachers or assistants; ten had been engaged as master-tradesmen or manufacturers; one had been a surgeon; one a master-mariner; and the remainder had been clerks, shopmen, overlookers, shoemakers, tailors, skilled workmen, gentlemen's servants, and labourers. Again, with regard to the York and Ripon Training-School, it is reported by one of the inspectors, the Rev. F. Watkins, that 'the young men who enter the institution are not in general such as are either naturally, or from the condition and habits of their previous lives, well qualified for the office of a schoolmaster. I am well aware that there are striking exceptions to this rule, but the majority is on the other side. Some, and they not the least promising, are inexperienced boys, who, without any peculiar fitness for the duties of a schoolmaster, or much desire for his office, have passed creditably through their respective schools, and obtained exhibitions to the Training-College. They are thus induced to be schoolmasters because that vocation seems to be the readiest and most convenient. There are others who have already been at work in the world—tailors, gardeners, shoemakers, some from the loom, others from the plough, from the mine, from service in gentlemen's families, and from various other occupations. Many of these have a desire for the office of schoolmaster; not a few, I believe, a strong liking for its labours; but it may fairly be questioned whether they are likely to succeed in it—whether, in the short time which the demand for schoolmasters on the one hand, and their own exigencies on the other, allow them for instruction at the Training-College, they will become qualified to go forth as intelligent and skilled

* In the same city the value of money, watches, jewellery, &c. stolen from the persons of stupid men by prostitutes, and reported to the police (a small portion of the whole number of such cases), was in 1848 £1868, of which the police recovered £379, leaving a loss of nearly £1500. Now, for the same sum, schools in connection with five churches in Manchester are yearly educating fourteen hundred children! When will men learn to be wise?

teachers of ignorant and undisciplined children.' There is a school for the training of mistresses at Warrington, regarding the students of which the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, one of the inspectors, says—'I remember more than one evidently amiable, well-principled, hard-working girl, in whom the milkmaid's profession had been robbed without apparently very much enriching that of a schoolmistress.'*

It is not surprising after this that when schoolmistresses come to be examined for certificates by the inspector, he should be informed, in written answers to printed questions, that the most celebrated man in Queen Elizabeth's reign was 'Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of poets and astronomers; his chief poetical works were his *Principia*, *Optics*, and *Algebraical Lectures*;' that during the same reign 'the admirals were Blake and Nelson; statesman, Percy Hotspur; philosophers, Milton and Pope;' and that the answer to the question, 'Which are the most useful metals?' was the following:—'Salt is found in or near Epsom, where there are a great many salt mines!'

But even supposing that all the masters and mistresses now employed were in every respect well qualified, the extent of their labours, and the system under which they have to work, would alone prevent their efforts from being attended with satisfactory results. For example, in schools in Liverpool and Manchester attended by 21,084 children, there are only 247 principal and assistant teachers, or an average to each teacher of nearly ninety pupils. It is evidently impossible that one teacher can educate so many children. What is called 'the monitorial system' is accordingly called in to assist—that is, the older and more advanced pupils are made to teach the younger; the school is divided and subdivided, and the little detachments of ignorant children have teachers a little less ignorant than themselves. The master can scarcely be said to teach; he merely directs and regulates, supplies the moving power, and gives the word of command. In no schools will such accuracy in mere manual exercise be found as in those where monitors are employed, but in few has a child less chance of getting anything like sound instruction. The drilling is perfect: the children rise and sit, march and stand still, clap their hands and stamp their feet, deliver slates, close books, and put past copies with the precision of soldiers; but here the merits of the system may be said to end. Complaints are with justice made by parents, either that their children are taught by other children, or that, instead of being taught, they are made to teach. The master is not to blame: if he has been trained at all, it has most probably been to manage a school on this plan: the managers are not to blame, for they have no funds to pay more teachers; and with such a number of pupils it is difficult to see what other plan has so much chance of success. Besides, from the short time that children attend school, it is quite hopeless to give them much instruction under any system. Many schools change their pupils almost every year; very few who enter in January remain till Christmas; and that man must have a boundless faith in mere appearances who supposes that a child, after spending a year in learning manual exercises, and lazily saying lessons to drowsy monitors, has been *educated*!

* Minutes of Council, 1849-50; vol. ii. pp. 185, 732.

III. *The extent to which the people avail themselves of the existing means of education is very limited.*

There are hundreds of thousands of children in the country whose parents have no idea of the value of education, and who have no desire that their children should receive it. They do not think education a bad thing or a good thing; they have never thought of it at all, and are utterly indifferent on the subject. Many who do send their children, cannot resist the temptation of removing them at a very early age from school, and placing them to work of some kind for which they receive wages. There is no district, whether agricultural, manufacturing, or mining, where this practice is not pursued. Complaint against it is universal by teachers and inspectors, school committees, and clergymen. It was found that in thirty schools in London, and twenty-six in country towns or large villages, out of nearly 10,000 children, three-fourths were under 11 years of age, and only one-eighth were above 12. Again, at a school in Sheffield, attended by 150 boys, the average age of the children in the first and second, or highest classes, is only $7\frac{1}{2}$ years; at other schools in Yorkshire, out of 82 children, only one was 13 years of age—of 37 girls not one was 10 years old; and in a school of 120, there was only one child of 12 years. These illustrations might be multiplied from every district in England; but it is unnecessary. The evil is generally admitted; and unlike many other unsatisfactory features that we have pointed out, it is increasing—not diminishing. All old teachers bear testimony to this: they have not so many old pupils now as they had years ago; and the evil, it is manifest, will increase with any increased demand for the labour of children. Acts of parliament have to some extent mitigated the evil, by requiring that all children employed in factories, under a certain age, shall attend school so many hours per day or week; but such acts, to be effectual, should apply to all children employed in any department of labour, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining, or otherwise. Still, such 'education clauses' can only mitigate the evil, for what can a teacher do with a poor child that has been working half the day, and looks on the school as a place of as dreary work as the factory? No wonder that a government inspector of schools in Lancashire should write thus:—'Not only was there a duller, less awakened aspect in a bench of factory children, but there was a greater proportion of pale, sickly faces, and more manifestations of low organization and bad tendencies; and the contrast in the looks of the factory children with those of the other scholars amongst whom they were found was often quite painful; and it was equally striking and painful in respect to their comparative culture. They stood usually a head and shoulders above the children of equal attainments amongst whom they were mixed—dirty, ignorant, and dull.' 'It was a constant complaint of the teachers that the poor factory children, when they came to school in the afternoon, were too fatigued to apply with effect to their learning.'

IV. *There is little guarantee for the permanent support of existing schools.*

This is clearly seen in their sources of income. For example, of 2309 schools that received government grants, the income was £208,984; thus made up:—Endowments, £12,769; local subscriptions and collections, £101,088; school fees, £78,217; and from other sources, £16,910. Again, of 22,245 schools, whose statistics are given by the National Society, only

3190 are supported entirely by the payments of the children; 14,362 are in a great measure supported by subscriptions, and the remainder are assisted by endowments. In fact the great majority of these schools are charity-schools; and the wealthy, or rather the willing, are taxed to support them—not directly, but indirectly through subscriptions and sermons, balls and bazaars, &c. Even by such means money is with great difficulty procured. In many cases the entire burthen of making up any deficiency falls on the clergyman; and in others on a few active men, who do not like that any scheme should fail in their hands. Such remarks as the following are accordingly of too common occurrence:—‘Several of the best subscribers have recently been removed by death; about £10 per annum is required to make up the loss which has been sustained: the schoolrooms now in use are only lent, and the present proprietor will shortly require them again: the means of keeping up the school depend chiefly on contributions from the rector and family, and in the event of his demise, the school would most probably be given up: the school depends on the voluntary support of three or four persons, together with the clergyman: the available funds are quite insufficient to supply the educational wants—the consequence is, that the National Schools are in debt to a great extent, and many children have to be refused admission: the funds are not sufficient to meet the expenses—the balance is about £60 per annum, falling on the vicar, which causes great perplexity: notice has been given that some of the subscriptions will be discontinued, in consequence of the repeal of the Corn Laws, so that this school will be without support, and the incumbent is afraid it must be discontinued unless assistance be given: these schools have sustained a great loss by the death of a benevolent individual, and it is feared that the services of both master and mistress cannot be retained: there is a schoolroom shut up, there being no funds for the support of a master: the parochial school is likely to be discontinued at Michaelmas for want of funds—the Infants’-School is supported by one subscriber: there is no school—there was a large Sunday and daily-school supported by three private individuals and penny payments, attended by upwards of forty children, but since the death of two of the parties, this school has been discontinued for want of funds: the day-school was closed in April 1846 for want of funds, and it is feared it will not be opened again.’ ‘On the present plan,’ says the Rev. W. H. Bellairs, government inspector of schools, ‘the welfare of a parish, so far as the education of its children is concerned, depends in a great measure upon the purse of the clergyman. He may be wealthy, and if so, able to assist the school in its need; but if poor, he will be unable to afford the requisite funds, for the want of which it will droop and languish.’ Another inspector, the Rev. F. Watkins, reports that in Yorkshire seven clergymen, whose total aggregate income is £1214 per annum, subscribe yearly altogether £221 to the schools. The inspector of Roman-Catholic schools, Mr Marshall, says—‘I could speak, for instance, of a school in a densely-populated locality, into which not a single layman had once entered during the space of twelve months; and of another maintained solely by the zeal of the resident clergyman, whose very meals were curtailed to supply the necessary funds.’ Again, the Rev. Mr Mitchell, another inspector, mentions that from three parishes three landowners draw incomes amounting altogether to £27,000 per annum, and their combined

subscriptions to the school are £32, while two other proprietors draw £3500 per annum, and subscribe nothing. It is not alone to church-schools that such statements apply, but to nearly all public schools not supported by endowments, and to almost all popular educational institutions. They can never, in a commercial sense, be made 'to pay;' and the features of greatest permanence about them are, that so long as the present system continues, they must be supported by begging and borrowing, by charity sermons and tea-parties, and their managers be constantly devising some new scheme for raising money. Sanguine men preach up the duty of having faith in the liberality of the people, but such a doctrine will not pay a master's salary or the rent of a school, and very few booksellers will supply school-books if their payment is to be by bills drawn on 'Mr Public Liberality,' who will very likely refuse to accept them, and who is well known to be often a mere man of straw.

Though this state of things is exceedingly unsatisfactory, yet it is a very decided improvement upon that which existed a quarter or half of a century ago. At the close of last century the educational aspect of England and Wales was dreary in the extreme. Seldom among the poorer classes was the desire for education manifested; and though there existed many endowed and grammar schools, yet they were almost, in every instance, managed in such a way as to be beyond the reach of the children of the poor man.* The higher classes had their tutors, the middle classes all but monopolised the public schools, and the majority of the population grew up in that ignorance of which they were unconscious, and which those above them in society considered it dangerous to remove. To such an extent was this the case, that in a very rough estimate made in 1795, the number of charity-schools in Great Britain and Ireland was stated to be 1856, and the number of pupils 43,479—a number less by thirty thousand than are now found in the church-schools of Lancashire alone. There was no inducement to the poor in England to strive for education. The great wars of the first French Revolution were then beginning; the demand for soldiers and sailors was great, and a new recruit or a pressed seaman was never asked if he had been at school. The cotton manufacture was extending with marvellous rapidity, and the workpeople required in the new factories were seldom, if ever, expected to be able to read and write.

*The number and revenues of these schools are very great, and it is a question whether the first step in improving education should not be a thorough reformation of these schools, and a strict enforcement in all cases where the trust has been abused of the wills of the founders. At present there is a grammar-school in Blackburn in Lancashire, where the teacher receives a considerable salary, but in which no children except his own are taught. The trustees and the public consider the remedy to be the appointment of a new master, but they have no power, it appears, to dismiss the present master. Equally glaring abuses were exposed in the Reports of the Charity Commissioners, which, it is to be hoped, have since been removed. The entire revenue of the education charities of the country was estimated by Lord Brougham in 1834 at more than half a million sterling per annum. The income of the free grammar-school in Birmingham is estimated at £7000 a year; and in Lancashire there are about 250 endowed schools, of which the endowments of about 200 are under £60 per annum. In the same county the total salaries of the head-masters of seven grammar-schools, irrespective of other sources of emolument, are £1300 per annum.

The demand that sprang up for the labour of children threw another obstacle, that now seems insurmountable, in the way of education, and to supply the masses that speedily became congregated in large towns, the old educational resources, when they existed at all, were found utterly insufficient. The attention of men was directed to far different subjects than the education of the people. While the continent of Europe was one vast military camp, and the ocean covered with hostile fleets; while the inhabitants of our island lived in almost daily expectation of foreign invasion, and the fruits of their industry were all but mortgaged to meet the expense of ruinous wars, it would have appeared strange if men could talk calmly about plans for extending education. But the subject *was* considered, not by men in high places, but by quiet unobtrusive philanthropists. The awful deeds that an ignorant people, let loose from the bonds of society, could perpetrate were fearfully manifested in France, and the right education of the people was looked to as the most effectual barrier against such horrible scenes. 'The monitorial system' was, about 1800, introduced by Dr Andrew Bell and Joseph Lancaster; and as it was professed that by it large numbers of children could be taught at little expense, it soon found favour in the country. The labours of these men soon drew around them numbers of friends and coadjutors;* and the result was the establishment of the two great education societies, of whose nature and history, and of the efforts to which their labours gave rise, it is now necessary we should give some account.

During the time when the Roman Catholic was, all over Christendom, the established form of Christianity, the direction of such education as it was considered necessary to give the people was entirely vested in its priesthood. The idea on which this state of things was founded survived the Reformation; and the inseparable connection between the school and the church, and the right of the clergy to watch over and direct all public schools, were not only claimed, but admitted and acted on. When the parish schools of Scotland were established in 1696, no dissenting voice was raised against the law that placed them under the care and direction of the clergy. It was done as a matter of course; and when, both in England and Scotland, secessions took place from the Established Church, the same idea was acted on, and a school was usually considered as a necessary adjunct to church or chapel. The obvious result followed: the same doctrines that were taught by the minister were taught by the schoolmaster—the same divisions that estranged the churches estranged the schools—and the seed was widely sown of that sectarianism in school education which is now unhappily the greatest obstacle to the establishment of a really national system of education in this country.

Bell was connected with the Church of England, Lancaster with the Society of Friends: the supporters of the former were principally Churchmen, and of the latter chiefly Dissenters and liberal Churchmen. In the schools established by the former, the authorised version of the Scriptures

* It was when Lancaster had an interview with George III., in 1805, that his majesty gave expression to the memorable wish 'that every poor child in my dominions may be able to read his Bible'—a wish not realised during his reign; but let us hope that the reign of his granddaughter will not close without its realisation.

was read, the church catechism taught, and the children required to attend the Established Church on Sundays; in those of the latter no catechism was taught, but the authorised version of the Scriptures was read, and the children required to attend *some* place of worship on Sundays. By the latter was established, in 1807, at a meeting presided over by Lord Brougham, an 'Institution for promoting the education of the labouring and manufacturing classes of society of every religious persuasion; and for the purpose of making manifest the extent of its objects, the title of the society shall be, "THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY:" by the former was established, in 1811, "THE NATIONAL SOCIETY" for promoting the education of the poor in the principles of the Established Church throughout England and Wales.' The former was therefore, it will be seen, principally for Protestant Dissenters; the latter for members of the Church of England; while the Roman Catholics would naturally object to using those schools where a different version of the Scriptures from their own was read.

The leading objects of these two societies are similar; the difference being almost exclusively in the nature of the religious instruction. They do not undertake the Herculean task of educating the people; they simply profess to promote it—their operations are more passive than active: if a district applies, on good grounds, for assistance, it is granted; if it does not apply, the society does not interfere. Both societies have Central Schools for the children of the poor in the immediate neighbourhood; establishments in conjunction with these for training teachers; and both give assistance and advice, and supply teachers, school-books, maps, &c. to such localities as make application, and agree to conduct the schools on the principles adopted by the society making the grant.

The Central and Training-Schools of the British and Foreign School Society are situated in the Borough Road, London. According to the last Report (May 1850), 1353 children (897 boys and 456 girls) had been admitted into the Central Schools during the year, making the total number admitted since the commencement 32,236 boys and 18,750 girls. The number of students who had been in the Central Training-Schools during the year was 142 males and 132 females. The committee express their regret that increasing difficulty is experienced in obtaining young men who are suitable candidates for the work of instruction. Many apply to be received, but comparatively few are found to possess that union of intelligence, energy, and piety which, combined with taste for teaching, and the ability to exercise moral influence over the young, is essential to success. This society has also recently established a branch Training-School in Bristol. Schools founded on the principles of this society, and usually conducted by teachers trained at the Borough Road, have been established all over the country, as well as in several of our colonies, and in various foreign countries. No complete account of the numbers attending these has yet been published; but in 1850 there were in and within ten miles of London 210, attended by 30,623 scholars—being an increase over the previous year of seven schools and 463 scholars; and in 1849 there were opened in England and Wales seventy-two new schools, affording accommodation to upwards of 7000 pupils. The society employs agents or inspectors in different parts of the country, who inspect schools, meet

committees, obtain aid for the parent society, and hold public meetings, at which the obligations of the community to provide instruction for the poor and ignorant are enforced. Four hundred towns and villages were visited for these purposes during the past year, and forty public meetings were held. About a hundred grants of school material—that is, books, maps, &c.—are made each year to schools not only in our island, but in the East and West Indies, Africa, Australia, and some of the islands in the South Seas. When a sum of money was placed at the disposal of the government to promote education, and a share of it was offered to this society, many objections were urged by sincere and conscientious Dissenters against its reception. It was considered a direct departure from the voluntary principle to receive state money for education purposes, and many evils were anticipated if the society accepted such aid. The majority of the society, however, decided on accepting the proffered aid; and some among the minority established another society, called the 'Voluntary School Association,' similar in all respects, except that of rejecting state assistance, to the old institution from whence it sprung. This association has only existed two or three years, and it has now a Central and Training-School in London. But the evils anticipated did not come; the society received £5000 from government towards the erection of a Normal School, and for several years past have received £750 per annum from the same source—an amount very little less than the total yearly sum derived from auxiliary societies in all parts of the country. Schools in connection with the society have also received grants: complete statistics of 121 of these are given in the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, from which it appears that the amount given has been £25,803, that school accommodation has been provided for 40,783 children, and that 19,745 are now in attendance. 'The committee of the society state that the visits of the government inspectors 'have been welcomed both in the model and local schools; the strictest regard to the principles of the society has always been observed by them, and in no one case, so far as the committee are aware, has the slightest disposition been shown to interfere with the management, or to trench on the independence, either of the local schools or of the society.'

The National Society (established in 1811) has now in active operation five training institutions for teachers, in which about 400 young men and women are under training each year. The Central Schools are numerous attended. From its connection with the Church of England, the resources of this society are much greater than the British and Foreign. On several occasions a letter has issued from the crown, as head of the church, authorising collections in all the Established Churches of England and Wales in aid of the funds of the National Society. The first of these was issued in 1823, and realised £28,000, which, with dividends and other profits on investment, was increased to £32,709; one was issued in 1846, which produced £27,167; and another in 1849, in which it was stated that during the five years immediately preceding, the training institutions had sent out 553 trained masters and 489 trained mistresses; and during the same time the society had granted about £140,000 in aid of building, enlarging, or otherwise improving schoolrooms and teachers' residences. From other sources the society, in consequence of its connection with the church, has received

pecuniary assistance: the university of Cambridge made a donation of £1750, and the master and fellows of Trinity College in that university have made a donation of 100 guineas, and subscribe 10 guineas annually besides; from the university and several colleges in Oxford, donations amounting in all to £3273; and the present archbishops and bishops of the church have made donations to the extent of £1800, and subscribe altogether about £100 annually. The total amount of grants made by this society towards building new schools, &c. from 1811 to 1847 was £292,467.

The National Society, however, confines itself to *promoting* the establishment of schools: it does not directly establish and support them. This duty is undertaken by the district and diocesan Boards of Education, of which there are nearly 300 in England and Wales in union with the National Society. In almost every one of the dioceses there has been established a Training-School, with the assistance of the National Society and the government, and managed by the diocesan Boards. In 1847 the number of these was nineteen, and the establishment of other five was contemplated.

To form a just estimate of the labours and results of these two societies, it is necessary that we should bear in mind the difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise, against which, from the beginning of their career down to the present time, they have had constantly to struggle. By whom have they been supported? Not by the mass of the people, for whose benefit they were designed—not by the majority of the wealthy or the great, but by the liberality and the unbought and unpaid exertions of a few. For example, the yearly assistance received from five of the largest towns in England—namely, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, and Bristol—by the British and Foreign School Society is under £200, and by the National Society under £300. While these societies have been pursuing a career of quiet and extensive usefulness, educating thousands of poor children, bringing up a race of intelligent and efficient teachers, stretching forth their arms in all directions to aid and assist with money and with counsel the ill-supported efforts of those labouring to plant schools among the ignorant and the poor—while cries of help have reached them on every side from districts where the people are perishing from lack of knowledge, these societies have found themselves, from want of adequate means, often scarcely able to support their own establishments, and too often obliged to refuse applications for assistance from sheer inability to give it. Time after time, and in report after report, have appeals been made to the public for aid; sometimes answered, sometimes not, according to the state of trade and the nature of the questions agitating the public mind. Legacies, donations, and subscriptions constitute, as every one must know, a most uncertain annual revenue, and the public soon weary of incessant appeals for the same object. These statements are fully borne out by the most recent Reports of the societies. On 1st January 1849, the British and Foreign School Society owed the treasurer £142, and on 31st December the debt had increased to £957, the total receipts for the year having been £13,420; a statement that fully bears out a remark of the committee, that ‘the financial position of the society is *not* satisfactory.’ In the Report for 1849 of the National Society it is said—‘During the course of last year your committee issued our appeal, stating clearly the financial difficulties of

the society, and putting forth the claims which it had on the sympathies of the friends of church education. Though many of the answers have been most liberal and encouraging, yet the amount hitherto received is not sufficient to justify your committee in resuming their grants for school building except on a limited scale, and they would urge upon the members of the church the necessity of a great effort to enable them to return to the promoters of schools a favourable answer to their pressing applications for assistance.*

But difficulties of another nature have existed. The indifference of parents to the education of their children is greater than is generally supposed; the time that they will allow them to attend is very short; and the amount they can afford to pay is very small. Again: great difficulty is experienced not only in obtaining suitable persons to attend the Training Schools, but in retaining them for such a length of time as to make the training efficient. In such circumstances many imperfectly-trained teachers have been sent forth; the monitorial system has been adopted to a great extent; the teaching has been poor; the attendance of the children short and irregular; and the salaries of the teachers have in too many cases been made excessively small. That the promoters of these societies could have changed at once the feelings of the people with regard to education, or induced efficient persons, by the prospect of high salaries, to become teachers, or converted, in the course of a few months, a number of imperfectly-educated though well-disposed men and women into good school-masters and mistresses, or given a sound education to boys and girls who were removed from school just when they had become most susceptible of educational influences—these were things simply impossible. But that amid such influences so much should have been done, so many new schools built, such a large amount of interest excited on the subject, and so much valuable instruction given, are results highly creditable to both societies, and ought to produce a general concurrence in the sentiment, that their promoters 'have deserved well of their country.'

Among other efforts on a great scale that have been made to forward education in England and Wales, may be mentioned the following:—it is stated that since 1843 the Congregationalists have expended upwards of £130,000 on the building of schools, exclusive of the annual expense of maintaining them, and have established two Normal Schools. The Wesleyan body has also been very active; in many places government grants have been accepted, and new schools established. The total number of Wesleyan day-schools returned to the Education Committee in 1850 was 291, attended by 38,177 pupils. In 1836, a society with similar objects to those of the British and Foreign and National School Societies was established in London under the name of the 'Home and Colonial Infant and Juvenile School Society.' It has arrangements for receiving and training sixty teachers, and its central school is attended by about 300 children.

* There are gentlemen, so sincere, that in their inmost hearts they believe what they say, who allege that these financial difficulties are favourable rather than otherwise, as they keep up the activity and zeal of the promoters and the people—that, in short, it is well for public institutions always to be in debt. This is both an absurd and a dangerous principle, which these gentlemen are too honest to reduce to practice in their own private affairs.

Upwards of a thousand teachers have been trained in this establishment since 1836, principally for Infant-Schools.

Though the attention of the legislature was repeatedly called to the subject of education, and several bills were introduced, yet nothing was done for many years except the appointment of committees of inquiry and the production of reports. The difficulties that surrounded the question were great; the parties opposed to legislative interference, and to any plan in which the supremacy of the church was not acknowledged, were both numerous and strong, and bill after bill was rejected or withdrawn. In those days, when national education was not so popular as now, and when its friends were certain of obloquy and misrepresentation, no man was more active or unwearied in its advocacy than the present Lord Brougham. We find him presiding at the meeting to establish the British and Foreign School Society; find him afterwards, in conjunction with the present Marquis of Lansdowne and others, founding the first Infant-School established in London; his name stands first among those who founded Mechanics' Institutions; and he was a tower of strength to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; while on all occasions, in and out of parliament, his great energy, vast acquirements, splendid talents, and fearless eloquence, were all devoted to an enforcement of the claims of the people to the blessings of education. Whatever opinions may now be entertained of this great man, yet in days to come, when the trifles and the triflers of the present shall have been forgotten, and every child in the country be receiving sound and useful instruction, Lord Brougham will be remembered as the mightiest of that band who, in dark and evil times, unweariedly prepared the ground and sowed the seeds of that harvest that other hands will gather in.

In the first parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill (16th August 1833), the following vote was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord Althorp, then Chancellor of the Exchequer:—'That a sum not exceeding £20,000 be granted to his majesty, to be issued in aid of private subscriptions for the erection of schoolhouses for the education of the children of the poorer classes in Great Britain to the 31st March 1834; and that the said sum be issued and paid without any fee or other deduction whatsoever.'

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, in making this proposition to the committee—'I wish to explain the grounds upon which the government have felt it right to bring forward such a vote. Great complaints have been made from time to time as to the inefficient means which exist for supplying an education to the poorer classes. I am well aware that the circumstance of the government advancing money and assisting an object of this kind has a tendency to check private charity, and that such interference is in general mischievous rather than advantageous. But there is one thing in which private subscriptions are frequently deficient—and that is, the first setting a school on foot; and we have thought that it would not be an improper expenditure of the public money to grant the sum of £20,000, to be applied in the present year to assist in building schoolhouses. This money will be placed at the disposal of the Treasury; but it is the intention of the Treasury, in appropriating it, to take the recommendation of the two societies established in this country—the National

Society, and the British School or Lancasterian Society. I hope I need not say—for I trust the principles of the government are sufficiently well known—that in making this proposed arrangement we shall not be actuated by any motive of partiality, but that we shall act indifferently towards all parties, and with liberality where assistance is really required.'

The vote was opposed by Sir R. H. Inglis, on the ground that it was the beginning of a new system upon which no opinion whatever had been expressed by the House, and that he could support no plan of National Education which was not based on the principles of the Established Church. Mr Joseph Hume also objected. He thought it was the duty of the government not to begin in this piecemeal way, but to come forward with a general system of education upon a plan by which each district of the country shall pay for the support of its own schools. The amount proposed to be granted he considered so inadequate to the wants of the country, that it would only lead to quarrelling in the applications for it: those most loud in their complaints, and most earnest in their applications, would succeed in obtaining grants from the Treasury, while other parties really more deserving would not obtain anything. However, in a house of seventy-six, the vote was affirmed by a majority of twenty-four. The money was distributed by the Treasury in the manner proposed for about five years, when this duty was transferred to a Committee of Education selected from the Privy-Council. The amount was then raised to £30,000, at which it remained for four years; it was then made £40,000 for each of the years 1843 and 1844; raised to £75,000 in 1845; to £100,000 in 1846; and to £125,000 in 1848, at which amount it now remains.

The principle on which, as stated by Lord Althorp, the money was to be appropriated was more passive than active: like the two great societies, it encouraged and promoted schools without establishing them, though, unlike these societies, it had no Training or Model-Schools. The effect was to some extent similar to that anticipated by Mr Hume: the money was given where the district was richest, and it was least wanted; and not given where the district was poorest, and it was most wanted. Again: the mode of distribution adopted by the Treasury, and to a great extent followed by the Committee of Council, has greatly contributed to increase the sectarianism of schools, and to place the education of the people on a denominational instead of a territorial basis. For such results the country, and not the government, is to blame. It is easy to say that the government ought to have introduced a great, comprehensive, and impartial measure; but it is no less easy to predict that such a measure would never have passed a House of Commons where all sects of Dissenters would have combined against it, and where it was sure of the opposition of honourable members like the representative of Oxford university, who declared 'even of Lord Althorp's insignificant proposal, that 'the greatest fault he had to find with the vote was, that the money was to be distributed in a perfectly liberal and impartial manner!' It is quite clear that any great scheme of education must first be proposed by the country: no government will originate it.

Apart from these drawbacks, we believe that the administration, by successive governments, both Whig and Tory, of this education vote has been both wise and economical; that the measures they have adopted

THE EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

have had a most beneficial tendency; and that they have been, on the whole, well calculated to meet and remedy existing evils and defects. A brief description of the nature and extent of these measures is necessary, in order that a clear idea may be gained of the present educational machinery of the country. In the estimates for 1850, the expenditure of the Committee of Council during this year was calculated at £145,700. The whole of this sum did not require to be voted, as there was a balance unappropriated from the former year sufficient to meet the difference between the regular grant (£125,000) and the estimated expenditure. The various items were thus set down:—

1. Grants for Building Schools, &c.	-	-	-	£40,000
2. Books and Apparatus, -	-	-	-	4,000
3. Teachers, Apprentices, &c.	-	-	-	78,050
4. Kneller Hall Training-School,	-	-	-	6,500
5. Inspectors and Examiners,	-	-	-	17,150
				£145,700

1. THE GRANTS FOR BUILDING SCHOOLS from 1833 to 1849 amounted altogether to £470,840; the number of schools was 3782, and in them accommodation was provided for 709,000 children. Of this sum about £400,000 were appropriated to England, £27,000 to Wales, £41,000 to Scotland, and £2500 to the islands of Man, Guernsey, and Jersey. To entitle the various districts to receive these grants, a sum of perhaps two millions of pounds sterling must have been raised by local subscription during these sixteen years.* About four-fifths of the government grants have been received by the Church of England—not because any undue preference has been given to it by the government, but because, in many instances, Dissenters have refused to accept the aid of the state.

2. THE GRANTS OF BOOKS, APPARATUS, &c. have only recently been made. These are sold to schools at considerably less than one-half of the published prices.

3. THE GRANTS TO TEACHERS AND APPRENTICES have been in force since the adoption of the celebrated Minutes of 1846. It was seen that among the evils of the present plan were the low salaries of teachers; their want of proper training; and the intrusting of the principal share of the work of instruction to monitors, who had no special qualifications for the task, whose stay in the school was very uncertain, and who were not looking forward to teaching as a profession. To remedy these evils, examinations of teachers are now held yearly by the inspectors; and such teachers as pass the examinations with credit receive a first, second, or third-class certificate, which entitles them to a yearly augmentation of salary of from £15 to £30. The trustees or managers of schools with which such teachers are connected are bound to provide a yearly salary equal at least to double the amount of the grant, and also to provide a house rent free. The number of these certificated teachers is 681, of whom 482 are connected with church-schools in England and Wales. Again, to supersede the old

* Let no one be startled by this large amount into the supposition that it must have been enough, or that it is a great monument of the liberality of the people. It is only half the amount that the people pay in *one* year as duty on tobacco, for the inestimable privileges (the birthright of every Briton of course) of smoking and snuffing!

monitorial system by one vastly more efficient, it is provided that pupils not under thirteen years of age, selected by the managers of the schools, and approved by the inspectors, may be apprenticed for a period of five years, provided the teacher is qualified to give them the requisite instruction. These apprentices are examined yearly, and if the examination is satisfactory, they are paid by the government sums varying from £10 the first, to £20 the fifth year. The teachers to whom these pupils are apprenticed are bound to give them instruction for one and a-half hour on each of five days in the week; and for this they are paid £5 per annum for one apprentice, £9 for two, £12 for three, and £3 for every one above that number. The number of these apprentices is 3581; being 2424 boys and 1157 girls. It is further provided that such of these as distinguish themselves above the rest shall receive an exhibition of from £20 to £25 to some Normal School, where they may complete their training as teachers. By these judicious arrangements, there can be no doubt that the teachers trained under them will be far more efficient than any this country has yet possessed, and that the old monitorial system will ultimately become extinct. Grants are also made to the managers of Training-Schools for such of the students as may receive certificates during the period of their training.

4. **KNELLAR HALL** is a Training-School established by the government for training 100 masters for schools of pauper and criminal children.

5. **THE INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS** is perhaps the most important feature in the system. The number of inspectors is twenty-one: two for Scotland; two for Dissenters' schools, and those not connected with any religious denomination; one for Roman Catholic; and the remainder for Church-of-England schools. The duties of these inspectors are extensive and arduous; by them both normal and elementary schools are inspected, and they have to examine all apprentices and teachers applying for certificates; they have to confer with school managers, to point out defects, suggest improvements; and give information and advice: few of them travel in the discharge of these duties less than 8000 miles per annum; and each has to present a yearly report, to be laid before parliament, regarding the state of the schools in his district. These reports are able and impartial documents, and contain a vast amount of most important information. This system of inspection has been of great service. Its beneficial influence on the teachers can scarcely be over-estimated: in every district the visit of the inspector is looked forward to with great interest; and in not a few places where a young teacher, brought perhaps from a Training-School in a large town, and placed amid a rude and ignorant population with no friend or visitor save perhaps the parish minister, is yet turned from despondency by the knowledge that a government inspector will visit his school, and the results of his labours be impartially stated in a document to be laid before the highest authorities in the land.*

* It would appear that since the adoption of the Minutes of 1816, the duties of the inspectors are so much increased by the examinations of teachers and apprentices, that much less time than formerly can be given to elementary schools. One of the inspectors honestly says of many schools in his district, 'I know little more than if they were in Central Africa;' and another suggests the appointment of sub-inspectors. The latter is an important suggestion, as by them much of the examination of the elementary schools might be done, and the time of the head inspectors left freer for more important duties.

In 1831 a scheme of national education was adopted for Ireland, and the sum of £100,000 per annum was voted by the House of Commons for its support. The present Lord Stanley was then secretary for Ireland, and in his letter of instructions it was stated that the money was to be appropriated to the following purposes:—1. Granting aid for the erection of schools; 2. Paying inspectors for visiting and reporting upon schools; 3. Granting gratuities to teachers; 4. Establishing and maintaining a Model School in Dublin, and training teachers for country schools; 5. Editing and printing such books of moral and literary education as may be approved of for the use of the schools, and supplying them and school necessaries at not lower than half price. With regard to religious education, the commissioners were informed that ‘while the interests of religion are not to be overlooked, the most scrupulous care should be taken not to interfere with the peculiar tenets of any description of Christian pupils.’ The commissioners were to require ‘that the schools be kept open for a certain number of hours on four or five days of the week, at the discretion of the commissioners, for moral and literary education only; and that the remaining one or two days in the week be set apart for giving separately such religious education to the children as may be approved of by the clergy of their respective persuasions. They will also permit and encourage the clergy to give religious instruction to the children of their respective persuasions either before or after the ordinary school hours, on the other days of the week.’ The commissioners were to consist of representatives, lay and clerical, from the various religious bodies in Ireland. The system has been wrought with great prudence, wisdom, and energy, and has been most successful. The commissioners have now 4321 schools, attended by 480,623 pupils; and 253 schools are now being erected, which, when finished, will provide accommodation for 24,433 additional pupils. The number of teachers trained and supported during the last year at the public expense was 27: 192 male and 86 female. Of these 13 belonged to the Established Church; 52 were Presbyterians; and 213 Catholics. The payments to teachers are about £60,000 per annum; 5 head and 34 district inspectors cost annually about £10,000; the yearly expense of the Training-Schools is about £7000; and the remainder of the grant is expended in the building of schoolhouses, the maintenance of agricultural schools, the purchase of books, &c. &c. These agricultural schools have only recently been established, but they form a most important feature in the plan. The principal is at Glasnevin, near Dublin, which is now attended by about 43 students, and attached to it is a model farm of 128 acres, where, says the last Report, ‘all the national teachers, who, to the number of 200, are yearly trained by us, have an opportunity of seeing reduced to practice those principles of improved agriculture which the agriculturist in his daily lectures explains to them.’ This plan of education for Ireland has met very fierce opposition, principally from the supporters of the Established Church; but its value and success may be estimated from the fact, that in the House of Commons an annual motion for a change is annually rejected.

Turning now to Scotland, we find a system which, with all its faults, is decidedly superior to that of England. In the year 1696, the Earl of Tullibardine appeared as commissioner for King William III. at a parliament of Scotland held in Edinburgh. After giving a melancholy account of the

exchequer, stating that the supplies were short, the troops in arrears, and ill provided with arms and ammunition, and the forts and garrisons much out of repair, he exhorted the parliament to 'give as large as you can, and in the most equal and easy manner for the country,' giving at the same time inducement to make the supplies large by saying, 'I am allowed to give encouragement to universities and schools, which last are wanting in too many places, especially in the Highlands.' The parliament voted the necessary supplies, and also passed the memorable act, which, after declaring 'how prejudicial the want of schools in many places has been, and how beneficial the establishing and settling thereof will be to this church and kingdom,' 'statutes and ordains that there be a school settled and established, and a schoolmaster appointed to every paroch not already provided, by advice of the heritors and minister of the paroch.' The heritors were to provide a commodious house for a school, and 'settle and modify a salary to a master,' which was to be not less than one, and not more than two hundred marks yearly, and to tax themselves and their tenants for the payment of the said salary. On refusing to do so, the commissioners of the shire, or any five of them, were authorised to do the same.

There is about this old act establishing the Scotch parish schools a boldness and a thoroughness not usually observable in modern legislation. It is remarkable not only for what it declares, but for what it omits. There is not a word about religious instruction, the great stumblingblock at the present day, and local taxes are compelled to be laid with a precision from which there is no escape. It does not, like some of the acts passed in modern days, *permit* localities to levy taxes for useful and often necessary purposes; but it *compels* them to do that which is to 'be beneficial to this church and kingdom;' and it would be to the interest of the country if the spirit in which our present legislators consider this education question were to be assimilated to that which animated the Scots parliament of 1696.

We have already seen that the parish schools of Scotland are not now suited to the wants of the country. Since 1843, the Established Church has been in a minority, and it is manifestly unjust that both teachers and managers of these schools should be selected from a minority of those who are compelled by law to maintain them. Again: it is impossible that the present parish system can in all cases meet the wants of the population. In rural districts it may, in towns it cannot; a statement that a single day's observation of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Dundee, would at once corroborate. If the system is efficient, how is it that in the shires of Edinburgh, Lanark, and Forfar, the government have given £27,588 to establish 115 new schools for the accommodation of 22,364 children? How is it that half the children in Glasgow are not at school, and that so many of those forlorn-hopes of education called 'Ragged Schools' exist in Edinburgh and Aberdeen? And, above all, how is it that, as was stated to Sir Robert Peel at Glasgow in 1837, while the population of Scotland has increased from one to two and a-half millions, the number of parish teachers has scarcely increased at all? Without entering into other reasons that could be stated, it is quite evident that a change is necessary; and that a change will be made, is no less evident from the fact, that Lord Melgund's bill for a reorganization of the system was lost in the present session of parliament by a minority of only 6 in a house of 194.

The general idea, therefore, that we carry away from all these statements regarding the state of education, is, that in England and Wales the societies, sects, and parties now labouring to forward education have neither sufficient power nor funds to do the work effectually; that their efforts are to a great extent purely of a denominational kind, and consequently never reach the hundreds of thousands of those who belong to no religious body;* that their ideas of religious education, while they effectually prevent co-operation, lead in many cases to an unwise competition, by which schools are unequally distributed, and many good efforts rendered quite fruitless; that the government, placed between the claims of the Church and the jealousy of the Dissenters, and unsupported by any strong or unanimous feeling in the country, are obliged to work the existing machinery as they best may, and that, as a necessary consequence of all this, one-half of the population are either growing up in a state of utter ignorance, or receiving instruction that is of little value; that in Ireland a liberal and comprehensive system is ably and impartially administered, requiring only that more power and resources should be given to the commissioners to render it thoroughly efficient; and that in Scotland the nation has outgrown an old and a respected system, and demands that it should be altered.

In almost every country on the continent the government have assumed control over, if not the complete direction of, public education. In some countries, as in Russia, the power is not widely or systematically exercised; while in others, as in Prussia and Holland, the education is directed with remarkable care and skill. While the government is intrusted by the law with a controlling power, that power seems to exist and act principally as a check on, and rectifier of, abuses and irregularities. The inhabitants of each locality are usually the establishers, managers, and supporters of the schools; they must carry them on according to the provisions of the law, and admit the inspectors of the government; while in many cases money assistance is granted in aid of the produce of local taxation, provision for the same being made in the yearly budgets of the respective countries. In several of the states the attendance of the children is compulsory; and if a child is found who is neither attending the public school nor receiving private instruction, its parents are subject to a fine, unless they can give a satisfactory reason for the absence of the child. The religious education is conducted in such a manner that the children of all religious denominations may attend. The regulations under which this desirable result is obtained seem similar to those observed in the National Schools in Ireland. In Holland, for example, the law requires 'that the scholars be not left without instruction in the doctrinal creed of the religious community to which they belong; but that part of the instruction shall not be exacted from the schoolmaster.' 'In all the Protestant schools of Prussia,' says Horace Mann in the report of his educational tour, 'Luther's Catechism

* People generally have no idea that there is perhaps as much heathenism in some parts of England as there is of Christianity in some of the South-Sea Islands. In Liverpool, Dr Hume and his assistants, in prosecuting their inquiries into the religious condition of one of the poorest districts, found that many persons did not know whether they belonged to the Church, or were Catholics or Dissenters; and it was only by tracing back their pedigrees for two generations that any light was thrown on the subject.

is regularly taught; and in all the Roman-Catholic schools the catechism of that communion. When the schools are mixed, they have combined literary with separate religious instruction; and here all the doctrines of the respective denominations are taught early and most assiduously.' The proportion of the population attending schools on the continent is stated to be—Prussia, one-sixth; Bavaria, one-seventh; Holland, one-eighth; Belgium, one-ninth; the empire of Austria, about one-tenth; the proportion in our own country being, on the most favourable computation, about one-ninth.

The establishment and maintenance of schools were always leading objects with the English settlers in America, and the consequence has been the founding of a system which reaches even to the lowest classes; which prevents any child born in the states where it prevails from growing up in ignorance; and which has become so interwoven with the institutions and soil of the country, that its permanence has been effectually secured. In every state in the Union, with the exception of three (and in these three, out of a population of nearly 2,000,000, one-third are slaves), provision is made by law to a greater or less extent for public education. In the New England, or the oldest states, the system is seen in its fullest development, while even in the newest it is made a prominent object of care: thus in Texas, one of the most recently-admitted states, there is already the sum of 17,000 dollars* in the treasury to the credit of the school fund, or about one-fifth of the average annual expenses of the state. In the state of Wisconsin there are already 2,000,000 acres of land set apart for the support of schools. To this there will be added the proceeds of all lands that may hereafter be granted to the state by Congress for educational purposes; all monies and the clear proceeds of all property that may accrue to the state by forfeiture or escheat; all monies that may be paid as an equivalent for exemption from military duty; the clear proceeds of all fines that may be collected in the several counties for any breach of the penal laws; 5 per cent. of the net proceeds of all sales of United States lands in the state; and all monies arising from any grant to the state where the purposes of such grant are not specified. In the act establishing the territorial government of Minnesota, passed by Congress in March 1849, it was provided that certain sections of land should be assessed in every township for public schools; and in the twelve land states—that is, states where the federal government has now land on sale—containing an area of about 600,000 square miles, more than 10,000,000 acres have already been appropriated to the support of common schools; and as the average price at which land was sold was about a dollar and a third per acre, this is equal to an investment of nearly £3,000,000 sterling for the support of schools. In twelve of the oldest northern states, which contained, in 1840, a population of about eight and a-half millions, the amount of capital invested for school purposes is sixteen and a-half millions of dollars, or nearly two dollars for each inhabitant. This is exclusive altogether of the sums raised by local taxation, which in four of the northern states, with a population of 6,000,000, amounts to about 2,000,000 dollars per annum. The salaries paid to teachers, and the expenses of schools

* An American dollar is about 4s. 2d. of our money.

generally, do not appear to be very much more than in our own country, as the average wages per month of male teachers in the state of Massachusetts—where perhaps the system is most efficiently carried out—is stated to be thirty-three, and female teachers fourteen, dollars per month.

Though the system is to some extent varied in the various states, yet in all it appears to be a combination of local taxation and direction, with state assistance and control. Each state in which common schools are established has usually an officer, styled either School-Commissioner, Secretary to the Board of Education, or Superintendent of Common Schools, and receiving a salary varying from 600 to 2000 dollars per annum, whose duty appears to be to a great extent similar to that of the inspectors of schools in this country. The law usually provides that the inhabitants of any township shall have power to rate themselves for the support of schools; and according to the amount raised, so is the assistance from government regulated. There seems to be no necessity for compulsion—for in Pennsylvania, out of 1306 school-districts into which the state is divided, 1153, or about nine-tenths, contribute to the support of schools; and in Rhode Island, where, according to the revised law of 1846, each town agreed to raise by tax one-third as much as they receive from the state, many of the towns raised a much larger sum. The religious instruction is in all cases free from sectarianism; the law existing in New York state may serve as an example:—‘No school shall be entitled to a portion of the school monies in which the religious sectarian doctrine or tenet of any particular Christians, or other religious doctrine, shall be taught, inculcated, or practised.’

These schools are perfectly free. ‘A child would be as much astonished,’ says Horace Mann, late Education Secretary for Massachusetts, ‘at being asked to pay any sum, however small, for attending our common schools, as he would be if payment were demanded of him for walking in the public streets, for breathing the common air, or enjoying the warmth of the unappropriable sun.’ Among the drawbacks to the American system may be mentioned the excessive employment in some states of female teachers, and the short time during which the schools are open each year. In Vermont, for example, 68 per cent. of the teachers are females; and in Massachusetts there are 5510 female, and only 2424 male teachers. Again: the schools are usually classified as summer and winter—the former having always the least attendance. In New Hampshire the winter schools are open, on the average, only for about ten weeks, and the summer eight and a-half during the year. In Vermont the average time each year that the schools are open is twenty-five weeks, and in Pennsylvania about four months and a quarter.*

We cannot give these systems, whether in Europe or America, the same amount of unqualified praise which by many is lavished on them. Even the slight sketch that has been given will show that they are not without defects; and a comparison of their practical results, as evinced in national character and conduct, will show that, so far as these are influenced by education, such schemes of instruction are not so decidedly superior to our own after all. The two greatest lessons that foreign plans should teach us

* American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1850, p. 232, *et seq.*

are—that a national system would be far superior to the present haphazard plans pursued in our country; and that the difficulty as regards religious education felt by us has in other countries been successfully overcome. It may be said that the circumstances of each country are different: that in America there is no Established Church, and that on the continent dissent is not so prevalent as in England. But it must be remembered that so far as the people, not the clergy, are concerned, the elements are the same; and if in the United States—where there are 29 religious sects, the least numerous of which has 21 churches and 3000 communicants—it is possible to adopt a system of religious instruction in harmony with the free institutions of the country, and acquiesced in by all sects, it is certainly not impossible in Britain.

In reference to this question of religious education, there appears to be a vast amount of misapprehension arising from the want of a distinction between *education* and *instruction*. We do not suppose that there is any section of the community who desire an education that should not be religious; indeed a non-religious education is impossible in this country, and a non-religious educator an abstraction. Religious education is virtually the drawing out of the religious principle in man; the cultivation, day by day, and hour by hour, of feelings of reverence and veneration, of obedience to God and love to our fellow-creatures: religious instruction is the knowledge of a creed and a catechism, and the duties derived therefrom; the former is the result of an influence, acting on the child's heart and mind; the latter of a lesson acting on his memory; the education is the compass, the instruction the chart. It is perfectly clear that this religious education will be good, bad, or indifferent, according to the religious character and intellectual ability of the teacher. If he is a true Christian in every sense of the word, with the requisite experience and talent, the children under his care will be religiously educated; but if he is not so, the reverse will be the case, no matter what may be the orders of the School Committee, and no matter though the Bible is read and a catechism taught in the school every day.

On the other hand, the feeling of parents on the subject is not so strong as is generally represented. The question is seldom raised with regard to the education of the rich,* and why should it be made such a difficulty in the education of the poor? The rich man sends his son to the school where he will be most effectually taught, not to that where the greatest time and attention are devoted to creeds and catechisms; the poor man has properly the same feelings, and will often send his children to a school not connected with the religious body to which he may belong, if that school is decidedly of a superior kind. The Rev. J. C. Wigram, secretary to the National Society in 1834, told a committee of the House of Commons during that year, that 'with respect to nine-tenths of the people who send their children to us, if our schools were to become inefficient, and other schools could teach reading and writing better, the parents, without at all thinking of the religious knowledge they get, would send them to the others.' Again: in the British and Foreign Schools children of all religious deno-

* Will those gentlemen, Sir R. H. Inglis and others, who denounce as 'godless' every scheme of education which they may happen to disapprove, describe the religious education which the nobility of England receive at Oxford and Cambridge, and give a true account of its godly effects?

minations are found. Last year there were in five such schools in the counties of Kent, Buckingham, Lincoln, and Lancaster, 1106 children thus classified:—Church of England, 326; Roman Catholic, 73; Methodist, 360; Independents, 147; Baptists, 134; other Dissenters, 66. In the Shakspeare's Walk School in London, intended for the children of the poor in the neighbourhood of Wapping and the Docks, there have been admitted during twenty-eight years 8023 children, of which number the parents of 3000 were of the Church of England; of 2015 were Roman Catholics; and of 3008 Dissenters. In this school the authorised version of the Scriptures is read, and 'the moral principles enacted in the word of God are carefully and impressively inculcated;' but no catechism is taught. In Ireland the number of children of each sect attending the schools of the National Board is a tolerably fair reflex of the population of the country; while in Scotland, where differences exist less in matters of doctrine than of discipline, the solution of the question by itself presents fewer difficulties; but on the other hand it is complicated by the tests applied both to the universities and schools.

The great principle to which all that has been written tends, and to the adoption of which many of the most learned and pious men have come, is, that the religious instruction which cannot, consistently with religious freedom, be imparted generally to a school attended by children of all religious denominations, should be imparted particularly to each by the clergymen of their respective persuasions; and that, while the state or society at large can, without infringing any principle of justice or equality, maintain and direct the general education given to all, it is equally just and fitting that the special instruction should be directed by the heads of the various religious bodies. The people at large are, we believe, favourable to this principle, and 'the leaders of public opinion' are gradually adopting it. Its success in Ireland, and its success even when partially carried out in England, are too manifest to admit any doubts of its practicability.

Another principle on which there will be less difference of opinion, and which will ultimately be adopted, is, that any legal provision for education must have a territorial basis—that is, that it must be made and supported by *localities*, each providing means, by local taxation, for its own wants, while the government, without interfering with local freedom, shall exercise a controlling power, and give assistance to poorer districts. The objections that by some may be urged to such a system apply with equal force to the present government grant, which is obtained from the general taxation of the country, and of which each man, whatever may be his opinions, is obliged to pay his share. Again: the indifference of parents in many cases to the education of their children is so great, and the evils resulting from children being allowed to grow up in ignorance and vice are so severely felt by society, as would appear to justify the adoption of some system of compulsory attendance at schools.

An association has been formed in Lancashire for the purpose of establishing in that county a general system of secular education supported by local rates. Of course such an association can do nothing in the practical work of education until an act of parliament has been obtained, which, in the present state of feeling, both in the legislature and the country, it

would be vain to expect. But such a plan, it is evident, must ultimately be adopted; and while we agree with the leading principles of the association, we are afraid that its supporters have not given sufficient consideration to its bearing on the existing educational machinery of the country. Any new scheme, to be practicable, must not be a separate and independent system, but an amalgamation of the plans now in active operation. It will never do to leave out of account the fact, that during the last sixteen years school accommodation has been provided for about 1,000,000 of scholars; that many schools of various kinds have sprung up, and are springing up every year; that many of these are not attended by half the number they can accommodate; and that, if local taxes are to be imposed, they must be applied not only to the establishment of new schools, but to the support of the old, now struggling against many difficulties, and which, with all their shortcomings, have done good service to the country.

In this Paper we have no specific plan to propose: we have endeavoured to give a fair and complete account of the existing state of things, and to shadow forth the principles on which a practicable and an impartial plan ought to be based. Until a general agreement on these principles has been come to, it is idle to enter into details. The country is not yet sufficiently prepared for the adoption of a great scheme, but it very soon will be; and we trust our hope is neither vain nor baseless—that the reign of Queen Victoria will not close before some such great and general plan shall be in successful operation—a plan that will shed more lustre on her reign than the defeat of the Spanish Armada, or the works of Shakspeare and Bacon, have shed upon that of Queen Elizabeth.

ANTARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

FROM the earliest periods of geographical discovery down to the present century, a high degree of mystery has attached to the southern regions of the globe. Long after the seas of the northern hemisphere had been navigated and explored by enterprising adventurers, the ocean south of the equator was regarded with the exaggerated dread which ever attends a low state of knowledge. It was there that nature kept some of her profoundest secrets; and during several generations, man shrank from the attempt to penetrate them. Not to mention the vague speculations of Ptolemy and others of the ancient philosophers, we may commence with the incident recorded by Arabian writers, that in 1147, about the time of the second Crusade, eight individuals sailed to discover the limits of the 'Sea of Darkness,' as the Atlantic was then called. They touched at an island on the way, from the natives of which they heard rumours of a 'dense gloom' to the southward, and were so terrified at the prospect, that they abandoned the voyage. Two Genoese made a similar attempt in 1291, and were never afterwards heard of. In maps of this period Africa is made to terminate north of the equator; a curious one preserved in the library at Turin exhibits the outlines of the then known parts of the world, and an explanatory note, stating, 'Besides these three parts of the world, there is beyond the ocean a *fourth*, which the extreme heat of the sun prohibits our being acquainted with, and on the confines of which is the country of the fabulous antipodes.' In the maps by Picigano, about 1367, Africa is seen similarly defrauded of its fair proportions; but—and the fact is remarkable—these maps exhibit a western continent named Antilia, which is supposed to represent South America: the same outlines also occur in Andrea Bianco's map of 1436.

The fifteenth century gave birth to a more inquiring and adventurous spirit. Encouraged by Don Henry, Portuguese navigators doubled Cape Bojador, in 1418, just after the battle of Agincourt, and crept timidly down towards the supposed uninhabitable torrid zone. In 1433, the feat was repeated by Gilianez of Lagos; and within the next twenty years, several expeditions had visited Guinea and the Gold Coast. At length, in 1486, while numbers in England were mourning the field of Bosworth and the last of the Plantagenets, Bartholomew Diaz, a knight of King John's household, sailed with two caravels of fifty tons each, and a small store-ship, to attempt further discoveries. He touched on the coast of Africa,

and set up a stone pillar at a point beyond the limit of any former voyage, and then sailing boldly across the ocean, saw land no more until he was forty leagues to the eastward of its southern extremity—a dense mist, peculiar to that latitude at certain seasons, had concealed it from his sight. He had reached what is now known as Algoa Bay. The crew were unwilling to proceed; but Diaz prevailed on them to sail twenty-five leagues farther, where the coast was seen still trending to the eastward. On returning, he saw the end of the land—a view that gladdened and rewarded him for his labour and anxieties; and set up a pillar on the shore to establish the Portuguese claim to the discovery. He had now found the route from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, then, however, regarded with terror, from the violent storms which almost constantly prevailed. It was from these that Diaz called the remote promontory ‘Il Cabo dos Tormentos,’ a designation which it was not long to retain, for, on the return of the adventurers to Lisbon in December 1487, as related by Camoens—

‘At Lisboa’s court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests, named the Cape.
Thou southmost Point, the joyful king exclaimed,
Cape of Good Hope be thou for ever named.’

In October 1492, Columbus led the way to tropical America: thus within a short period two great routes were opened to the mysterious southern regions. Vasco de Gama’s voyage followed; with a small fleet he rounded the Cape on which such hopes were built, and reached India. According to the accounts given, it was no easy task. ‘The waves,’ says the narrator, ‘rose like mountains in height, his ships were heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by circling whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous, that the pilot’s voice could seldom be heard, whilst a dismal and almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves those seas, added greatly to the danger. Sometimes the gale drove them to the southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty. During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, begging he would not devote himself and crew to so dreadful a death. They exclaimed that the gale could no longer be weathered; that every one must be buried in the waves if they continued to proceed. The firmness of the admiral could not be shaken, and a formidable conspiracy was immediately formed against him; but of this desperate proceeding he was informed by his brother Paulo. The conspirators and all the pilots were immediately put in irons; whilst Gama, assisted by his brother, and the few who remained steadfast in their duty, stood night and day to the helm. Providence rewarded his heroism, and at length, on Wednesday the 20th of November, all the squadron doubled this tremendous promontory.’

Several of the companions of Columbus figure prominently in the history of coasting voyages along the American continent. Vincent Yañez Pinzon was the first to cross the line in the western seas; he discovered Brazil a few months before it was seen by Cabral. In the previous year, 1499, Hojeda had sailed to make discoveries with Amerigo Vespucci as pilot, and to the latter must perhaps be accorded the merit of the earliest

antarctic explorations. He had made two voyages in the Spanish service; his third, undertaken in May 1501, with 'the daring project of advancing as near as possible to the antarctic pole,' was under the auspices of Emmanuel, king of Portugal. The party were embarked in three small vessels, and after sixty-seven days' sailing, saw the coast of Brazil. 'This long run,' says Vespucci, 'we made in great distress, continually beaten by rain and tempests, attended for six weeks with so thick a darkness, that we all gave ourselves for lost. Our pilots were at their wits' end, not knowing in what part of the world we were. But the skill I possessed in astronomy and cosmography helped me to direct our course, and my success increased the crews' confidence in me, as a very extraordinary person.' They coasted along, landing occasionally, and staying a month at anchor to refresh, and losing some of the crew, who were eaten by the natives, until, as recorded, 'we had passed the tropic of Capricorn, and brought the north-pole star below the horizon. We then began to regulate our course by the stars of the southern hemisphere, which we found larger and brighter than those of the northern;' and Vespucci boasts that he was the first since Adam and Eve to view the constellation of the Southern Cross. In April 1502 they had reached the latitude of 52 degrees south. 'Here,' he continues, 'the sea ran so high, that the whole crew expected to perish, it being now winter in those parts, and the nights more than fifteen hours long. On the first day of April I discovered a Terra Australis, which we coasted for twenty leagues. We found it all a bold shore, without seeing any port or inhabitants. Here we found it so cold, that none of us could endure it, and the fogs so thick, that we could not see from the one ship to the other. The captain, alarmed at the dangers the ships ran in those seas, resolved to return towards the equator; and lucky it was he did so, for on the two following days the storm was so violent, that had we continued our intended course, in all probability the squadron had been lost in thick fogs during these long nights.' In September of the same year Vespucci was again at Lisbon; when he turned back, he was probably somewhere between the Falkland Islands and the mainland; and had he persevered towards the pole, the southern cape of the new, as well as of the old continent, would have been discovered by the Portuguese.

The next expedition was conducted by Juan Diaz de Solis, one of the most able navigators of that day: he sailed in 1514, and on coming to the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata, or *mar dulce*, as he named it, he thought he had reached the much-desired passage to the western ocean. He ascended the river for some distance; but his voyage came to an unhappy termination: one day, while on shore, he was captured with five of his crew, and eaten by the natives. From his abilities, we may conclude that had this catastrophe not occurred, he would have succeeded in the object of his search.

Balboa's discovery of the great South Sea 'from 'a peak in Darien' in 1513, the same year that Flodden Field was fought, had excited the adventurous spirits of that adventurous age with eager desires to find a passage from the one ocean to the other: hence the numerous but abortive coasting voyages in the Gulf of Mexico and to the southward. The expedition under Magellan, which sailed from San Lucar in September 1519, when Luther was setting Germany in a blaze with the fire of the Reformation, had the

same object: he was appointed commander of a fleet of five vessels, the largest not more than 120 tons burthen. On arriving in Port St Julian, after the then usually tedious voyage across the Atlantic, a consultation was held as to their means and prospects: nearly every voice was raised against proceeding: some feared the length of the voyage, others dreaded being abandoned far from their native country. Magellan, however, determined to winter in the port, and gave orders for the provisions to be issued under allowance; 'whereupon,' according to Herrera, 'the people, on account of the great cold, begged him that since the country was found to extend itself towards the antarctic, without showing a hope of finding the cape of this land, nor any strait; and as the winter was setting in severe, and some men dead for want, that he would increase the allowance, or return back; alleging that it was not the king's intention that they should seek out what was impossible, and that it was enough to have got where none had ever been; adding, that, going farther towards the pole, some furious wind might drive them where they should not get away, and all perish.'

'Magalhaens, who was a ready man, and presently hit on a remedy for whatever incident occurred, said that he was very ready to die, or to fulfil what he had promised. He said that the king had ordered him the voyage which was to be performed; and that, at all events, he was to sail till he found the end of that land, or some strait, which they could not fail of doing; and though wintering seemed to be attended with difficulties, there could be none, when the spring set in, to proceed forward, discovering the coasts of the continent under the antarctic pole, being assured that they must come to a place where a day lasted three months: that he was astonished that men, and Spaniards, could have so much sluggishness.' The brave leader ended by avowing his determination to die rather 'than shamefully to return back;' and by the force of his example and encouraging words, succeeded in repressing the discontent for a time.

While lying here, several of the natives came down to the anchorage; their stature was such, that the Spaniards regarded them as giants, and from their rude contrivances for shoes, named them Patagones, or *clumsy-hoofed*; an appellation which they still retain. Exploring parties were sent out from time to time to examine the inlets along the coast: one of these parties lost their vessel, and before they could regain the port, endured so great hardships from want of food and severity of the climate, as to be scarcely recognisable in their wretched and emaciated condition. Discontent again broke out: some of the ringleaders were condemned to be left on shore—a miserable fate: a mutinous captain was stabbed, and another condemned to be hanged with a youth of his crew: 'and because they had no executioner, the boy, to save his own life, accepted of the office, and hung his master, and quartered him.' Refractoriness on the part of the crews was one of the greatest obstacles which the leaders of early voyages had to contend against.

The fleet put to sea a second time in October 1520, and shortly afterwards came to the mouth of a great strait, which ran so far into the land, as flattered all on board must be the wished-for passage. Considering the question as settled, the pilots demanded to return to Spain for larger and better-furnished vessels wherewith to enter on the unknown navigation; but Magellan replied, 'that if even he thought they could be reduced to

the necessity of eating the hides which were on the yards, he would go on to discover what he had promised the emperor; for he trusted God would assist them, and bring them to a good conclusion.' One of the vessels was wrecked, the crew of another abandoned the enterprise, so that but three ships were left to explore the strait. Magellan, however, bore up against the difficulties of an intricate navigation. 'While sailing along,' says Herrera, 'they observed the land here was very ragged and cold; and because they saw in the night many fires, it was named Terra del Fuego.' At length, 'on the 27th November, he sailed into the great South Sea, giving infinite thanks to God that he had permitted him to find what was so much desired, and that he was the first who had found the passage so much sought after. Whereby the memory of this excellent captain shall be eternally celebrated.'

Although Magellan had been anticipated by Balboa in embarking on the waters of the ocean, to which he gave the name of Pacific, he was the first European to navigate it with ships. By a singular fatality, he chose a track on which, during more than 3000 miles, he saw no other land than two insignificant islets, while his crew were dispirited and half-starved:

'Waste and wild
The view! On the same sunshine o'er the waves
The murmuring mariners, with languid eye,
E'en till the heart is sick, gaze day by day.'

Their chief, as is well known, did not live to reap the fruit of his labours, having been killed in a battle with the natives of one of the Philippine Islands, and but one of his vessels returned to Europe. This voyage was the more remarkable, as being the first circumnavigation of the globe, and the first occasion of seamen finding the loss of a day in their reckoning; a fact which caused much surprise at that time, and baffled the learned in their attempts to account for it.

Pigafetta, a contemporary historian, says of this voyage, 'These were mariners who surely merited an eternal memory, more justly than the Argonauts of old. The ship, too, undoubtedly deserved far better to be placed among the stars than their ship Argo: for this, our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailing southwards through the great ocean towards the Antarctic Pole, and then turning west, followed that course so long, that, passing round, she came into the east, and thence again into the west, not by sailing back, but proceeding constantly forward; so compassing about the globe of the world, until she marvellously regained her native country, Spain, and the port from which she departed, Seville.'

Several other expeditions followed, undertaken by adventurers on their own account, or with the sanction of the governmental authorities. Loaysa was sent out with a fleet by Spain in 1526, to lay claim to the Moluccas; and, according to some accounts, Huces, one of his captains, was driven so far to the southward, that he saw the end of the land. But so much disaster, misery, and privation attended lengthened voyages at that early period, that no other important expedition sailed until the famous one under Drake in 1577. The time had come for Englishmen to exhibit their skill and hardihood in distant navigation, and the circumstances were such as to favour and stimulate their manifestation.

Pope Alexander VI. had decided by a bull that a line drawn from the north pole to the south, 100 leagues west of the Azores, should be the dividing line between the possessions of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, to whom all the new discoveries were to belong; a decision which produced the remark from the king of France, 'Since the kings of Spain and Portugal divide the whole world between them, I wish that they would show me the will of our father Adam, that I might see in what terms he has constituted them sole heirs.' Supported by such authority, the two powers often came into conflict; and the jealous and arrogant spirit displayed by Spain towards other competitors, tended to provoke a formidable rivalry on the part of such a people as the English, animated by an ardent spirit of enterprise. To prevent others from following on their tracks, the Spaniards for a long time kept their maps and charts studiously secret—a mean and selfish policy, in which they were afterwards imitated by the Dutch with respect to their eastern possessions, and also by the Hudson's Bay Company regarding theirs in the north.

Drake sailed from Plymouth in December 1577, with a fleet of five vessels, the largest 100 tons burthen. In August of the following year he entered the Straits of Magellan, greatly to the surprise and disappointment of the Spaniards, who, until then, had believed that no stranger would venture on or succeed in so hazardous an enterprise. He effected the passage in seventeen days: on reaching the western mouth, the fleet was separated by a tempest, and Drake was left with only two vessels to prosecute his voyage. The foul weather, however, was the cause of an interesting incident:—'I remember,' says Sir R. Hawkins in his narrative, 'that Sir Francis Drake told me, that having shot the Straits, a storme took him first at north-west, and after vered about to south-west, which continued with him many dayes, with that extremitie, that he could not open any sayle, and that at the end of the storme he found himselfe in fiftie degrees, which was sufficient testimony and proof that he was beaten round about the Straits, for the least height of the Straits is in fiftie-two degrees and fiftie minutes, in which stand the two entrances or mouths. And moreover, he said, that standing about when the winde changed, he was not well able to double the southermost iland, and so anchored under the lee of it; and going ashoare, carried a compasse with him, and seeking out the southermost part of the iland, cast himselfe downe upon the uttermost point groveling, and so reached out his body over it. Presently he embarked, and then recounted unto his people that he had beene upon the southermost knowne land in the world, and more further to the southwards upon it than any of them, yea or any man as yet knowne.' Here the gallant captain saw 'the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a large and free scope:' he was detained by the storm fifty-one days, and occupied himself in observing the manners of the natives, to whose islands he gave the name of Elizabethides. His further exploits do not fall within our purpose; suffice it, that he was the first Englishman who sailed round the world, and completed the voyage in two years and ten months.

The first attempts of the English to sail round the Cape of Good Hope were made in 1591 with three vessels, one of which only, Sir James Lancaster's, reached India. Shortly afterwards, when Philip of Spain invaded Holland, the Dutch resolved to attack the Spanish possessions in America,

and in 1598 sent out Oliver Van Noort and an English pilot named Mellish with four vessels: they were the pioneers of that commercial nation in the southern regions. Another fleet of five ships sailed from Rotterdam in the same year: one of the captains, Sebald de Weert, discovered a group of islands which for a long time bore his name; they are now better known as the Falklands. Old Purchas relates that Theodore Gerards (Gerritz), 'one of that fleet, was carried, by tempest, as they write, to 64 degrees south, in which height the country was mountainous, and covered with snow, looking like Norway. It seemed to extend to the Islands of Salomon.' This mountainous land is now supposed to be the South Shetlands, which were rediscovered some 200 years after the event above recorded. The Hollanders were not slow in pushing their trade into the new countries; the Dutch East India Company despatched a fleet under Spilberg, and claimed the monopoly of trade to India by the Capo of Good Hope and the Straits of Magellan, a restriction unfavourable to other merchants, by whom it was complained of. The States-General, to resolve the difficulty, and promote discovery, declared that the discoverer of a new passage to India should be rewarded with the profit of the first four voyages. The opportunity was not neglected: Le Maire, a sagacious and wealthy merchant of Amsterdam, who had studied the subject, came to the conclusion that such a passage existed, and took measures to verify his opinion. Two ships, the *Unity* and the *Horn*, were privately equipped, and sent out under command of William Schouten and Le Maire's son in 1615: in November they anchored in Port Desire for refreshment and repairs, and while here, the *Horn* was accidentally burnt. They resumed their voyage in January 1616, the year in which Baffin's Bay was discovered, and on 'the 24th, in the forenoon, saw land a-starboard, about a league's distance, stretching out east and south, with very high hills, all covered with ice; and then other land bearing east from it, high and rugged as the former. They guessed the lands they had in these two prospects lay about eight leagues asunder, and that there might be a good passage between them, because of a pretty brisk current that ran southward along by them. They saw an incredible number of penguins, and such large shoals of whales, that they were forced to proceed with great caution, for fear they should run their ship upon them.'

'The 25th, in the forenoon, they got close up by the east land; this they called States Land, and to that which lay west they gave the name of Maurice Land. In the evening, having a south-west wind, they steered southwards, meeting with mighty waves, that came rolling along before the wind, and the depth of the water to the leeward from them, which appeared by some very evident signs, gave them a full assurance that the great South Sea was now before them, into which they had almost made their way by a passage of their own discovering. The 29th they saw land again; this was the high hilly land, covered with snow, that lay southward from the Magellanic Straits, ending in a sharp point, which they called Cape Horn, and now they gathered full assurance that the way was open into the South Sea. The 12th of February they plainly discovered the Magellanic Straits lying east of them; and therefore, now being secure of their happy new discovery, they rendered thanks to good fortune in a cup of wine, which went three times round the company.' If the accounts concerning Huces

and Drake are to be depended on, Cape Horn had been twice before discovered in the course of the preceding century.

Le Maire's name was given to the newly-discovered strait, and thus the utmost southern point of the American continent was made known, and an open passage found from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. An enterprise so well considered, and successfully carried out, should have had a satisfactory termination. But on the arrival of the *Unity* at Bantam in October, the president of the Dutch East India Company confiscated the vessel and her cargo, declaring Schouten and his companions to be unlawful traders, and bade them seek redress in Holland. Spilberg's ships were then about to sail on their homeward voyage, and several of the discomfited adventurers took passage by them. Le Maire died from vexation after they had been two weeks at sea; and Schouten reached Holland in July 1617, having accomplished his journey round the world in two years and eighteen days, and failed to obtain redress for the injustice of which he had been the victim. His voyage affords an instance of sagacious thought finding its confirmation in experience.

Another Spanish expedition under the Nodals, accompanied by Dutch pilots, sailed in 1618 to verify Schouten's discoveries: it returned, after surveying the coasts of Terra del Fuego. And in 1623, the Nassau fleet, composed of eleven Dutch ships of war, arrived in the same latitudes: the commander, Jaques le Hermite, found that several passages existed by which the Pacific could be reached without doubling the Horn or passing through the Straits—a fact confirmed by the late surveying voyage of Captain King in the *Beagle*. One of Hermite's vessels went as high as 60°, and rounded the Cape without once seeing it.

Meantime Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, in a memorial to the viceroy of Peru, had requested permission to 'plough up the waters of the unknown sea, and to seek out the undiscovered lands around the antarctic pole, the centre of that horizon.'

' With De Quiros to the south
Still urge the way, if yet some continent
Stretch to its dusky pole, with nations spread,
Forests, and hills, and streams.'

The north, he shows, was known up to the 70th degree of latitude, while 'of the south part is discovered to 55 degrees only, passing the Strait of Magalhaens; and to 35 degrees, in which is the Cape of Good Hope; or 40 degrees and a little more, to which ships go in doubling it. Now are wanting the rest which remain from these, and from this parallel and to the west, from a lower latitude, to 90 degrees, to know if it is land or water, or what part there is of both.' It was supposed, from the voyages that had been made to the Philippines and other islands of the Pacific, that a great land existed towards the pole, 'the antipodes to the greater part of Europe, Africa, and Asia, where from 20 degrees to 60 degrees, God has made men so useful.' Quiros sailed from Lima in 1605 in company with Torres: he discovered twenty-three islands, among which his Sagittaria and Encarnacion are believed to be Tahiti and Pitcairn's Island. And so confident was he that a greater extent of land would be found, that on his return, in his communication to Philip II., he declared, 'in the southern parts lies hid a quarter of the globe.'

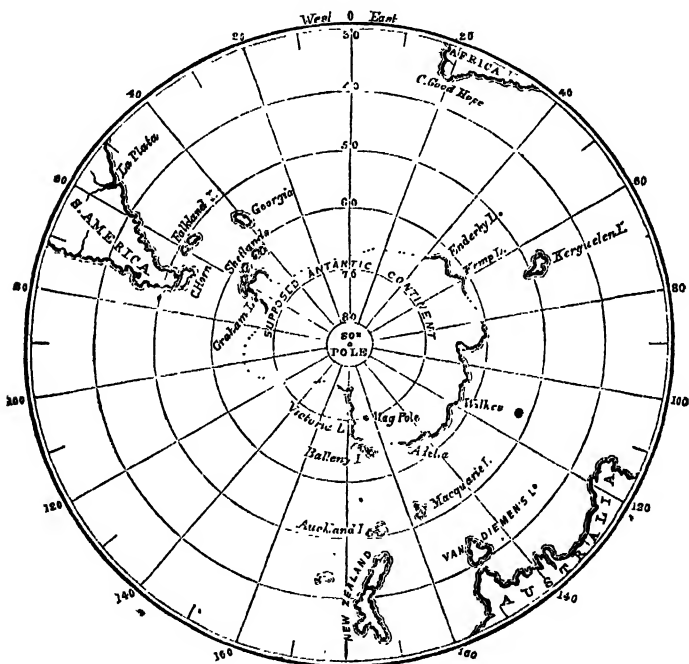
In 1606, Torres saw another great land, now known as Australia, which, with some show of probability, might have been the continent imagined by his companion. Within the next twenty-five years, the north and west shores of that vast island were surveyed by Dutch navigators, and there is reason to believe that it had been visited by the Spaniards and Portuguese nearly a century earlier, as it is laid down in maps drawn about the year 1550, which are preserved in the British Museum; but in accordance with the jealous policy of those people, the knowledge of it was kept secret.

For some time this new discovery was supposed to be the great south land; and in 1642, Van Diemen, the governor of Batavia, sent Tasman to make explorations. In this voyage the geography of the region was determined; the extreme southern portion of the land was sailed round, and named after the governor, and its disconnection with an Austral continent conclusively proved. Tasman afterwards discovered New Zealand; and possessed with the ideas of the period, he imagined that this remote island stretched away, and united with the Staten Land of Schouten and Le Maire at Terra del Fuego, and hoped it was 'part of the unknown south continent.' As an acknowledgment of Tasman's services by the States-General, the large island was named New Holland.

Those daring sea-rovers, the Buccaneers, while pushing their lawless cruises, for greater part of the seventeenth century, wherever the hope of plunder led them, contributed materially, though indirectly, to extend the limits of geographical research. Dampier and Wafer were among the party who marched across the Isthmus of Panama; and embarking in several canoes which they had stolen, rowed out to sea, and made prize of a vessel lying at anchor. Emboldened by success, they attacked and took larger ships, and in these traversed the Pacific Ocean. One of their captures was turned adrift as useless, with seven hundred pigs of metal on board, which they supposed to be lead; afterwards, when they came to make bullets from a lump which they had kept, the lead proved to be silver. Desirous of re-entering the Atlantic, they stretched boldly to the southwards till they met with ice, and doubled Cape Horn; and inspired so much confidence by their resolute perseverance, that a voyage round South America came to be regarded with diminished apprehension. Dampier was afterwards appointed to the command of a vessel fitted out by the government of William III., in which he made further discoveries in New Holland and other southern countries. The war which broke out between England and Spain in 1739 led to Anson's famous voyage, which, though in many respects unfortunate, widened the boundaries of geographical knowledge. The wreck of one of the squadron, the *Wager*, on the coast of Terra del Fuego, although it gave the survivors an intimate knowledge of the country, will always be remembered as a most melancholy incident in the annals of disaster. 'Nothing can be imagined,' says the historian of the expedition, 'more savage and gloomy than the whole aspect of this coast.' In doubling the Cape, 'we had a continual succession of such tempestuous weather, as surprised the oldest and most experienced mariners on board, and obliged them to confess that what they had hitherto called storms were inconsiderable gales compared with the violence of these winds, which raised such short, and, at the same time, such mountainous waves, as greatly surpassed in danger all seas known in any other part of the globe.'

And he laments that 'the squadron would be separated never to unite again, and that this day of our passage would be the last cheerful day that the greatest part of us would ever live to enjoy.'

Up to this period, and for some time afterwards, the idea of a great southern continent was still entertained: philosophers argued in favour of it, for without a mass of land at the antipodes to counterbalance the preponderance in the north, the inequality of weight would cause the earth to rotate in the opposite direction! Among the maps published in 'Purchas's Pilgrims' is one which represents South America as terminating at the Strait of Magellan, by which it is separated from a huge continent, larger apparently than any other division of the world, and named *Terra Australis Incognita*; and that which accompanies Dampier's narrative contains the same delineation, but in a less exaggerated form. Every newly-discovered



island was supposed to be an outlying portion of the antarctic land, until, one after the other, their southern extremities were explored. After all—so difficult is it to give up a long-cherished belief—arguments were still adduced to show that the connection might exist in the shape of a chain of islands: Africa and America were probably connected in that way, and these again with the Terra Incognita. The essential differences of natural phenomena, as observed in the north and in the south, were

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also matter for speculation, and not a little error was mixed up with the truth. Acosta's treatise affords numerous instances. 'Many in Europe,' he writes, 'demand of what forme and fashion heaven is in the southern part; for that there is no certaintie found in ancient books, who, although they grant there is a heaven on this other part of the world, yet come they not to any knowledge of the form thereof.' Ice was met with in lower latitudes than in the north; the seasons were less genial; the climate of Staten Land and Terra del Fuego would bear no comparison with that of countries lying in a similar latitude in the opposite zone. One reason assigned for the difference was, that the sun remained eight days longer in the northern than in the southern hemisphere, and that the north was nearer to the sun during winter. These, with many other absurd notions, were, however, to disappear before the increasing intelligence of the period to which we are now approaching.

In 1764, Commodore Byron, who had been wrecked in the *Wager*, sailed with two armed vessels 'to make discoveries of countries hitherto unknown;' for, as stated in his instructions, 'there was reason to believe that lands or islands of great extent, hitherto unvisited by any European power, may be found in the Atlantic Ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and the Magellanic Strait, within the latitudes convenient for navigation.' This voyage lasted twenty-two months, without enlarging the limits of southern exploration. The expedition by Wallis and Carteret in the *Dolphin* and *Swallow* followed in 1766. The ships were four months in passing the straits; and having been separated in a gale, did not meet again during the cruise. Carteret rediscovered Pitcairn's Island, and Wallis Tahiti. The latter was unable to account for the natives being somewhat acquainted with the use of iron, but the prior discovery by Quiros furnishes a sufficient explanation. Bougainville's second voyage was also undertaken at the same time.

We come now to the voyages of Captain Cook: these had a definite scientific object. Astronomers were desirous that the transit of Venus over the sun's disk, which took place in 1769, should be observed on the other side of the world as well as in Europe: the determination of some highly-important astronomical questions depended on it. Wallis, who had just returned, recommended a bay in Tahiti as a suitable locality for the purpose. A strong collier ship, the *Endeavour*, was selected; and in August 1768 Cook sailed. Banks and Solander were on board as naturalists. They were thirty-four days in beating round the Horn; and after observing the transit, steered for New Zealand, and disproved Tasman's supposition as to the connection of those islands with the southern continent. The eastern coast of New Holland was afterwards surveyed, from the spot where the Dutch navigator left off, to Torres' Straits, an extent of more than 2000 miles. Cook landed and took possession of the country, giving it the name of New South Wales, and returned to England in 1770, after an absence of two years and eleven months.

A French expedition went out shortly afterwards, commanded by the unfortunate Marion, who was eaten by the New Zealanders. One of his lieutenants, Kerguelen, discovered land in 50° 5' south in February 1772, and hastened back to France with glowing accounts of an antarctic con-

tinent. This was the most southerly land then known in the Atlantic. Cook touched at it during his third voyage in 1776, and called it Desolation Island; but it is generally known by the name of its first discoverer.

Although Cook had shown that New Zealand was not united to the *Terra Australis Incognita*, it was still thought that a continent would be found. An expedition to search for it was sanctioned by the government; and Cook went out a second time with two vessels, the *Resolution* and *Adventure*, the latter commanded by Captain Furneaux, who had held the post of lieutenant under Wallis. To make the voyage as complete as possible, a number of scientific men and skilled artists were attached to the vessels, and every means taken to promote the health of the crews. They sailed in July 1772; and in January of the following year were in $67^{\circ} 15'$ south latitude, where further progress was stopped by ice, and for the first time the aurora australis was observed. After a run of 11,000 miles, without once seeing land, Cook anchored at New Zealand to refit, from whence he again advanced towards the antarctic pole, in such a direction as to take advantage of the currents setting from west to east. On the 29th January 1774, when in latitude $71^{\circ} 10'$ south, longitude $106^{\circ} 54'$ west, a point far beyond all those previously attained, he was stopped once more by ice, extending, as he believed, to the pole; yet from the number of birds flying about the ship, he judged there must be land behind the ice: and he 'who had ambition not only to go farther than any one had gone before, but as far as it was possible for man to go,' was compelled to renounce his hope of penetrating nearer to the south. He subsequently traversed the whole of the Southern Pacific, the first time the feat had ever been accomplished; rounded Cape Horn with 'more calms than storms;' surveyed the islands of Terra del Fuego; and started on a high latitude to cross the South Atlantic in January 1775. On the 14th land was seen; and on the 17th the great navigator landed to take possession, although he did not think 'that any one would ever be benefited by the discovery.' He named it Isle of Georgia, and describes it as 'savage and horrible. The wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, not a shrub even big enough to make a toothpick.'

'Who would have thought,' he adds, 'that an island of no greater extent than this, situated between the latitude of 54° and 55° , should in the very height of summer be in a manner wholly covered many fathoms deep with frozen snow?' Although he saw much ice, he concluded that a greater extent of land was required for its formation than here seen, and he hoped to discover a continent. Yet he says, 'I must confess the disappointment I now met with did not affect me much; for to judge of the bulk by the sample, it would not be worth the discovery.'

In this part of his cruise Cook had no intention of going higher than 60 degrees, unless induced to do so by real signs of land. On the 30th, when in latitude $59^{\circ} 13' 30''$ south, islands were seen, which he called Sandwich Land and Southern Thulo, 'because it is the most southern land that has ever yet been discovered.' The great navigator shrewdly conjectured that a greater expanse of land existed nearer the pole, and that it projected most towards the north in the region of the South Atlantic and Indian Oceans, as more ice was always found there than in the South

Pacific. Yet he declared himself 'bold enough to say that no man will ever venture farther than I have done, and that the lands which lie to the south will never be explored. . . . Lands doomed by nature to perpetual frigidness; never to feel the warmth of the sun's rays; whose horrible and savage aspect I have not words to describe.'

Subsequent events have proved that in these respects Cook was simply mistaken. Not so in his explorations. His determination of positions and accuracy of surveys are beyond all praise: few persons have rendered greater services to the science of geography. He was, besides, the first to prove that remote expeditions did not necessarily involve waste of life; for on returning to England in 1775, after a voyage of three years and eighteen days, he brought back the whole of his crew in health, with the exception of four lost by casualties. After this, publishers left the *Terra Australis Incognita* out of their maps.

A contemporary of Cook's, Alexander Dalrymple, afterwards hydrographer to the Admiralty, had long entertained a belief in the existence of an antarctic continent, and frequently importuned the government to send him out with an expedition to colonise the probable country. He drew up a singular code of laws by which the settlement was to be governed: women were to have equal privileges with men; all lawyers were to be subjected to perpetual imprisonment; bachelors and maids to be taxed; none but copper money: and accounts of the government expenses to be submitted to the public every Sunday. Had this project been realised within the antarctic circle, Dalrymple would have proved himself a coloniser of no common order.

After Cook's second voyage, no further advance was made in antarctic exploration until within the first quarter of the present century. In 1818, Captain Smith, while on a course from Monte Video to Valparaiso, saw a long line of coast, as it appeared to him, in latitude 62°. He reported the fact to the commander of the *Andromache*, then lying in the port to which he was bound, who sent an officer to survey the land. It was found to consist of a group of twelve principal islands, surrounded by countless rocks and rocky islets, which are now known as the South Shetlands, of which Gerritz caught a glimpse in 1599. In 1820, Weddell discovered the South Orkneys; and in 1821, Bellinghausen, a Russian in command of the *Vostok*, penetrated as far as 69 degrees—the first time that the antarctic circle had been crossed since Cook's voyage. Powell and Palmer, two Englishmen, also made some explorations about this period. In 1822, an expedition sailed from the Downs which reminds one of the enterprises of former days in the small size of the vessels, a brig and cutter; the one 160 tons, the other 65. They were commanded by Weddell and Brisbane, and were provisioned for a sealing voyage of two years. In the first part of their cruise they proved the non-existence of the supposed continent connecting Sandwich Land and the South Shetlands; and on the 18th February 1823, were in latitude 72° 24', where not a particle of ice was to be seen; and on the 20th, in 74° 15', 214 miles beyond Cook's farthest. Here, although the sea continued open, and Weddell believed that no more land lay to the south to prevent access to the pole, he judged it most prudent, from the lateness of the season, to return. On anchoring at South Georgia in March,

he describes the sight of that desolate land as a gladness to their eyes after their lengthened and daring cruise.

The trade to this island, which began soon after Cook's report concerning it was published, has shown how fallacious were his predictions. In the course of a few years, it furnished more than a million of seal-skins and 20,000 tuns of oil to the London market; and Kerguelen Island has proved not less profitable. Mr Weddell states that 'during the time these two islands have been resorted to for the purposes of trade, more than 2000 tons of shipping, and from 200 to 300 seamen, have been employed annually in the traffic.' From the South Shetlands also, in 1821 and 1822, 940 tuns of oil and 320,000 seal-skins were obtained.

In 1829, the South Shetlands were visited by the *Chanticleer* surveying-ship: in common with all the other lands of the Antarctic Ocean, they were found to be volcanic; some of them rising to a height of between 6000 and 7000 feet. Lieutenant Kendal describes them as 'the most dreary aspect of barrenness ever beheld.' No vegetation was to be seen except a few lichens; but penguins, pintados, and sea-leopards, were numerous. The ship was moored in a small cove in Deception Island for several weeks, and an observatory built on the shore, while the boats were employed in the survey. The volcanic force was still active; 150 jets of steam could be seen from the *Chanticleer's* anchorage. Surveying in such latitudes is, as Lieutenant Kendal says, 'cheerless work. The fogs were so frequent, that for the first ten days we saw neither sun nor star; and it was, withal, so raw and cold, that I do not recollect having suffered more at any time in the arctic regions even at the lowest range of the thermometer.'

Within the twelve following years are comprised the greatest achievements in antarctic research: Messrs Enderby sent out a brig and cutter, the *Tula* and *Lively*, under Captain Biscoe, on a sealing voyage in July 1830. In the course of December he discovered an island in latitude 58° 25', longitude 26° 55', which he describes as 'terrific, being nothing more than a complete rock, covered with ice, snow, and heavy clouds, so that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other.' In January 1831 he crossed Cook's track of 1773, and found the field ice in precisely the position where that celebrated explorer had left it; signs of land had been for some time visible, and on the 27th a considerable extent of coast was seen in latitude 65° 57', longitude 47° 20' east. In the night an aurora australis appeared 'at times rolling,' to quote Biscoe's words, 'as it were, over our heads in the form of beautiful columns, then as suddenly changing like the fringe of a curtain, and again shooting across the hemisphere like a serpent; frequently appearing not many yards above our heads, and decidedly within our atmosphere. It was by much the most magnificent phenomenon of the kind that I ever witnessed; and although the vessel was in considerable danger, running with a smart breeze, and much beset, the people could scarcely be kept from looking at the heavens instead of attending to the course.'

Great efforts were made to reach the land, which lies on the antarctic circle, but the opposition of ice and currents was too powerful to be overcome. The health of the crew suffered from cold and exposure; and in April, while on the passage to Van Diemen's Land, two men died, and the others were so weak, that with the exception of the three officers, only one

man and a boy were able to do duty. Undeterred by these casualties, Biscoe sailed again for the south in January 1832, taking a south-easterly course, which, in the following month, in latitude $67^{\circ} 1'$, longitude $71^{\circ} 48'$ west, brought him to an island, the westernmost of a chain lying off a high main coast now known as Graham's Land. He landed on the 21st February, and took possession in the name of his majesty William IV.

From this group, sometimes called Biscoe's Range, the discoverer touched at the South Shetlands, where he narrowly escaped shipwreck, and sailed for St Catherine's in Brazil, on which route the *Lively* was lost on one of the Falkland Islands. His voyage is remarkable as having comprised the circumnavigation of the south pole, and two cruises within the antarctic circle, as well as for the new lands which it brought to light. It affords another instructive instance of what may be accomplished by proper skill and courage with comparatively small means.

Another sealing expedition, a schooner and cutter in charge of Captain Balleny, was sent out by Messrs Enderby in July 1838. This was also successful in discovering land, a group of five islands, now called Balleny Isles, one of which rises with a splendid peak 12,000 feet above the sea-level. The vessels encountered much severe weather; and on the 24th March, at midnight, during the return voyage, the cutter burned a blue light, which was answered from the schooner; but the heavy sea prevented communication. The next morning the little cutter was nowhere to be seen: she had perished with all her crew; and it was not without much difficulty that Balleny saved his vessel from a similar fate, and reached London in September 1839.

In 1837, the French government sent out an expedition under Rear-Admiral D'Urville, an eminent explorer, who had already made three voyages round the world. Two corvettes, the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, sailed from Toulon, and by the end of the year, had followed Weddell's track in the antarctic seas until they were stopped by the ice between the 63d and 64th parallels. On three occasions an entrance was forced into it, but they were driven back each time, and forced to return. Louis-Philippe's Land, however, was discovered, and some positions of the shores beyond Bransfield Straits determined. After a lengthened cruise in Polynesia and the Indian Archipelago, D'Urville resolved to make another attempt to get to the south, and touched at Hobart Town in a distressed condition, having lost three officers and thirteen men by dysentery. He sailed January 1, 1840, his special aim being to approach or reach the magnetic or terrestrial pole. The terrestrial meridian from Hobart Town to the pole coincides in a remarkable degree with the magnetic meridian, and by steering on the former, D'Urville hoped to arrive at both the poles he was searching for by the same route. On the 21st he was surrounded by numerous ice islands, and saw a lofty line of coast covered with snow stretching from south-west to north-west, apparently without limit. With some difficulty a landing was effected, and possession taken in the name of France: it was called La Terre Adélie, after the wife of the discoverer. Two days afterwards, the vessels were separated by a terrific storm: they, however, weathered through, and met again on the 28th in an open sea towards the north, from whence they steered a south-westerly course to complete a series of magnetic observations—keeping a look-out for land

in that direction. On this route a ship was seen, which afterwards proved to be the *Porpoise*, one of the American squadron: the vessels passed without communicating; and in February 1840, D'Urville returned to Hobart Town. The subsequent fate of this persevering navigator was truly melancholy: after having escaped all the dangers of a sailor's life during thirty years, he was burnt to death, with his wife and son, in the railway train between Paris and Versailles in 1842.

The United States' Exploring Expedition, the first that ever left that country for a scientific purpose, sailed in August 1838. It comprised two sloops of war, the *Vincennes* and *Peacock*; the brig *Porpoise*, a store-ship, and two tenders. With respect to researches in the antarctic seas, Lieutenant Wilkes, the commander, was instructed to follow, as others had previously done, Weddell's track, and afterwards to explore as far as Cook's *ne plus ultra*, neglecting no opportunity of pushing to the south as might be compatible with the safety of the vessels. The *Porpoise* and *Seagull* tender sailed from Orange Harbour, on the west of Terra del Fuego, in February 1839 for the first southern cruise, and explored in the vicinity of the South Shetlands. The *Peacock* and *Flying-Fish* followed, and penetrated as far as 70 degrees, when the approach of winter compelled their return. Off Cape Horn the *Seagull* separated from her consort, and was never afterwards heard of. The second cruise was made from Sydney with four of the ships: they sailed December 29, two days before D'Urville. Lieutenant Wilkes chose the meridian of Macquarie Island, designing, after a long stretch to the south, to turn westward, and beat round the circle to Enderby Land, and make a dash towards the pole whenever practicable. On the 16th January, in latitude 66 degrees, he landed on what was taken for an island, but which subsequent researches gave reason to suppose was a floating mass of ice. To make the exploration as effective as possible, the ships separated. They were, however, so ill adapted for navigation among ice, that although great exertions were used to widen the search, one after another they were compelled to abandon the enterprise, after having incurred extreme distress and danger. The *Vincennes* was the last to return: on the 30th January, Lieutenant Wilkes entered a bay, which he named Piner's Bay, in latitude 66° 45', and designated the country as the antarctic continent. The accumulations of floating ice prevented his reaching the shore, and he was then unaware that this was the Adélie Land of D'Urville. The French admiral had landed there a week previously, and taken possession. The American squadron returned to the United States in June 1842.

The last and most memorable voyage to the south is that by Captain (now Sir James) Ross, whose labours in arctic research will be well remembered. Its scientific results were highly important, and it settled the question of a *terra australis*: such a land may now find a place in maps: the dreams of theorists are verified. This voyage more immediately originated in a recommendation by the British Association in 1838, a period when the desirability of establishing the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism was strongly felt. Observatories were to be erected in different latitudes and in different zones of the earth, and much importance was attached to the filling up of the deficiencies of our knowledge of terrestrial

magnetism 'in the high southern latitudes between the meridians of New Holland and Cape Horn.' The laws which regulated the movement of the needle were supposed to be extremely simple, operating in cycles, dependent on climatic or other and unknown causes. The simplicity, however, was apparent only: on investigation, the effects proved to be most complex, and the causes altogether unapproachable. Formerly, the variation alone was the phenomenon which received attention; now the dip and intensity were to be taken account of; and this, by a little contrivance, could be done at sea almost as well as on land. The inconstant nature of the phenomena had also to be considered, their relations to each other, their times and changes, and other incidents—all were essential in researches into the cause and effect of magnetism.

According to the report, so little was known of the magnetic lines of direction in the antarctic seas, 'that the true position of the south magnetic pole could scarcely even be conjectured from the data already known;' and it would be of high importance to determine whether the magnetic phenomena observed during the voyage were simultaneous with similar phenomena in Europe or other parts of the world. On these points Sir James Ross's instructions were express and explicit: he was to notice in the South Atlantic the point where he crossed the curve or line of least magnetic intensity; to ascertain the depth of the ocean whenever practicable, and the temperature and specific gravity of the water at different distances below the surface; the strength and direction of currents and tides; periodical movement of the barometer; comparative brightness of stars; refraction, both terrestrial and celestial; and to swing pendulums in special localities, whereby to prove the figure of the earth. After refitting at Van Diemen's Land, he was to 'proceed direct to the southward, in order to determine the position of the magnetic pole, and even to attain to it if possible, which it is hoped will be one of the remarkable and creditable results of this expedition,' one calculated to 'engross the attention of the scientific men of all Europe.'

It may perhaps assist towards a just appreciation of the results of this comprehensive voyage, to state briefly the three peculiarities of magnetic phenomena. There is within the polar circle of each hemisphere a point at which the dipping-needle points straight downwards—this is the *magnetic pole*. Midway between these two points, a line or curve may be traced all round the globe, on which the dipping-needle remains perfectly horizontal; this, through the greater part of its course, varies but slightly from a great circle whose plane is inclined about 12 degrees from the terrestrial equator; and, by analogy, it has been called the magnetic equator. Then, as is commonly known, the compass-needle takes a direction in different latitudes at times more or less oblique to the geographical meridian. The vertical plane hereby produced is called the magnetic meridian, and the angle which it forms with the terrestrial meridian on any part of the earth is termed the declination or variation of the needle. The amount is not constant in all seasons for the same place; and in the course of a single day, slight periodical changes occur, dependent apparently on the sun's height above the horizon. But the absolute changes take place more slowly, at intervals of years; and navigators generally follow the compass, as though the local declination were

always the same, correcting it, however, occasionally by astronomical observation. By this following of the compass the lines might be laid down: near the magnetic equator they are almost parallel or perpendicular to it, but departing from it, they assume a progressive contour or flexion, all finally converging and terminating in the two points where the dipping-needle becomes vertical. The third element of magnetic force is the law of its intensity at different places; this is indicated by oscillations, more or less rapid, of the respective needles, as measures of density are judged of by vibrations of a pendulum. Experience teaches that the intensity increases generally from the equator to the poles; but the progress of the increase, whether of dip or variation, is not regular—inequalities appear; effects have been noted in some localities which have not been witnessed in others. From this fact, the existence of a principal magnetic force attaching as a result to the whole mass of the globe has been inferred, whose general effects are modified locally by secondary magnetic forces, having their centres of action distributed at slight depths below the surface of the earth, in portions or districts probably affected by perturbations of the interior equilibrium.

Two vessels were fitted out, the *Erebus* of 350 tons, and the *Terror*; the latter having been repaired after returning from Back's hazardous voyage towards Repulse Bay. Ross and Crozier were the commanders, with sixty-four persons in each ship. They left Chatham on the 16th September 1839, and on the 5th of October were off the Lizard, the last point of England which they were to see for several years. 'It is not easy,' says Sir J. Ross, 'to describe the joy and light-heartedness we all felt as we passed the entrance of the Channel, bounding before a favourable breeze over the blue waves of the ocean, fairly embarked in the enterprise we had all so long desired to commence.' Scientific labours were immediately organized and carried out: the measured height of waves in the Bay of Biscay was 36 feet; at Madeira the height of the mountain was determined; magnetic observations were taken, and repeated afterwards at the Cape de Verds. On November 20, 'the hourly register of the height of the barometer, and the temperature of the air and surface of the ocean, was substituted for the three-hourly observations hitherto recorded, chiefly for the purpose of marking the progress of barometric depression in approaching, and reascension in receding from, the equator; a phenomenon represented as being of the greatest and most universal influence, as it is, in fact, no other than a direct measure of the moving force by which the great currents of the trade-winds are produced; so that the measure of its amount, and the laws of its geographical distribution, lie at the root of the theory of these winds.'

In the course of the following month another interesting fact was observed—the line of no dip. 'We had watched,' writes the captain, 'the progressive diminution of the dip of the needle; and steering a course as nearly south as the wind permitted, in order to cross the line of no dip at right angles, we found the change so rapid, as to be ascertained with great precision; so much so, that the signal for our being on the exact point of no dip, where the needles, being equally poised between the northern and southern magnetic systems, assumed a perfectly horizontal position, was being hoisted from both ships at the same instant of time. Nothing could

be more satisfactory than the perfect accordance of our observations in a determination of so much importance: nor could it fail to be of more than ordinary interest to me to witness the needle thus affected; having some years previously, when at the north magnetic pole, seen it in a directly *vertical* position: nor was it unnatural, when we saw the south pole of the needle beginning to point below the horizon, to indulge the hope that ere long we might be permitted again to see it in a similar position at the south magnetic pole of the earth.' Shortly afterwards, the curve of least magnetic intensity was crossed: this point is found on each meridian of the earth; in sailing from the equator towards each pole, there is a point where the influence, having gradually increased from *nil*, becomes most perceptible—these points form a curve round the world, and being variable, their exact determination becomes of much importance to science.

After touching at the Cape, and landing a party with materials and instruments for the establishment of a magnetic observatory, as had previously been done at St Helena, the ships proceeded to Kerguelen's Island, in approaching which they encountered the tempestuous weather so characteristic of high southerly latitudes. They remained here until the 20th July, pursuing diligently their magnetical, meteorological, geological, botanical, and other researches. Abundance of coal was found, a fact which in these days of ocean steam navigation may perhaps be turned to good account. The plants are much less numerous than in higher latitudes in the north: Parry met with sixty-seven species at Melville Island, and forty-five have been discovered at Spitzbergen, while Kerguelen Island produces but eighteen. Among these there is one which deserves especial mention—the Kerguelen cabbage, first noticed during Cook's stay at the island. Captain Ross remarks—'To a crew long confined to salt provisions, or indeed to human beings under any circumstances, this is a most important vegetable, for it possesses all the essentially good qualities of its English namesake, while, from its containing a great abundance of essential oil, it never produces heartburn, or any of those disagreeable sensations which our pot-herbs are apt to do. It abounds near the sea, and ascends the hills to their summits. The leaves form heads of the size of a good cabbage lettuce, generally terminating an ascending or prostrate stalk, and the spike of flowers borne on a leafy stem, rises from below the head, and is often two feet high. The root tastes like horse-radish, and the young leaves or hearts resemble in flavour coarse mustard and cress. For 130 days our crews required no fresh vegetable but this, which was for nine weeks regularly served out with the salt beef or pork, during which time there was no sickness on board.'

Out of the sixty-eight days that the vessels lay in Christmas Harbour, forty-five were so windy, with such violent gusts, as frequently to blow them over on their beam-ends; and any of the party who happened to be on shore on such occasions were obliged to lie down, to avoid being blown into the sea; and rain or snow fell every day but three. Severe gales attended them on their way to Van Diemen's Land, where, at Hobart Town, a third party was landed with instruments for a magnetic observatory. While lying here, Sir J. Ross heard of the French and American exploring expeditions, both of which had made discoveries to the south as far as 67 degrees of latitude; and to avoid entering on the scene of his labours by

the same track, he departed from his original intention, and chose the meridian of 170 degrees east, being that on which Balleny had sailed up to 69 degrees.

On November 12, 1840, the summer season of that side of the world, the vessels, having been fully refitted, were found to be more efficient than when they left England, and the party sailed in search of new lands in unknown seas. They touched at the Auckland Islands, and remained until December 17, occupied with magnetic observations. On leaving this anchorage, every heart beat high with proud expectations of future success, for now the real voyage was begun. Christmas-day, which, though only four days after the midsummer day of those latitudes, was cold, wet, and snowy: it was, however, celebrated in the old English style. On the 27th the first icebergs were seen, in latitude $63^{\circ} 20'$ south. 'Unlike the icebergs of the arctic seas, they presented very little variety of form, but were generally of large size, and very solid appearance; bounded by perpendicular cliffs on all sides, their tabular summits varied from 120 to 180 feet in height, and several of them more than two miles in circumference.' Three days afterwards, they crossed the track of the Russian navigator Bellinghausen, in latitude $64^{\circ} 38'$ south, longitude $173^{\circ} 10'$ east: soundings taken here gave a depth of 1560 fathoms. The 1st of January 1841 found them on the outskirts of the pack or belt of ice which more or less densely engirdles the antarctic regions, as though nature here interposed

- 'the storm rampant of her sanctuary:
The insuperable boundary, raised to guard
Her mysteries from the eye of man profane.'

The good cheer of New-Year's Day was not forgotten, and a suit of warm clothing was served out gratis to every one of the crews. On the 5th they beat into the main pack, and when fairly entered, found it lighter and more open than it appeared from the outside. Penguins, albatrosses, petrels, and seals, crowded about the vessels, and followed them in their winding course among the hummocks and floes. They got through the pack, which was here 200 miles wide, in four days; and on the 10th—one of those singular phenomena peculiar to the frozen latitudes—'not a particle of ice could be seen in any direction from the mast-head.' The dip was 85 degrees, an amount which marked their proximity to the magnetic pole, to which the ships were now directly steered. But on the next morning land, with lofty mountains, was seen a-head: one of these, 10,000 feet high, was named Mount Sabine; and later in the same day the latitude was found to be $71^{\circ} 15'$, the highest point reached by Cook in 1774. 'It was,' observes Ross, 'a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains, whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg.' It need hardly be said that the various heights and headlands within view were duly named after eminent individuals in England.

On the 12th, advantage was taken of fine weather to effect a landing: when about three miles from the shore, a boat put off from each ship with the captains and several of the officers. 'We found,' says Sir J. Ross, 'the shores of the mainland completely covered with ice projecting into the sea, and the heavy surf along its edge forbade any attempt to land upon it; a strong tide carried us rapidly along between this ice-bound coast and the islands amongst heavy masses of ice, so that our situation was for some time most critical; for all the exertions our people could use were insufficient to stem the tide. But taking advantage of a narrow opening that appeared in the ice, the boats were pushed through it, and we got into an eddy under the lee of the largest of the islands, and landed on a beach of large loose stones and stranded masses of ice. The weather had now put on a most threatening appearance, the breeze was freshening fast, and the anxious circumstances under which we were placed, together with the recall flag flying at the ship's mast-head, which I had ordered Lieutenant Bird to hoist if necessary, compelled us to hasten our operations.

'The ceremony of taking possession of these newly-discovered lands in the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria was immediately proceeded with; and on planting the flag of our country amidst the hearty cheers of our party, we drank to the health, long life, and happiness of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The island was named Possession Island. It is situated in latitude $71^{\circ} 56'$ and longitude $171^{\circ} 7'$ east, composed entirely of igneous rocks, and only accessible on its western side. We saw not the smallest appearance of vegetation, but inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and pecking at us with their sharp beaks, disputing possession: which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano, which had been forming for ages, and which may at some period be valuable to the agriculturists of our Australian colonies, made us glad to get away again, after having loaded our boats with geological specimens and penguins. . . . After a long and heavy pull, we regained our ships only so short a time before so thick a fog came on, with a strong northerly breeze, that to have been a few minutes later would have rendered our return to the ships impossible.'

A heavy gale came on, but in the rolling sea which it produced, indications were gained of a large space of open water to windward, in the direction most desired by the explorers. While beating about, to prevent losing ground, other portions of land were seen; and on the 17th, when the weather cleared, mountain ranges were discovered at a distance of 100 miles, so great is the refractive power of the atmosphere in icy regions. On the 21st, the dip was $87^{\circ} 39'$, denoting a considerable approach towards the magnetic pole; and some vexation was felt that the barrier of land ice stood in the way of a direct course to the interesting spot; the alternative was, to beat up and seek a westerly route. On one occasion, while thus engaged, 'it was,' to quote the narrative, 'the most beautiful night we had seen in these latitudes, the sky perfectly clear and serene. At midnight, when the sun was skimming along the southern horizon at an altitude of about 2 degrees, the sky overhead was remarked to be of a most intense indigo

blue, becoming paler in proportion to the distance from the zenith.' The 22d was a notable day: the ships were in latitude $74^{\circ} 20'$, higher than had ever been reached by any former navigator; an event which naturally called forth much rejoicing. The dip had increased to $88^{\circ} 10'$ on the 25th, leaving the presumption that the pole was not more than about 200 miles distant. Two days later, formal possession was again taken of an island, to which the name of Franklin Island was given, in latitude $76^{\circ} 8'$ south, longitude $168^{\circ} 12'$ east. It is about twelve miles long and six broad, devoid of all appearance of vegetation; even the hardy mosses and lichens were absent, from which, and other instances, Sir J. Ross considers 'that the vegetable kingdom has no representative in antarctic lands.' It is the very sublimity of barrenness; and who, on reading the description, will not recall the lines—

' But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain-side?'

Early on the 28th the vessels stood towards the high land seen the day before: 'it proved to be a mountain 12,400 feet of elevation above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion; at first the smoke appeared like snow-drift, but as we drew nearer, its true character became manifest.

'The discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. I named it Mount Erebus; and an extinct volcano to the eastward, little inferior in height, being by measurement 10,900 feet high, was named Mount Terror.'

Later in the same day the latitude was found to be $76^{\circ} 6'$, and the vessels were to the southward of the magnetic pole, the approach to which was impeded by land ice. Standing in for the land under all sail, 'we perceived a low white line extending from its eastern extreme point as far as the eye could discern to the eastward. It presented an extraordinary appearance, gradually increasing in height as we got nearer to it, and proving at length to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward-face.' Far in the rear a range of mountains was seen, which were named the Parry Mountains, in honour of the eminent arctic explorer. They are the most southerly land as yet known on the globe. The sight of this barrier was a great disappointment to all on board, for they had anticipated being able to push their researches far beyond the 80th degree; but, as Sir J. Ross observes, they 'might, with equal chance of success, try to sail through the cliffs of Dover as penetrate such a mass.' They coasted along this icy wall to the eastward; and on

the 2d February had increased the latitude to $78^{\circ} 4'$, the highest point ever reached; on the 9th they stood closer in, to a bay where the cliff being low, enabled them to look down upon it from the mast-head. 'It appeared to be quite smooth, and conveyed to the mind the idea of an immense plain of frosted silver: gigantic icicles depended from every projecting point of its perpendicular face.' Although in a season answering to the month of August in England, the temperature was not higher than 12 degrees, and did not rise above 14 degrees at noon; and so much young ice was formed during the nights, as to threaten a sudden stoppage to the exploration, which, however, was continued until the 13th, in hopes of coming to the end of the icy barrier, or to find some passage through it to the southward. But these expectations were not to be realised. After sailing along the frozen cliff for 450 miles, the vessels bore up to the westward, to make another attempt to reach the magnetic pole before the season finally closed. Unlike the bergs of the northern regions, which are dismembered by the action of the sea, 'this extraordinary barrier, of probably more than 1000 feet in thickness, crushes the undulations of the waves, and disregards their violence: it is a mighty and wonderful object, far beyond anything we could have thought or conceived.'

By the 17th it became apparent that the endeavour was useless: a secure harbour was then sought for, in which the vessels might winter, and from which parties could be sent overland in the spring to visit the burning mountain, whose frequent eruptions afforded a magnificent spectacle, and to discover the great centre of magnetic attraction. But after a hard struggle to reach an island through sixteen miles of intervening land ice, this attempt was also abandoned, not without much regret on the part of the commander, who had indulged the hope of planting the British flag on the southern magnetic pole as he formerly had on the northern. Still there was much satisfaction in knowing that they had penetrated farther towards the south than any other explorers, however adventurous, and that they had traced the coast of a great unknown continent from the 70th to the 79th degree of latitude. They were then in latitude $76^{\circ} 12'$ south, longitude 164° east, the dip $88^{\circ} 40'$, and 'were therefore only 160 miles from the [magnetic] pole.'

On the 25th, as Ross relates, 'we had a good view of the coast. The whole of the land being perfectly free from cloud or haze, the lofty range of mountains appeared projected upon the clear sky beyond them beautifully defined; and although of a spotless white, without the smallest patch of exposed rock throughout its whole extent to relieve it, yet the irregularities of the surface, the numerous conical protuberances and inferior eminences, and the deeply-marked valleys, occasioned many varieties of light and shade, that destroyed the monotonous glare of a perfectly white surface, but to which it is so very difficult to give expression either by the pencil or description. It was a most interesting scene to us, as it was truly the best view we had of the northern shore and mountains of Victoria Land, and of which the western extremity was by no means the least remarkable feature.'

The nights were lengthening; stars became visible; everything betokened the rapid approach of winter. Ross, however, determined on ascertaining whether any connection existed between the new-found continent and the

Balleny Isles, and bore up for this purpose. On the evening of the 28th the party had their last sight of Victoria Land, and the first of the aurora australis, which differs from the northern lights 'in the greater length of the vertical beams, and the frequency and suddenness of its appearances and disappearances—more like flashes of light: it was again also perfectly colourless, had considerable lateral fitting motion, and formed an irregular arch about 30 degrees high, whose centre bore west.'

On the 2d March land was seen which had the appearance of two islands; if not part of the group discovered by Balleny in 1839, it was considered they might eventually prove to be mountains. Here Sir J. Ross takes some pains to distinguish between the English, French, and American explorations, and to show the propriety of not laying down a chain of islands as the coast of a continent. He believes that the priority of discovery between the meridians of 47 degrees and 163 degrees of east longitude belongs to the English. On the 4th March the ships recrossed the antarctic circle, having been to the southward of it for sixty-three days; and until the 7th the party were searching for the land which Lieutenant Wilkes thought he had discovered; but soundings were taken in 600 fathoms, in the very centre of the position assigned to the land on the chart, and Ross is of opinion that the American commander was deceived by ice-islands or fog-banks. On the last-mentioned day they were for several hours in a position of extreme danger: it fell calm, and under the dead set of the waves the ships were slowly drifted down to a range of huge icebergs, against which the sea broke with appalling violence. Every eye was transfixed with the tremendous spectacle, and destruction appeared inevitable: thus were they driven for eight hours, until within half a mile of the bergs, when a gentle air stirred, the heavy ships yielded slowly to its influence; it freshened to a breeze, and before dark, to the heartfelt thankfulness of all, they were far from danger. On the 6th April they anchored once more at Hobart Town, all hands well, after an absence of five months.

In July of the same year, 1841, the ships sailed again for a second voyage to the southward: after touching at New Zealand, they took an easterly course, and having thereby gained twelve hours, it became necessary, on crossing the 180th degree, and entering on west longitude, to lose a day, so as to make the date correspond with that in England. 'We had, therefore,' says Captain Ross, 'two Thursdays and two 25th days of November in succession; so that, after crossing the meridian, and having made the alteration of a day, instead of being twelve hours in advance, we became so much in arrear of the time in England, which would gradually diminish as we pursued our easterly course, until on our return we should find them in exact accordance.' On the 4th December, soundings were taken in 1050 fathoms; the temperature of the water at that depth was 40 degrees—thirteen degrees lower than at the surface. A current was found setting to the south-east at the rate of fifteen miles a day; a similar stream had been noticed at Kerguelen Island, and there is reason to believe that it circulates continually round the Antarctic Ocean in a stream about 10 degrees wide on either side of the fiftieth parallel of latitude. A few days afterwards a thick fog afforded an opportunity of testing the relative value of sound-signals, and the effects were as extraordinary as those observed in

the north. 'The bell was most distinct, and the gong very little inferior, when the musket was scarcely audible; but I was much surprised,' remarks the captain, 'on hailing through a speaking-trumpet, to receive an immediate and so clear an answer from the officer of the watch of the *Terror*, that we might have carried on a conversation.' On the 16th, having reached the meridian of $146^{\circ} 43'$ west, the ships' heads were directed to the south, this being the most favourable line for observations on the magnetic intensity, and the one on which land was most likely to be met with. Having passed the outskirts of the pack, the main body was entered on the 19th, through which their progress was slow and toilsome; the party, however, managed to spend Christmas-day cheerfully, notwithstanding their imprisonment. Sometimes they were obliged to moor the vessels on either side of a large floe, and drift with it, to prevent collision. 'It seldom happened that a piece exceeding a quarter of a mile in circumference was met with, thus presenting a striking difference of character in the pack of the Antarctic from that of the Arctic Sea, where floes of several miles in diameter are of common occurrence, and sometimes "fields," as they are termed, whose boundary is beyond the reach of vision from a ship's mast-head. The cause of this is explained by the circumstance of the ice of the southern regions being so much more exposed to violent agitations of the ocean, whereas the northern sea is one of comparative tranquillity.'

The antarctic circle was crossed on the 1st day of 1842, the anniversary of the crossing on the former voyage, but 1400 miles more to the west. Here the ice was met with in a lower latitude, and during several days ground was lost by a current drifting the ships to the northwards. While beset, the crews were frequently employed in catching seals, or collecting such specimens of natural history as came in their way, many of which are now to be seen in the British Museum. What the land lacks in vegetable life, is made up by the teeming and varied animal life in the ocean; from the minute infusoria, in inconceivable myriads, up to the huge whale and sea-elephant, multitudinous gradations exist, the grand circle of existence ever maintained by the lesser serving as food for the larger. The penguins were found extremely difficult to kill when required to be preserved unmutated; at last prussic acid was resorted to, and a table-spoonful of this destroyed them in less than a minute. Thus it continued until the 19th, alternately hunting, drifting, hauling, making fast, hawsers snapping, and efforts to stem the opposing current. On this day, while the ships were endeavouring to keep company by signals during a thick fog, a gale came on from the north: 'the sea,' as Sir J. Ross describes, 'quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight, our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence, that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erebus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's*

was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that, as we drifted deeper into the pack, we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart—that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events—with dismay; and I should commit an act of injustice to my companions if I did not express my admiration of their conduct on this trying occasion, throughout a period of twenty-eight hours, during any one of which there appeared to be very little hope that we should live to see another: the coolness, steady obedience, and untiring exertions of each individual were every way worthy of British seamen.

‘The storm reached its height at two P.M., when the barometer stood at 28·40 inches, and after that time began to rise. Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described, far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us, and bring us safely through this extreme danger; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them.

‘Although the force of the wind had somewhat abated by four P.M., yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm-sails to pieces: fortunately they were quite new, or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts. At this time the *Terror* was so close to us, that when she rose to the top of one wave, the *Erebus* was on the top of that next to leeward of her; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy-rolling masses; and as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-top-sail-yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave from the deck of the other. From this some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as of the perilous situation of the ships. The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before; but at midnight the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward, and the swell began to subside; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we

had been exposed, and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety.'

On the morning of the 21st Captain Ross was enabled to visit the *Terror* in a boat. He found the rudder broken to pieces, and other damage; yet so well fortified were the vessels, and their holds so well stowed, that the bottoms remained sound. During the calm which followed, the rudders were hoisted on board, and carpenters and armourers worked busily at their repair: a new one was made for the *Terror*. While waiting for the ice to open, the latitude was taken, $66^{\circ} 39'$, the same which they had passed three weeks before, in addition to which the five best weeks of the season had been lost by fighting through the pack. By the 24th both rudders were hung and secured; and still moored to a floe, the vessels drifted before the wind slowly to the southward. They were not far from the spot where Cook had found a clear sea, so different is the situation of the pack in different years. At length, on February 2d, after a struggle of fifty-six days, they cleared the ice, the pack where they crossed it being 1000 miles wide. Passing the outer barrier through a line of threatening breakers was not accomplished without much difficulty, and, to the great joy of all on board, the vessels were once more in open water. On the 20th, although not more than thirty miles to east of the point from which they turned back in the former year, no ice was visible; but the wind blowing from the south over the accumulated ice in that direction was piercing cold—so much so, that a small fish washed against the ice accumulated on the *Terror's* bow was at once frozen fast. On the 23d they were off the great icy barrier in latitude $78^{\circ} 9' 30''$ south, longitude $161^{\circ} 27'$ west; and from its being comparatively low, they hoped to get round its eastern end, but soon saw it trending to the northwards. Young ice now formed so rapidly, that they were obliged to retreat, the result of this voyage being the attainment of a somewhat higher latitude than in the previous year, and an examination of the barrier 10 degrees more to the east. The vessels recrossed the antarctic circle on March 6th, after passing sixty-four days within it, and bore up for the Falkland Islands. A week later, when all further danger from the ice was considered to be at an end, a chain of bergs was seen, and preparations were made to lie to. 'Just at this moment,' writes Sir J. Ross, 'the *Terror* was observed running down upon us, under her topsails and foresail; and as it was impossible for her to clear both the berg and the *Erebus*, collision was inevitable. We instantly hove all aback to diminish the violence of the shock; but the concussion, when she struck us, was such as to throw almost every one off his feet: our bowsprit, fore-topmast, and other smaller spars, were carried away; and the ships hanging together, entangled by their rigging, and dashing against each other with fearful violence, were falling down upon the weather-face of the lofty berg under our lee, against which the waves were breaking and foaming to near the summit of its perpendicular cliffs. Sometimes the *Terror* rose high above us, almost exposing her keel to view, and again descended as we in our turn rose to the top of the wave, threatening to bury her beneath us; whilst the crashing of the breaking upper works and boats increased the horror of the scene. Providentially the vessels gradually forged past each other, and separated before we drifted down among the foaming breakers; and we had the gratification of seeing our consort

clear the end of the berg, and of feeling that she was safe. But she left us completely disabled: the wreck of the spars so encumbered the lower yards, that we were unable to make sail so as to get headway on the ship; nor had we room to wear round, being by this time so close to the berg, that the waves, when they struck against it, threw back their sprays into the ship. The only way left to us to extricate ourselves from this awful and appalling situation, was by resorting to the hazardous expedient of a stern board, which nothing could justify during such a gale, and with so high a sea running, but to avert the danger which every moment threatened us of being dashed to pieces. The heavy rolling of the vessel, and the probability of the masts giving way each time the lower yard-arms struck against the cliffs, which were towering high above our mast-heads, rendered it a service of extreme danger to loose the mainsail; but no sooner was the order given, than the daring spirit of the British seaman manifested itself—the men ran up the rigging with as much alacrity as on any ordinary occasion; and although more than once driven off the yard, they, after a short time, succeeded in loosing the sail. Amidst the roar of the wind and sea, it was difficult both to hear and to execute the orders that were given, so that it was three-quarters of an hour before we could get the yards braced by, and the maintack hauled on board sharp aback—an expedient that perhaps had never before been resorted to by seamen in such weather: but it had the desired effect: the ship gathered sternway, plunging her stern into the sea, washing away the gig and quarter-boats, and with her lower yard-arms scraping the rugged face of the berg, we in a few minutes reached its western termination; the “undertow,” as it is called, or the reaction of the water from the vertical cliffs alone preventing us being driven to atoms against it. No sooner had we cleared it, than another was seen directly astern of us, against which we were running; and the difficulty now was to get the ship’s head turned round, and pointed fairly through the two bergs, the breadth of the intervening space not exceeding three times her own breadth. This, however, we happily accomplished; and in a few minutes after getting before the wind, she dashed through the narrow channel, between two perpendicular walls of ice, and the foaming breakers which stretched across it, and the next moment we were in smooth water under its lee.’

One of the objects of this cruise was to visit, if possible, the focus of greater magnetic intensity as laid down in theory: the spot was reached on the 18th March, in latitude 60 south, longitude 125° west; and from the observations then taken, Sir J. Ross inclines to the belief that it will be found in a position not far removed from the south magnetic pole. After this interesting operation, the vessels bore up for Cape Horn, running more than 150 miles daily before the strong westerly gales. They were off the Diego Ramirez rocks, when one of the quartermasters fell from the mainyard into the sea. ‘The life-buoy being instantly let go, he swam to and got upon it with apparent ease, so that,’ to pursue the narrative, ‘we now considered him safe. Although there was too high a sea running for any boat to live, yet Mr Oakley and Mr Abernethy, with their accustomed boldness and humanity, were in one of the cutters ready to make the attempt. I was obliged to order them out of the boat, for the sea was at this time breaking over the ship in such a manner as

to make it evident that the cutter would have instantly filled, whilst, by making a short tack, we could fetch to windward of the buoy, and pick him up without any difficulty. We therefore made all sail on the ship, and stood towards him: but just as we got within 200 yards, the wind headed, and obliged us to pass to leeward, so near, however, as to assure us of being able to fetch well to windward after a short board. He was seated firmly on the buoy, with his arm round the pole, but had not lashed himself to it with the cords provided for that purpose, probably from being stunned or stupefied by striking against the ship's side as he fell overboard. In a quarter of an hour we again stood towards him, with the buoy broad upon our lee-bow; but, to our inexpressible grief, our unfortunate shipmate had disappeared from it. We dropped down upon it so exactly, that we could take hold of it with a boat-hook; and had he been able to have held on four or five minutes longer than he did, his life would have been saved—but it pleased God to order it otherwise.'

The gloom produced by this melancholy event was somewhat dissipated on the following day by the sight of a brig, the only vessel except their own which the explorers had seen for four months. Those alone who have passed long weeks on the ocean solitudes can appreciate the pleasurable feeling which even a distant view of the presence of humanity inspires. While in this latitude, several sealed bottles were thrown overboard, to ascertain the set of the current in the vicinity of Cape Horn; one of them was afterwards picked up near Port Philip, Australia, in September 1845, on which it has been observed 'that the motion of the bottle must have been eastward; and assuming that it had newly reached the strand when discovered, it had passed from the vicinity of Cape Horn to Port Philip, a distance of 9000 miles, in three years and a-half. But it could not be supposed that its course was exactly straight; and if we add a thousand miles for *détours*, it follows that the current which carried it moved at the rate of eight miles per day.' Some of the bottles were ballasted with different quantities of sand, so as to ascertain as nearly as possible the effect of current as well as of wind: those which swam deepest it was supposed would be the truest indicators of streams.

The vessels anchored in Berkeley Sound, Falkland Islands, on the 6th April, where active measures were at once taken for their effectual repair. Astronomical and magnetic observatories were erected on shore, and a regular system of readings taken; hunting-parties were sent out to kill wild cattle and birds, and all hands regaled for a time on fresh beef. They sailed again on September 4, for Martin's Cove, Hermite Island, to conduct a series of magnetic experiments. On the 19th Cape Horn was in sight, on which Sir J. Ross remarks—'The poetical descriptions that former navigators have given of this celebrated and dreaded promontory occasioned us to feel a degree of disappointment when we first saw it; for although it stands prominently forward, a bold, almost perpendicular headland, in whose outline it requires but little imaginative power to detect the resemblance of a "sleeping lion, facing and braving the southern tempests," yet it is part only of a small island; and its elevation, not exceeding 500 or 600 feet, conveys to the mind nothing of grandeur. But the day was beautifully fine, so that it is probable we saw this cape of terror and tempests under some disadvantage. We passed it at the distance of

about a mile and a-half, which was as near as we could approach it with prudence, by reason of the dangerous rocks which lie off to the east and west, and whose black points were rendered conspicuous by the white foam of the breakers, amongst which numerous seals were sporting. There was some snow on the summit of the cape, and its sides were clothed with a brownish-coloured vegetation; beyond it, the shores of the island consisted of black vertical cliffs.'

While lying in Martin's Cove, hundreds of young trees were collected, to be transplanted in Falkland Islands, which were totally devoid of arborescent vegetation. The ships left Berkeley Sound once more on the 17th December for the third voyage to the circumpolar latitudes, taking the meridian of 55 degrees west. On the 28th the land discovered by D'Urville was seen, and the party became entangled among a group of small low isles, called the Danger Islets, to the southernmost of which they gave the name of Darwin. 'We observed here,' says Ross, 'a very great number of the largest-sized black whales, so tame, that they allowed the ship sometimes almost to touch them before they would get out of the way—so that any number of ships might procure a cargo of oil in a short time. Thus within ten days after leaving the Falkland Islands we had discovered not only new land, but a valuable whale fishery, well worthy the attention of our enterprising merchants, less than 600 miles from one of our own possessions.' Several other islands were discovered, on one of which, named Cockburn Island, a landing was effected; it presented the usual volcanic appearance, but was interesting as affording specimens of the most southerly vegetation yet met with beyond the 60th degree of latitude. Nineteen species were found, consisting of mosses, lichens, and algæ—seven of them being peculiar to the island. Among the most remarkable was a magnificent sea-weed, which grows in long flat sheets bordered by a fringe. Singular as the fact may appear, sunshine is not congenial to the vegetation of that frozen land; the only soil is a stony bank composed of fallen fragments from the rocks above, in which the plants fix their roots and flourish during moist and cloudy weather; but as soon as the sun appears for a few hours, the scanty moisture is so speedily evaporated, that they 'become crisp and parched, and crumble into pieces when an attempt is made to remove them.'

For some days after this the ships were closely beset, and exposed to much danger from pressure between the ice and the land. The navigation proved of the most harassing nature: in latitude 65° 13', where Weddell had seen a clear sea, they found a dense, impenetrable pack. The antarctic circle was crossed March 1, 1843, and the serious difficulties and delays the party had met with can be judged of from this fact; for it was within a day or two of this date that they had crossed it on returning from their two former voyages. On the 3d soundings were taken, and showed no bottom at 4000 fathoms; and two days later, when in latitude 71° 30' south, longitude 14° 51' west, no farther hope remaining of penetrating successfully to the southward so late in the season, the ships' heads were turned in the direction of the Cape of Good Hope, all parties disappointed at the result of the voyage, so fruitless in comparison with the two former. In September the vessels arrived at Woolwich, after having been in commission four years and five months.

The interesting physical facts and results brought to light by this voyage have added materially to the resources of science and philosophy. Among the more noteworthy is the discovery that the ocean which envelops our globe is divided into three thermal basins—two polar, one equatorial. The bottom is occupied by a fluid layer more or less deep, of one uniform temperature, 39·5. On the equator, and in the intertropical regions where the warmth of the sun penetrates sensibly, the temperature of 39·5 is not reached at a less depth than 1200 fathoms below the surface; on the parallel of 45 degrees it is found at half this depth; and at 56° 14' it is the same above and below. Thus in the last-mentioned latitude a circular zone exists of constant and uniform temperature. Sir J. Ross crossed it six times in six different longitudes, and always with the same result—the approach to it was invariably indicated by the thermometer; and he considers it as a sort of neutral girdle between the two basins, and as establishing the fact of the actual mean temperature of the mass of water, unaffected by the interior heat of the earth. South of the line the surface becomes colder, and in latitude 70 degrees, a thermometer must be sunk 750 fathoms to reach the temperature of 39·5.

'This circle of mean temperature of the southern ocean,' as Sir J. Ross observes, 'is a standard point in nature, which, if determined with very great accuracy, would afford to philosophers of future ages the means of ascertaining if the globe we inhabit shall have undergone any change of temperature, and to what amount, during the interval.'

From this voyage we learn also that the pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea is not the same in every part of the globe. Barometrical observations show that this pressure increases gradually from the equator to about the 30th parallel, from which it as gradually sinks up to the pole, and falls below the mean of the equator: generally stated, we may say that, south of Cape Horn, the mercury stands an inch lower than in other regions. This difference of pressure is assigned as a mechanical cause of ocean currents, of which the most powerful issue from the south polar seas; or it may be that the greater quantity of fixed ice, or the greater expanse of water in those parts, admits of a more powerful generation and propagation of streams than in the north; and to this cause we may perhaps refer the presence of icebergs 10 degrees lower in the antarctic than in the arctic regions.

Our knowledge of climatic phenomena is also enlarged: Sandwich Land, in the same latitude as the north of Scotland, is always deeply buried in ice and snow, which the summer fails to melt; Yorkshire and South Georgia are about the same parallels, yet the only vegetation of the latter is a few lichens and mosses; while Iceland, which lies 10 degrees nearer to the northern pole, has 870 species of plants. Hermite Island is the most southerly land on which trees grow.

There is much similarity between the northern and southern elliptic magnetic curves, as also in their progression or 'movement of translation.' This movement in the antarctic regions is generally from east to west, and at the rate of 50 degrees of longitude in 250 years. In the arctic regions it is from west to east; the phenomenon in either case being discoverable by the shifting of the points of convergence. The same uniformity does not occur in the isothermals, or lines of equal heat: those in the south,

owing doubtless to the greater extent of ocean, are more nearly coincident with the parallels of latitude than those in the north; the principal deviation being where the great polar current pours into the Pacific.

Complete as Sir J. Ross's voyage was, it did not satisfy the whole demands of magnetic theorists. The sea beyond the 60th parallel, from opposite the Cape of Good Hope to the southern extremity of Australia, had not been visited; and without this, the curves of magnetism could not be produced on the maps. In compliance with the desires expressed for the filling up of this space, the *Pagoda*, a merchant vessel, was selected at the Cape, and placed in charge of Lieutenant Moore, who had been out in the *Terror*, assisted by Lieutenant Clerk. They sailed January 9, 1845, and crossed the antarctic circle on the 8th February, and on the 10th reached their farthest latitude south, $68^{\circ} 10'$. Nothing occurred beyond the ordinary incidents of navigation among ice; the series of magnetic observations was faithfully registered; and on April 1, after being eighty-two days at sea, and a voyage of 7300 miles, the vessel anchored in King George's Sound, Australia. Some phenomena of antarctic storms which had been observed by Sir J. Ross were also observed on board the *Pagoda*. 'Nothing,' says the account of the voyage, 'in the meteorology of those inclement regions is more remarkable than the accurate coincidence of the depression of the barometer, and the increased force of the wind. The numerous, indeed hourly observations made on board the *Pagoda*, were expressed in tabular charts, in which this coincidence was beautifully exemplified. In the succession of gales we had encountered, it obtained so uniformly, that this instrument was confidently relied on as a certain indicator of the coming storm. A sudden, rapid fall preceded the rising of the wind; it was lowest just before the gale reached its utmost height, and rose again as it broke. Those storms, though of extreme violence, never exceeded twelve hours in duration, and invariably blew from the south or east. As they subsided, the column of mercury rose rapidly, and to a higher elevation than before.'

Such are the results of explorations carried on during a period of four centuries: the knowledge has been slowly gathered, but it will now remain a lasting testimony to the triumphs of intellect. Whether the new whale-fishery established at the Auckland Islands will lead to further discoveries beyond those already achieved, is a question for the future to determine. Human enterprise has learned many of the secrets of that region of mighty contrasts, and will doubtless, when opportunity offers, pursue the investigation. Meantime the wintry solitudes of the far south will be undisturbed by the presence of man; the penguin and the seal will still haunt the desolate shores; the shriek of the petrel and scream of the albatross will mingle with the dash and roar of continual storms and the crash of wave-beaten ice; the towering volcano will shoot aloft its columns of fire high into the gelid air; the hills of snow and ice will grow and spread; frost and flame will do their work, till, in the wondrous cycle of terrestrial change, the polar lands shall again share in the abundance and beauty which now over-spread the sun-gladdened zones.

THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

I.

THERE was high play one night in St Petersburg at the quarters of Lieutenant Naroumoff, an officer in the Imperial Horse-Guards. A long winter's night had slipped away without any one being aware of it, and it was five o'clock in the morning when supper was announced. The winners sat down to it with excellent appetite, while the losers gazed vacantly upon their empty plates. By degrees, however, and the champagne lending its aid, conversation flowed, and became general.

'What have you done to-night, Sourine?' inquired the master of the house of one of his friends.

'Lost, as usual,' was the reply. 'I haven't the slightest chance. I always back the colour, and always lose.'

'What! haven't you put down once on the red this evening? Well, your firmness surprises me.'

'How are you, Hermann, after all this?' asked another, addressing a young officer of engineers. 'You haven't touched a card, or put down a single stake, and yet you have remained looking on till five in the morning.'

'The game interests me,' said Hermann coldly; 'but I feel no desire to risk the necessary in order to win the superfluous.'

'Hermann is a German—he is close; that's the whole secret,' cried Prince Paul Tomski; 'but I can tell you a person more extraordinary than he, and that is my grandmother the Countess Anna Fedotovna.'

'What about her?' demanded his friends.

'Have you never remarked,' replied Tomski, 'that she never plays?'

'A woman,' said Naroumoff, 'who is upwards of eighty years of age, and doesn't play, is certainly a phenomenon.'

'You don't know the reason?'

'No: has she any reason?'

'You shall hear. About sixty years ago my grandmother went to Paris, where she was all the rage. Every one crowded to see the Muscovite Venus, as she was called. The Duke de Richelieu was violently in love with her, and my grandmother says that her severity nearly made him blow out his brains. In those days all the women played at faro. One evening, at court, she lost a large sum upon honour to the Duke of Orleans.

When she came home, my grandmother took off her patches and her hoop, and in this tragic costume went to my grandfather, to tell him of her misfortune, and ask for the money to put it right. My grandfather was a sort of steward to his wife, and stood generally in awe of her; but the sum she named frightened him from his propriety. He flew into a passion, began at once to reckon, and proved to my grandmother that in the course of six months she had spent half a million of roubles. He told her plainly that his villages and governments of Moscow and Saratoff were not at Paris; that the money was not to be had; and finally, that she must do without it. Her indignation was excessive: she replied by a box on the ear; and from that night forward they had separate rooms. Next day she returned to the charge. For the first time in her life she condescended to reason and explain; but it was in vain that she attempted to show her husband that there are two sorts of debts—and that a prince cannot be treated like a coachmaker. Her eloquence was all thrown away: my grandfather was inflexible, and my grandmother was at her wits' end to know what to do. Luckily she remembered that she knew a man who at that time was very celebrated. This was the Comte de St Germain, of whom many marvellous stories were told; who gave himself out for a kind of Wandering Jew—the possessor of the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. By some he was looked upon as a charlatan, while others set him down for a spy; but whatever he was, notwithstanding his mysterious mode of life, he mixed in the best society, and was in reality a very amiable man. To this day my grandmother preserves a strong affection for him, and her temper is always ruffled when he is not spoken of with respect. It struck her that he might have it in his power to advance her the money of which she stood in want, and she despatched a note asking him to call upon her. St Germain immediately came to her hotel, where he found her in despair. In two words she explained her case to him, relating her misfortune, and her husband's cruelty, and adding that she had no hope left save in his friendship and kindness.

'After a few moments' reflection, the count said, "I could easily advance you the money you require, but I know that you would never be easy until you had paid me, and I do not wish that you should extricate yourself from one embarrassment to involve yourself in another. There is another way of getting out of this difficulty—win the money back again!"

"But, my dear count," replied my grandmother, "I have already told you that I haven't another pistole left."

"There is no occasion for money," returned St Germain; "only listen to me."

'He then whispered a secret to her which every one of you, I am sure, would give a good deal to know.'

All the young officers listened attentively to Tomski, who stopped to light his pipe, and then continued—'The same evening my grandmother went to Versailles, and played at the queen's table, where the Duke of Orleans kept the bank. She invented some excuse for not immediately acquitting herself of her debt, and then began to play. She chose three cards: she won on the first; doubled her stake on the second; doubled that again on the third; and finally carried off an immense sum, which enabled her to pay the duke, and still be a great winner.'

'It was all luck!' said one of the young officers.

'What a strange story!' exclaimed Hermann.

'They were marked cards!' observed a third.

'I am not of that opinion,' gravely answered Tomski.

'The deuce!' cried Naroumoff, 'you have a grandmother who knows three winning cards, and haven't yet got her to tell you which they are!'

'Ah, there's the devil of it!' replied Tomski. 'She had four sons, one of whom was my father. Three of them were determined gamblers, and neither of them could win the secret from her, though it would have done them a great deal of good, and me also. But listen to what my uncle, Count Ivan Illitch, told me—I have his word of honour for the truth of the story. Tchaplitzki—you know who I mean; he who died in extreme want after having spent millions?—well, once, when he was a very young man, he lost three hundred thousand roubles at play with Zoritch. He was in despair. My grandmother, who was seldom indulgent to the faults of youth, made—I know not why—an exception in favour of Tchaplitzki. She gave him three cards to play, one after the other, exacting from him his word of honour never to play again in his life. Tchaplitzki promised, and then went to Zoritch, and asked for his revenge. He put fifty thousand roubles on the first card—won; and doubled his stake; and at the third coup, repeated my grandmother's luck. But there's six o'clock striking: it's time to go to bed.'

Every one emptied his glass, and the party broke up.

II.

The old Countess Anna Fedotovna was seated before a glass in her dressing-room. Three waiting-maids surrounded her: one offered a pot of rouge, another a box of black pins, a third held an enormous lace cap with flame-coloured ribbons. The countess had no longer the pretension to beauty, but she preserved all the habits of her youth, dressed in the fashion of fifty years before, and gave to her toilet all the time and ceremony bestowed upon it by a *petite maîtresse* of the last century. Her *mademoiselle de compagnie* sat working in the recess of a window.

'Good-morning, grandmamma,' said a young officer, entering the room. 'Good-morning, Mademoiselle Lise. Grandmamma, I have a request to make.'

'What is it, Paul?'

'Will you allow me to present one of my friends to you, and ask you also for an invitation for him to your ball?'

'Bring him to the ball: you can present him then. Did you go yesterday to the Princess Dolgorouski's?'

'Of course. It was delightful! We danced till daylight. Mademoiselle Eletzki was charming.'

'Upon my word, my dear, you are not difficult to please. If you speak of beauty, you ought to see her grandmother, the Princess Daria Petrovna. But tell me, the Princess Daria Petrovna must be getting old, I fancy?'

'What do you mean by old?' exclaimed Tomski hastily: 'she has been dead these seven years!'

The demoiselle de compagnie raised her head, and made a sign to the young officer. He then recollected that it was an understood thing always to conceal from the countess the death of any of her contemporaries. He bit his lips; but the countess did not appear to take the news of the death of her most intimate friend much to heart, for she replied, 'Dead is she? I had never heard of it. We were appointed maids of honour on the same day; and when we were presented, the empress'—— And here the old countess related for the hundredth time an anecdote of her youth.

'Paul,' said she when she had finished, 'assist me to rise. Lisanka, where is my snuff-box?' And, followed by her three *femmes de chambre*, she hobbled off behind a large screen to complete her toilet. Tomski remained tête-à-tête with the demoiselle de compagnie.

'Who is the gentleman whom you wish to present to madame?' asked Lisabeta Ivanovna in a low voice.

'Naroumoff. Do you know him?'

'No. Is he an officer?'

'Yes.'

'In the Engineers?'

'No: in the Horse-Guards. What made you think he was in the Engineers?'

The demoiselle de compagnie smiled, but did not answer.

'Paul,' cried the countess from behind her screen, 'send me a new romance—no matter what, provided it is not in the taste of the present day.'

'What kind of one would you like, grandmamma?'

'A romance in which the hero strangles neither his father nor mother, and with no drowned people in it. Nothing frightens me so much as drowned people.'

'I don't know where I can get you such a romance as you wish for. Would you like to have a Russian one?'

'What! are there such things as Russian romances? Well, send me one; don't forget it.'

'I will not fail. Adieu, grandmamma; I am in a great hurry. Adieu, Lisabeta Ivanovna. What made you suppose that Naroumoff was in the Engineers?' And with these words Prince Paul Tomski quitted the apartment.

Lisabeta Ivanovna, left alone, resumed her tapestry-work, and seated herself again in the recess of the window. Immediately a young officer appeared in the street at the corner of one of the opposite houses. The demoiselle de compagnie blushed up to the eyes the moment she saw him; she bent her head down, and almost concealed it in her work. At that moment the countess entered full dressed.

'Lisanka,' she said, 'desire them to bring the carriage round; we will take a drive.' Lisabeta rose, and began to put away her tapestry.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed the old lady. 'Are you deaf? Tell them immediately to bring the carriage!'

'I am going,' replied the demoiselle de compagnie as she hastened into the antechamber. A servant entered bringing some books from Prince Paul.

'Many thanks,' said the countess. 'Lisanka! Lisanka! Where has she gone in such a hurry?'

'I was going to dress, madame,' she replied, returning.

'There's no time for that. Here, take the first volume of this romance, and read to me.'

The demoiselle de compagnie took the book, and read a few lines.

'Louder!' said the countess. 'What is the matter with you to-day? Are you hoarse? Stay: put that footstool nearer. That will do—go on.' Lisabeta read two or three pages, and the countess began to yawn.

'Put down that stupid book,' said she; 'it is wretched trash. Send it back to Prince Paul, with many thanks. Where on earth is this carriage? Is it never coming?'

'It is at the door,' replied Lisabeta, looking out of the window.

'Well, and you are not dressed! Must I always be kept waiting? It is perfectly unbearable.' Lisabeta ran to her chamber, but she had hardly been two minutes there before the countess rang with all her might. Her three *femmes de chambre* entered by one door, and a valet by another.

'Nobody hears me, it seems!' vociferated the old lady. 'Go and tell Lisabeta Ivanovna that I am waiting for her.' While she was speaking, Lisabeta entered the room in her bonnet and walking dress.

'So, mademoiselle,' said the countess, 'you are come at last! What sort of a dress have you got on? What's the meaning of this? What kind of weather is it? It is cold and windy, I think.'

'No, your excellency,' said the valet de chambre; 'it is very fine, and there is no wind.'

'You don't know what you are talking about! Open the *vasistas*!—I said so: a frightful wind, and icy cold! Let the horses be put up. Lisanka, *ma petite*, we will not go out: it was scarcely worth while to make yourself so smart.'

'What a life!' murmured the demoiselle de compagnie under her breath.

In truth Lisabeta Ivanovna was a most unfortunate person. 'It is bitter,' says Dante, 'to eat the bread of a stranger;' but of all the bread eaten on sufferance, the worst is that which is swallowed by the poor demoiselle de compagnie of an old lady of quality. The countess, however, was not harsh or ill-disposed, but she had all the caprices of a woman spoiled by the world. She was avaricious, proud, and egotistical, as those are who have ceased to play an active part in society. Passively, however, she still mixed in it, never failing to attend a single ball, where, painted to the eyes, and dressed up in the antique fashion, she sat in a corner, and seemed stuck there like a scarecrow. Every one who entered made her a profound bow, and that ceremony over, thought no more of her. She received every one at her house, observing the most rigorous etiquette, but was unable to recollect the names of more than half her guests. Her numerous servants, grown fat and lazy in her antechambers, did almost just as they pleased; and everything in the house was at rack and manger, as if death had already taken possession of it. Lisabeta Ivanovna's life was one continued torment. She made the tea, and was reproached with the pilfered sugar; she read novels to the countess, and was made responsible for all the absurdities of the authors; she accompanied the noble lady in all her drives, and the faults of the rough pavement and bad weather were visited upon her. Her very slender salary was irregularly paid, and yet she was expected to dress herself in the height of the fashion. In society her

position was equally painful: every one knew who she was, and no one distinguished her. At the balls she danced, but only when a *vis-à-vis* was wanted. The ladies called her aside when they wanted to arrange any part of their dress. Lisabeta was not devoid of pride, and felt deeply the misfortune of her position. She longed impatiently for some one who would break her chains; but the young men of fashion, prudent in the midst of their flirtations, took care not to commit themselves, though Lisabeta was ten times prettier and more amiable than hundreds of the young ladies to whom they paid their addresses. Often, when the gaiety of the countess's parties was at its height, she used to quit the luxury and *ennui* of the saloons for the retirement of her own little chamber, which contained for all its furniture only an old screen, a patched carpet, a painted wooden bedstead, and a few of the commonest necessities. There she wept at her ease, while mirth and pleasure reigned below.

One morning, about two days after the party at Naroumoff's, Lisabeta was seated, as usual, at work near the window, when accidentally turning her eyes towards the street, she saw a young officer of engineers standing quite still with his eyes fixed upon her. She cast her eyes down, and resumed her work attentively; but, in the course of a few minutes, again mechanically raising them, she saw the officer still in the same position. Not being in the habit of paying attention to such demonstrations, she once more went on with her work, and for two hours she never stirred. Being then called away to dinner, she was obliged to rise, and on doing so, perceived that the young officer had never changed his attitude. This seemed very strange to her. When dinner was over, she drew near the window with a certain feeling of emotion, but the stranger was no longer there, and she ceased to think of him.

Two days afterwards, just as she was following the countess into her carriage, she again saw him planted before the door, his face half-hidden by the fur collar of his cloak, but his dark eyes sparkling visibly. Lisabeta felt afraid, she scarcely knew why, and seated herself, trembling, in the carriage. When she returned home, she ran to the window with a beating heart: the officer was in the old place, fixing upon her earnest and ardent glances. She instantly drew back, but burning with curiosity, and experiencing for the first time in her life a sentiment of a strange nature.

From that time not a day passed without the young man coming beneath her window. A kind of mute acquaintance at last sprung up between them. While seated at her work, she felt that he was present, and every time she raised her head she looked at him more steadfastly. The officer seemed full of gratitude for this innocent favour, and with the quick glance of youth she saw that the colour mounted in his pale cheeks whenever their eyes met. At the end of a week she had learned even to smile upon him.

On the occasion when Tolski asked his grandmother's permission to present one of his friends to her, the poor young girl's heart beat strongly; but when she learned that Naroumoff was in the Horse-Guards, she deeply repented having compromised her secret by making it known to one so thoughtless as Prince Paul.

Hermann was the son of a German established in Russia, who, dying, had left him a small capital. Firmly resolved to preserve his indepen-

dence, he had made a resolution not to touch his income, but to live on his pay, without allowing himself the slightest indulgence. He was ambitious, but reserved, and under a calm exterior concealed violent passions and inordinate longings; but he was always master of himself, and kept aloof from the follies of his companions. Thus, though at heart a gamester, he had never touched a card, because he felt (as he said to himself) that he must not sacrifice the necessary to acquire the superfluous; and yet he passed night after night at the play-table, watching the fluctuations of the game with an anxiety as feverish as if his whole fate was involved in the result.

The anecdote of the three cards of the Comte de St Germain had strongly impressed his imagination, and he could do nothing but think of it. 'Suppose,' said he to himself, 'I could get the old countess to tell me her secret! Oh if she would only tell me the three winning cards! I must get myself presented, pay my court to her, and win her confidence: but in the meantime she is eighty-seven years old, and may die this week, even to-morrow. Besides, can there be any truth in the story? No: economy, temperance, and labour—these are my three winning cards; with them I shall double my capital, and eventually increase it tenfold. It is to them I must look for independence and happiness.'

Musing in this fashion, he strolled along till he found himself before a large house in one of the principal streets of St Petersburg. The street was filled with carriages, which passed one by one beneath a façade splendidly illuminated, and the company who entered were the élite of the city. Hermann stopped, and seeing a watchman in his box close by, asked him whose house that was. He learned that it belonged to the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

Hermann started. The story of the three cards returned vividly to his memory; he wandered round the house, thinking of its owner, of her riches, and of her mysterious power. When he went home to bed, it was long before he could get to sleep; and when sleep at last took possession of his senses, his dreams were of the gaming-table, of cards, and piles of ducats and bank-notes. He beheld himself making *paroli* after *paroli*, always winning; filling his pockets with gold, and stuffing notes into his pocket-book. When he awoke, he sighed to find that his fantastic wealth had melted away; and to amuse himself, set out to walk through the city. He was soon opposite the house of the old countess: an invincible attraction drew him thither. He stopped, and looked up at the windows. Behind one of them he perceived the head of a young woman with fine dark hair. She was reading, he thought, or else at work. Presently she raised her head, and he saw a charming countenance with large black eyes. That moment decided his fate.

III.

It was not long after the encouragement given by her smile that Lisabeta, as she followed the footmen, who were with difficulty lifting the countess into her carriage, saw the young officer close by her side, and felt him seize her hand. Before she could recover from her surprise he was

gone, leaving a note in her palm, which she hastened to conceal in her glove. During the whole of the drive she neither saw nor heard anything, answered every question at random, and was sharply rated for it by the countess. When she returned home, she flew to her chamber and took out the note. It was not sealed, and consequently it was impossible not to read it. The letter contained a thousand protestations of love. It was tender and respectful, and translated word for word from a German romance; but Lisabeta knew nothing of German, and was well enough content with it.

She was embarrassed, however, since, for the first time in her life, she had a secret. To be in correspondence with a young man! The thought made her tremble. She reproached herself for her imprudence, and knew not what to do. What course should she resolve upon? Leave off working at the window, and by dint of coldness, compel the young officer to relinquish his pursuit—or send him back his letter—or write to him in a firm and decided manner? She had neither friend nor adviser, and she determined upon answering his letter.

She took up her pen, and meditated profoundly: more than once she began a phrase, and then tore up the paper. Sometimes her style was too harsh; then it was wanting in a proper reserve. At length she succeeded in composing a few lines which satisfied her.

'I think,' she wrote, 'that your intentions are honourable, and that you would not willingly offend me by levity of conduct; but you must be aware that our acquaintance cannot begin in this manner. I send you back your letter, and I hope you will not give me cause for regretting my imprudence in noticing it.'

The next day, as soon as she saw Hermann, she left her work, went into the *salon*, opened the *vasistas*, and threw her letter into the street, in the expectation that the young officer would not fail to pick it up. She was right; he seized it with eagerness, and went into a confectioner's shop to read it. Finding nothing very discouraging in the contents, he went home tolerably well satisfied with the commencement of his love affair.

A few days afterwards, a smart young woman, with an air *éveillé*, came to the hotel, requesting to deliver a message to Mademoiselle Lisabeta from a *marchande de modes*. It was not without some uneasiness that she consented to see her, fearing it was some forgotten bill; but her surprise was great when, on opening the paper presented to her, she recognised the handwriting of Hermann.

'You have made a mistake, mademoiselle,' said Lisabeta: 'this letter is not for me!'

'I beg your pardon,' replied the *modiste* with a malicious smile; 'give yourself the trouble to read it!' Lisabeta glanced at the note. Hermann demanded an interview.

'Impossible!' cried she, frightened at the boldness of the request; and at the manner in which it had been sent to her. 'This letter is not meant for me.' And she tore it into a thousand pieces.

'If the letter is not for you, mademoiselle,' returned the *modiste*, 'why have you torn it? You should have given it back, that I might have taken it to its proper address.'

'Pray excuse me,' said Lisabeta, quite disconcerted. 'I hardly know

what I am doing. Pray bring me no more letters; and tell the person who sent you that he ought to be ashamed of resorting to such an expedient.'

But Hermann was not the man to be thus deterred. Every day Lisabeta received a fresh letter, which reached her sometimes one way, sometimes another. He no longer sent her translations from the German, but wrote under the influence of a violent passion, and spoke a language which was that of her own heart. She now received his letters willingly, and soon replied to them. Every day her answers became longer and more tender. At length she threw out of the window the following note:—

'This evening there is a ball at the French ambassador's. The countess is going, and we shall remain there till two o'clock. I will tell you how you may see me in secret. As soon as the countess is gone—that is to say, about eleven o'clock—the servants will disappear. The only one left will be the porter in the vestibule, and he is almost always asleep in his large arm-chair. As soon as the clock strikes eleven, enter the hall, and ascend the staircase as quickly as you can. If you find anybody in the antechamber, ask if the countess is at home: they will tell you that she has gone out, and in that case you must give up the attempt. But it is most probable that you will meet no one, for the countess's women are all in a distant apartment. When you reach the antechamber, turn to your left, and go straight on till you come to her bedroom. There, behind a large screen, you will see two doors: the one on the right opens into an empty closet, that on the left upon a corridor, at the end of which is a narrow staircase, which leads to my room.'

Hermann stationed himself that night at his post as early as ten o'clock. It was a terrible night. The winds were let loose, and the snow fell in heavy flakes. The lamps shed only an uncertain gleam, and the streets were quite deserted. Though he wore only a light frock, Hermann was not sensible either of the wind or the snow. At last the carriage of the countess made its appearance; and he saw two tall footmen lift the infirm spectre in their arms, and deposit her on the cushions, wrapped up in an enormous pelisse. Immediately afterwards Lisabeta leaped into the carriage, wearing a short mantle, and her head wreathed with flowers. The door was closed, and they drove off heavily over the soft snow. The lights in the windows on the first floor were soon extinguished, and silence reigned in the hotel. Hermann walked up and down; he drew near one of the lamps, and looked at his watch; it wanted twenty minutes to eleven. He planted himself against the lamp-post, and with his eyes fixed on the hands, impatiently counted the minutes which remained. Exactly as the clock struck eleven he ascended the steps, opened the street-door, and entered the vestibule, which he found lit up. Luckily the porter was not there. With a firm and rapid step he cleared the staircase in the twinkling of an eye, and reached the antechamber. There he found a footman asleep on a dirty old sofa. Hermann passed by him on tiptoe, and crossed the dining-room and drawing-room, in which were no lights; but the lamp in the antechamber was a sufficient guide. At last he arrived at the bedroom, where a golden lamp was burning before a cabinet filled with the images of saints. Gilded chairs and divans of faded colours, with large, soft cushions, were symmetrically arranged round the room, the walls of which

were hung with China silk. Two portraits were in the room, painted by Madame Lebrün. One represented a man of about forty years of age, stout and rubicund, with a bright green coat, and a star on his breast; the other was that of a handsome young woman, with an aquiline nose and blue eyes, the powdered hair drawn off the temples, and with a rose above the ear. In every corner were shepherds of Dresden china, vases of all shapes, clocks, fans, and a thousand other feminine nicknacks. Hermann did not stay long to admire them, but passed behind the screen, which concealed a small iron bedstead, and saw the two doors—that on the right, which opened into the dark closet; the other, which led to the corridor. He opened the latter, saw the little staircase which led to the chamber of the poor *demoiselle de compagnie*, gazed wistfully in that direction for a moment, then shut the door, and entered the empty closet.

The time passed slowly. Silence reigned in the house, till the pendule on the chimney-piece of the bedroom struck twelve, and all was quiet as before. Hermann remained standing, leaning against a stove in which there was no fire. He was perfectly calm. His heart beat with equal pulsations, like that of a man determined to brave all dangers, because he knows them to be inevitable. He heard one o'clock strike, then two, and shortly afterwards he could distinguish the noise of the wheels of a carriage. Then, in spite of himself, he experienced a feeling of emotion. The carriage approached quickly, and stopped. Immediately there was a loud noise of servants running up and down stairs, voices were heard, the apartments were lit up, and all at once three old *femmes de chambre* entered the bedroom, followed by a walking mummy, who threw herself into a large *fauteuil*. Hermann peeped through a chink. He saw Lisabeta pass close to where he was standing, and heard her quick step as she ran up the narrow staircase. At the bottom of his heart he felt something like remorse, but it passed away, and his heart became again as hard as stone.

The countess began to undress before a glass. Her waiting-maids removed her head-dress of roses, and separated her powdered peruke from her own thin white hair. The pins fell in a shower round her. Her dress of glittering silver lama was exchanged for a peignoir and a nightcap, and in this costume, more suitable to her age, Hermann thought she looked less frightful than before.

Like most very old people, the countess was tormented by wakefulness. After being undressed, her *fauteuil* was wheeled into a recess, and her women were dismissed. The wax-lights were extinguished, and the room was only lit by the golden lamp which burned before the holy images. The countess, shrivelled and yellow, and with hanging lips, swayed herself gently from right to left in her arm-chair. In her dull eyes might be read the absence of all thought, and seeing her rock herself thus, it might have been supposed that she did not move by any impulse of the will, but by a kind of secret mechanism.

Suddenly this deathly countenance altered its expression: the lips ceased to tremble; the eyes became animated. An unknown person stood before the countess. It was Hermann.

'Be not afraid, madame,' said he in a low voice, but carefully accentuating every word. 'For the love of God be not afraid; I intend you not the slightest harm. On the contrary, it is a favour I come to ask of you.'

The old woman gazed at him in silence, as if she did not understand him. He thought she was deaf, and putting his lips close to her ear, repeated his words. The countess still preserved silence.

'It is in your power,' continued Hermann, 'to insure the happiness of my whole life, and without its costing you anything. I know that you can tell me three cards which'—— Hermann paused. The countess without doubt knew what he wanted; perhaps she was seeking for an answer. She spoke.

'It is all a joke—upon my word a joke!'

'No, madame,' replied Hermann in a tone of anger; 'it is not so. Remember Tchaplitzki, whom you enabled to win'—— The countess seemed affected: for an instant her features expressed a strong emotion, but soon resumed their dull, impassive aspect.

'Can you not,' said Hermann, 'point out to me the three winning cards?'

The countess remained silent, and he continued.

'Why should you preserve this secret? For your grandchildren? They are rich enough without that: they don't know the value of money. Of what use would your three cards be to them? They are spendthrifts; and he who does not know how to keep his patrimony, will die of indigence had he all the knowledge of all the devils at his command. I am, on the contrary, a careful man. I know the worth of money. Your three cards will not be lost upon me. Come!'

He stopped, and tremblingly awaited her answer. The countess did not utter a word.

Hermann threw himself on his knees.

'Madame,' he cried, 'if your heart has ever known what it is to love—if you have ever heard the cry of a new-born babe—if ever a human sentiment stirred your bosom—I beseech you, by the love of a husband, of a lover, of a mother, by all that is most sacred in our existence, do not reject my prayer—reveal your secret to me! What is it? Perhaps it is connected with some terrible sin—with the loss of your eternal happiness! Have you not made some fatal compact? Think well of it: you are very old, and cannot have long to live! I am ready to take all your sins upon myself—to be responsible for them before God! Tell me your secret! Reflect that the happiness of a man is in your hands—that not only I, but my children, even my grandchildren, will bless your memory, and venerate you like a saint.'

Still the countess did not utter a syllable.

Hermann rose.

'Accursed old woman!' he exclaimed, grinding his teeth, 'I will make you speak;' and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

At the sight of the pistol the countess for the second time betrayed a strong emotion. She shook her head more vehemently than ever, stretched out her hands, as if to push the weapon aside, and then suddenly falling back, remained perfectly motionless.

'Come,' said Hermann, seizing her by the hand, 'leave off this child's play. I adjure you for the last time. Will you tell me the three cards?—yes or no?'

The countess did not answer; and Hermann now saw that she was dead!

IV.

Lisabeta Ivanovna was seated in her chamber, still in her ball-dress, plunged in deep thought. On her return home, she had hastily dismissed her maid, saying that she wanted no one to undress her, and had ascended to her apartment, fearing to find Hermann there, and hoping even not to find him. At a glance she was aware of the fact, and felt grateful for the chance which had prevented the meeting. Without thinking of changing her costume, she seated herself pensively at her table, and began to pass in review all the circumstances of a *liaison* so recently begun, and which had yet led her so far. Three weeks had scarcely passed since she first saw the young officer, and already she had written to him, and he had succeeded in obtaining her consent to a nocturnal rendezvous. All she knew of him was his name. She had received a number of letters from him, but had never once spoken to him; she did not even know the sound of his voice. Up to that evening, strangely enough, she had never heard him spoken of. At the ball, however, which she had just left, Prince Paul Tomski, fancying that the beautiful Princess Pauline Tscherbatoff—to whom he was paying his addresses—was coquetting with another young noble, resolved to be revenged upon her by affecting indifference; and with this notable object in view he had invited Lisabeta to join him in an interminable mazurka. He made a thousand forced jokes on her partiality for officers of engineers; and pretending to know more than he really did, it happened that some of his speeches were so apt, that Lisabeta fancied her secret was discovered.

'But whom,' she asked smiling, 'do you get that from?'

'From a friend of the officer whom you know—from a very original person.'

'And what is the name of this original?'

'He is called Hermann.'

She did not reply, but she felt her hands and feet become as cold as ice.

'Hermann is a perfect hero of romance,' continued Tomski. 'He has the profile of Napoleon and the soul of Mephistopheles. I think he must have at least three crimes upon his conscience. But how pale you are!'

'It is nothing—only a headache. Well, and what has M. Hermann told you? Is not that his name?'

'Hermann is very angry with his friend, the officer of engineers whom you know. He says that in his place he should act differently. I suspect he has designs upon you himself, at least he appeared to listen to the confidences of his friend with a strange sort of interest.'

'Where has he seen me?'

'At church perhaps, or when you were out driving. God knows! Perhaps in your chamber while you were asleep. He is capable of anything!' At this moment three ladies advancing, according to the custom of the mazurka, to invite him to choose between *forgetfulness* and *regret*,*

* Each of these words, in the Russian mode of dancing the mazurka, signifies a lady. The gentleman pronounces one by chance, and is obliged to execute a figure with the lady to whom belongs the chosen word.

interrupted a conversation which was beginning greatly to excite the curiosity of Lisabeta.

The lady who had been chosen by Tomski was the Princess Pauline. During the slow evolutions of the figure an explanation took place between them; and when he returned to his partner, Tomski had forgotten all about Hermann and Lisabeta. She tried vainly to renew the conversation, but the mazurka ended, and then the old countess rose to go away.

The mysterious phrases of Tomski were nothing more than ordinary badinage, but they had made a deep impression on the heart of the poor *demoiselle de compagnie*. The portrait sketched by Prince Paul had appeared to her strikingly like, and, thanks to her romantic erudition, she saw in the countenance of her adorer all that was at once full of charm and dread. While musing on what she had heard, the door suddenly opened, and Hermann entered. She started to her feet, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, 'Where have you been?'

'In the countess's bedroom!' replied Hermann hoarsely: 'I have just left it: she is dead!'

'Gracious God! what do you say?'

'And I fear,' he added, 'that I am the cause of her death!'

Lisabeta Ivanovna gazed at him all aghast, and the words of Prince Paul came back to her memory—'he has at least three crimes upon his conscience!'

Hermann seated himself near the window, and told her all.

She listened with terror and shame. Thus, then, these passionate letters, these burning words, this bold, obstinate pursuit, had, after all, not been inspired by love! It was money only that inflamed his soul! How could she, who had only a heart to offer, make him happy? Poor child! she had been the blind instrument of a robber—of the murderer of her benefactress. In the agony of her repentance she wept bitterly. Hermann gazed upon her in silence; but neither the tears of the unfortunate girl, nor her beauty, rendered more touching by her grief, could shake his iron soul. He had no remorse in thinking of the death of the countess. One sole reflection tormented him—the irreparable loss of the secret from which he had expected his fortune.

After a long silence, Lisabeta exclaimed, 'You are an assassin—a monster!'

'I did not mean to kill her,' he answered coldly: 'my pistol was not loaded.'

They remained for some time without speaking, or even looking at each other. Daylight at length broke, and Lisabeta extinguished the candle which flickered in the socket; and a pale gray light stole into the chamber. She wiped her eyes, which were drowned in tears, and turned them towards Hermann. He was still sitting beside the window, with his arms folded, and his brow knit. In this attitude he forcibly recalled the portrait of Napoleon; and the resemblance, as she remembered what Tomski had said, made her shudder.

'At last she spoke. 'How,' said she, 'shall I get you away? I thought of your going by the secret staircase, but to do so you must pass through the countess's bedroom, and I am afraid'—

'Tell me only how I shall find the staircase, and I will go alone.'

She rose, searched in a drawer for a key, which she gave to Hermann, with the necessary instructions; he took her icy hand, kissed her on the forehead, and left the apartment. He descended the narrow staircase, and entered the chamber of the countess. She was seated in her fauteuil, perfectly rigid; her features were not in the slightest degree contracted. He paused, and gazed at her for some time, as if to assure himself of the fearful reality; he then went into the empty closet, and feeling the tapestry, discovered a small door, which opened on a staircase, at the bottom of which he found another door, which the key in his hand readily opened. The next moment he was in the street.

V.

Three days after the fatal night, at nine o'clock in the morning, Hermann went to the convent of Procaschka, where the last offices were to be paid to the mortal remains of the Countess Anna Fedotovna. He felt no remorse, and yet he could not disguise from himself the fact that he was her assassin. But having faith, he was, as is usually the case, superstitious; and in the persuasion that the dead countess had the power of exercising a malign influence over his life, he had thought to appease her manes by attending her funeral.

The church was full of people, and he had some difficulty in getting a place. The body was stretched upon a rich bier under a canopy of velvet; the hands were crossed upon the bosom, and the dress was of white satin, with a head-dress of lace. Around the bier the family were assembled; the servants in black caftans, with ribbons on their shoulders bearing armorial devices, and each holding a long taper; the relations—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—all in deep mourning. No one wept—tears would have been looked upon as an affectation. The countess was so old, that her death could surprise no one, and she had long been considered as no longer belonging to this world. A celebrated preacher pronounced the funeral oration. In a few simple and touching words he described the death of the just, who had passed a long life in edifying preparations for a Christian end. 'The angel of death,' he said, 'carried her off in the midst of her cheerful and pious meditations, and in the expectation of the *bridegroom of midnight*.' When the service was over, all the relations moved forward to take their last farewell of the deceased. After them, in long procession, came all those invited to the ceremony. The servants of her household succeeded, and among them was an old housekeeper of the same age as the countess, who advanced, supported by two women. She was not strong enough to kneel, but tears fell from her eyes when she bent to kiss the hand of her mistress.

Hermann proceeded in his turn towards the bier. He knelt for a moment on the marble flags covered with branches of cypress. He then rose, and, pale as death, ascended the steps of the bier, and bowed his head; when suddenly it seemed to him as if the dead countess looked at him with a derisive expression, and winked her eye. Hermann rose with a hasty movement, and fell backwards on the pavement, from whence he was quickly raised by the bystanders. At the same moment Lisabeta Ivanovna

fainted where she stood in the body of the church. These accidents disturbed the ceremony for a few moments; the assistants whispered among each other; and one old chamberlain, a near relation of the deceased, murmured in the ear of an Englishman who stood near him, that the young officer was a left-handed son of the countess; to which the Englishman laconically replied, 'Ah.'

During the whole of the day Hermann was a prey to the greatest uneasiness. At the *restaurant*, where he was in the habit of dining alone, contrary to his custom he drank a great deal, in the hope of getting rid of thought; but the wine, on the contrary, excited his imagination, and added new activity to the ideas with which he was preoccupied. He went home early; threw himself, dressed as he was, on his bed, and fell at once into a profound sleep.

When he awoke it was night, or rather morning, and the moon shone into his room. He looked at his watch, and saw that it wanted a quarter to three. He no longer felt any inclination to sleep, so he sat on his bed, and thought of the old countess.

At that moment somebody in the street came up to the window, looked into the room, and passed on. Hermann paid no attention to this, but at the expiration of about a minute he heard the door of the antechamber open. He fancied that his military servant—drunk, according to custom—had let himself in after returning from some nocturnal excursion; but he soon detected an unknown step. Some one entered shuffling in slippers over the floor. The door opened, and a woman dressed in white came into his chamber. Hermann thought at first that it was his old nurse, and asked her what brought her there at such an hour? But the figure, rapidly crossing the chamber, was in a moment at the foot of his bed, and Hermann recognised the countess!

'I come to you against my will,' she exclaimed in a deep voice. 'I am compelled to grant your prayer. These cards—Three, Seven, and Ace—will win for you one after the other; but you are forbidden to play more than one card in four-and-twenty hours, and never to play again in the course of your life. I pardon you my death on condition that you marry my demoiselle de compagnie, Lisabeta Ivanovna.'

With these words she moved towards the door, and disappeared, shuffling in her slippers, as she had entered. Hermann heard her close the door of the antechamber, and directly afterwards saw a figure in white in the street, which stopped and gazed for a moment through the window.

He remained for some time completely stupefied; he then rose, and went into the antechamber. His servant, as he had at first imagined, was drunk, and asleep on the floor. He had some difficulty in awaking him; and when he succeeded, could not get from him the slightest explanation. The door of the antechamber was locked. Hermann immediately returned to his chamber, and wrote down all the circumstances of his vision.

VI.

From that time forward one idea alone took possession of his thoughts. The three cards were constantly present to his imagination. He was

always repeating to himself, 'Three—Seven—Ace.' In every phase of his daily avocations these three numbers were mingled. He entertained no doubt that by their instrumentality he should make his fortune, but how was he to turn to account a secret which he had bought so dearly? He thought of asking for leave of absence to travel, in the expectation that in Paris perhaps he might discover some gaming-table where he could realise his expectations. Accident relieved him from his embarrassment.

There was at that time at Moscow a company of rich gamblers, the president of which was a celebrated man named Tchekalinski, who had passed all his life in play, and amassed an enormous fortune. His magnificent house, his excellent *cuisine*, and his agreeable manners, had gained him numerous friends, and attracted general consideration towards him. He came to St Petersburg, and immediately all the nobility, old and young, flocked to his saloons. Hermann was taken there by Naroumoff.

On entering Tchekalinski's hotel, they passed through a number of rooms filled with servants, all extremely attentive and polite. The guests were innumerable. In some of the apartments old generals and privy-councillors were playing at whist; while in others, young men of fashion were stretched on sofas, eating ices, or smoking long Turkish pipes. In the principal saloon, at a long table round which some twenty players were eagerly gathered, the master of the house presided over a faro bank. He was a man of about sixty years of age, with a fine countenance, and hair as white as snow. In his open, tranquil features, good-humour and kindness might be read, and his eyes sparkled with a perpetual smile. Naroumoff presented Hermann, and immediately Tchekalinski offered him his hand, said that he was welcome, that there was no ceremony in his house, and went on dealing the cards.

The deal lasted some time; money was set on more than thirty cards. At every *coup* Tchekalinski stopped to allow the winners time to double their stakes, to pay, to listen civilly to the remarks addressed to him, and more civilly still to reclaim the stakes which some of the losers were inadvertently abstracting. At length the deal was over, and Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and prepared for a new one.

'Will you allow me to choose a card?' said Hermann, stretching out his hand over a stout man, who filled up almost the whole of one side of the table. Tchekalinski, smiling graciously, bowed in token of assent. Naroumoff laughingly complimented Hermann on having conquered his former austerity, and wished him all sorts of luck in his new career.

'There!' said Hermann, having written some figures on the back of his card.

'How much?' said the banker, half-closing his eyes. 'Excuse me, I don't see the amount.'

'Forty-seven thousand roubles,' replied Hermann.

At these words all eyes were turned on the young officer. 'He has lost his senses,' thought Naroumoff.

'Allow me to observe to you, sir,' said Tchekalinski, with the same eternal smile, 'that you play rather high. No one here ever puts down more than two hundred and seventy-five roubles on the first card.'

'Very well,' returned Hermann; 'but will you meet my stake? Yes or no?'

Tchekalinski bowed his acceptance, observing, however—'I merely wished you to know that, although I have the most perfect confidence in my friends, I can only deal to ready money. I am convinced that your word is as good as gold; but in the regularity of the game, and to facilitate calculations, I shall be obliged to you to put your money on your card.'

Hermann drew a note from his pocket-book, and handed it over to Tchekalinski, who, satisfied of its value at a glance, placed it on Hermann's card.

He then dealt. To the right hand a Ten was turned; to the left a THREE!

'I win!' said Hermann, showing his card.

A murmur of astonishment spread amongst the players. For an instant the banker's brows contracted; but his habitual smile immediately returned.

'Shall I pay you?' he asked.

'If you please,' was the reply.

Tchekalinski took some bank-notes from his portfolio, and handed them over to Hermann, who pocketed his winnings, and left the table. Naroumoff could not recover from his surprise. Hermann stayed only to drink a glass of lemonade, and then went home.

The next evening Hermann returned to Tchekalinski's, and found him dealing as before. He went up to the table; the players made room for him, and the banker smiled as he approached. He waited for the next deal, and then took a card, on which he put down not only his original forty-seven thousand roubles, but the sum which he had won the night before. Tchekalinski dealt: a Knave was turned up on the right, a SEVEN on the left. Hermann showed a Seven!

There was a general exclamation. Tchekalinski was evidently ill at ease; he counted out ninety-four thousand roubles, and gave them to Hermann, who took them with the greatest coolness, and left the room.

On the following day he returned at the accustomed hour. Every one was on the tiptoe of expectation; even the old generals and privy-councillors left their whist to witness play of such unusual magnitude. The young officers quitted their sofas, and the people of the house all flocked round. Hermann was the object of everybody's attention. At his entrance all the other players ceased, panting in their impatience to see him set to work with the banker, who, pale, but smiling still, observed him take his place at the table, and prepare singly to play with him. Each of them at the same time undid a pack of cards. Tchekalinski shuffled, and Hermann cut: he then took a card, and covered with it a heap of bank-notes. The movements on each side were like the preparations for a duel. A deep silence reigned through the hall.

Tchekalinski began to deal—his hands trembled. He turned up a Queen on the right, on the left an ACE.

'The Ace wins,' said Hermann, uncovering his card.

'Your QUEEN has lost!' observed Tchekalinski, in the softest tone possible.

Hermann started. Instead of an Ace, he saw before him THE QUEEN OF

SPADES! He could not believe his eyes, nor understand how he could have made such a mistake. With his eyes fixed on the fatal card, it seemed to him that the Queen of Spades winked at him, and smiled derisively. He recognised with horror a strange resemblance between the Queen of Spades and the Countess Anna Fedotovna.

'Accursed old woman!' he muttered between his teeth.

Tchekalinski raked up his winnings. Hermann remained for some time motionless—stupified. When at last he left the table there was a buzz of conversation: 'That was a famous stake!' said the players. Tchekalinski shuffled the cards, and the game went on.

Hermann went mad. He is now in the lunatic hospital of Oboukhoff, in cell No. 17. He never replies to any question that is addressed to him, but is heard incessantly repeating: 'Three—Seven—Ace! Three—Seven—Queen!'

Lisabeta Ivanovna married a very amiable young man, the son of the steward of the late countess. Prince Paul became the husband of the Princess Pauline.

ANTONIO MELIDORI.

A PASSAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

I.

OF all the islands and shores of the Mediterranean—the regions where gods and heroes once trod—whence sprang the lovely and poetical myths of Greek theogony—where the world's childhood grew into fresh, powerful, glowing youth—there is no spot where the spirit of ancient Greece lingers as in the island of Candia. The woody valleys of Crete, where Jove was nursed of old, are changed only in name. The mountain Psiloriti, with the olive groves at its feet, the oak woods down its sloping sides, is yet the same Ida where the Corybantes are fabled to have lulled the babe-thunderer to sleep with their songs. And even the very people seem unchanged. The mountaineers of Candia are in appearance as noble as the warriors whom Idomeneus led from the same hills to the siege of Troy. The young Sphakiotes have universally the classic Greek head, with its low broad brow, its curved lips, and exquisitely-modelled chin; such as Phidias has made immortal. They have the same free step and bearing; and their primitive mountain life, while it has caused them to retain the Greek form, has kept alive in them much of the ancient Greek spirit. The Sphakiotes are bold, determined, and generous-hearted; they despise luxury; and a certain natural chivalry shows them to be worthy descendants of the men of old who made their land the queen of nations.

It was at the time when Greece was beginning to move in her slumbers, and the Turkish yoke was already about to fall like green withes before her strong hands. The giant was awaking throughout the land; the names of Ipsilanti and Marco Bozzaris were whispered far and wide, and men began to look at one another—Turks and Greeks—with threatening and suspicious eyes. As yet, the dawning of this new spirit had not been felt in Candia. The Sphakiotes lived at peace in their mountains. The olives were gathered, the vines were pressed, and the sound of the distant war came more like a murmur heard in dreams than a waking reality. Now and then a few of the youngest and most daring of the Sphakiotes might be seen talking earnestly together, and anxiously seeking for news from the main-

land, where the strife was going on. But the flames of Tripolizza and Corinth did not reach to the peaceful shores of Candia.

Near the top of Mount Psiloriti a young girl stood laden with a basket of olives. She carried it on her head, and the attitude gave to her figure all the free and unrestrained grace of ancient sculpture. Her face, too, was purely Greek, modelled after the form which approaches nearest to our conceptions of ideal beauty. The Sphakiote girl might have stood for one of the olive-bearing priestesses in the processions of Ceres. As she waited, her eyes rested on the summit of the hill, following the motions of a young mountaineer who came leaping down. It was the old tale, as old as the time of Helen of Troy. Foolish, shy maiden, who would not move to hasten that so-longed-for meeting, but stood there with her beaming eyes, her brightened cheek, waiting for her lover!

'Antonio! Antonio!' she murmured long before he could hear her; and her stature dilated, and a look of pride mingled with her gladness, as she watched him descend the mountain-side, as active and graceful as a young deer.

The admiration of personal beauty seems to be inherent in the Greek nature. In ancient times it was a positive worship; and the most perfect in form of both youths and maidens had crowns and honours bestowed on them, even as the poets and warriors. In other lands this feeling might be degraded into materialism or sensuality, but with the imaginative Greeks it was the worship of the ideal—the image of a dim and undistinct divinity, which to their mind could only be shadowed forth and embodied in the most perfect human loveliness. They united the idea of the good and the beautiful, believing one could not exist without the other. Thus while their gods were the types of the most divine beauty, the noblest and most beautiful of their men were elevated into gods. And even now this old worship lingers in the land, which has truly been described by the poet as a body whence the spirit is departed. There are no people more beautiful, or more susceptible in their perceptions of external beauty, than the modern Greeks.

Thus while the young Sphakiote watched her lover, and noticed how magnificent was his manly beauty, her heart thrilled with pride that the noblest of the mountain youths was her own.

'Philota! dear Philota!' sounded the pleasant voice of Antonio; and he stood beside her. A classic eye, to see them, would have thought of Paris and Enone on the Trojan mountain which bore the same name as this Cretan hill—'Many-fountained Ida.'

'I have waited for thee long, Antonio,' murmured the girl.

'Forgive me, Philota. I lay dreaming on the hill-top, and forgot thee: no, not forgot; that I could never do; but my thoughts were busy. Come, let me take the olive-basket, and we will go to the place which made my thoughts wander.'

A sigh, so faint as to be almost inaudible, moved Philota's lips. He thought of many things, she of him only. It was the difference between man's love and woman's.

They ascended the mountain, and stood on its summit hand in hand. The whole island was before them, like a pictured scene; it lay at their feet sleeping in loveliness.

'How beautiful—how calm it is!' whispered Philota. 'Oh, Antonio, if we could live for ever in this still happiness, thou and I!'

A restless movement in her lover made the girl look in his face: it was clouded. 'The holy saints forbid!' he muttered between his teeth. She did not hear him; it was well she did not, for the words would have pierced her heart like a thorn. And yet he loved her better than all things on earth, except one, and that was ambition.

'Thou dost not enjoy this scene as I do, Antonio. Something has troubled thee to-day. Tell me what it is?'

Antonio turned away before those soft loving eyes: there was something in his heart which he could not lay open at once to their gaze. 'How well thou readest my face, Philota!' He laughed, or tried to laugh.

'Then there is something?' the girl pursued.

'I had not meant to tell thee; but I must. My dearest, it is not worth that anxious look of thine. It is only that I have been to-day on the mountain with Rouso and Anagnosti, and they told me that the war is coming nearer—even to our shores.'

'Antonio! and thine eyes brighten—thy frame dilates with joy, whilst I shudder,' said Philota.

'Ah, there will be no more idle staying at home!' the young man continued, as if he had not heard her. 'No more gathering honey, treading olives, keeping goats, while one's arm is strong—strong to fight. Look, Philota, far down in the bay there is a flash; they are already trying the guns with which our new governor has armed the harbour. Listen! the noble governor, Affendouli, is already forming troops in the mountains, and Rouso and Anagnosti have joined them. Rouso will be made Captain of Sphakia. Dost hear, Philota?'

She stood, no longer sustained by his entwining arms, which, in the energy of his declamation, Antonio had removed: her face was bent, her eyes fixed on the sea; there was in them a mournful meaning, but he saw it not. Without waiting for her answer, the young Sphakiot continued: 'Rouso was so proud with his new arms—the poor mean boy whom I taught to use a gun!—how he sneered at mine with its rusty lock! And he is to be captain of a band, and will become a hero, while I!—'

Philota turned slowly round, and her pale face met her lover's, which was flushed with anger and excitement. 'Dost thou wish to go too? Is this what thou hast to tell me?'

He had been all along preparing himself to reveal to her his desire, yet now, when she guessed it of her own accord, and his scarcely-formed thoughts were uttered plainly by her, he could not answer a word, but played confusedly with the silver chain of his belt.

'Antonio, I have seen thou hast not been happy of late. There is more in thy heart than I can satisfy. I am only a poor weak girl, and thou a noble man, full of great thoughts and aspirations. Hush! do not say nay. It was ever so. Love is all to me; but thou needest something greater. What is it?'

He looked at her in surprise, for her voice, though sad, was calm, and there was no anger in its tone. 'Philota, I love thee—none but thee. I swear it! This fool Rouso has taunted me: he said I chose to stay and toil in the mountains when all our Sphakiotes were going to fight against

the Turks. I would have proved him a liar—I would have joined the governor at once—but for'—

'But for Philota: is it not so? I love thee; but my love should be a garland of flowers to adorn thee, not an iron chain to fetter thee,' said the girl, using the metaphorical language of her clime. 'Antonio, thou shalt go.'

There was a deep silence between them. At last the young man broke it. 'Hast thou thought of all that must follow this, Philota? Thou wilt be left alone, and there will be no bridal feast with the olive harvest. Antonio Melidori is not so mean as to wed thee, and leave thee. Philota, thou art nobler than I: I will not go.'

Philota threw her arms about his neck. The heroism of a Greek maiden lay deep in her soul; but it was yet sleeping. She was still a girl—a timid girl. She wept tears of joy when her lover said he would not go to the wars.

'It would have killed me to part with thee, Antonio, even though I told thee to go. Ay, and I would never have prayed thee otherwise had it been against thy will. But war is so terrible a thing. Thou seest only its glory; I think of its miseries. I fancy thee pursued, wounded—slain; and then I would die too.'

'Foolish girl,' whispered the lover, while his fingers played tenderly with the shower of black hair that lay on his shoulder; 'thou forgettest all the honour that would have been thine when I came back a general. Think how our maidens envy the fortune of the wife of Ipsilanti—how glorious is the destiny of the wives of the heroes in the Morea.'

'I have heard of only one, who saw husband and son slain; and then fought in their room—the lady Bobolina. Had I been she, I would have lain down and died with them.'

Melidori's eyes were fixed on the bay. 'There it flashes again: it is a signal to gather the troops. Anagnosti said so. Why must I stay behind like a coward?'

He muttered these words indistinctly; but they fell on the girl's ear like a funeral knell. She saw the chafing of the proud and ambitious spirit—she knew that she held no longer the first place in Antonio's heart—that a stronger power than love had sprung up there, and ruled triumphant. The knowledge broke her girlish dream for ever.

Philota looked at her lover as he stood, almost unconscious of her presence; his fingers clenched tightly on the silver-mounted pistol which every Greek carries in his belt; his beautiful lips compressed, until their rosy curves became almost white. His thoughts were far away from her; and Philota saw it. One moment her hand was pressed on her heart: her lips opened, as if to give vent to the terrible cry of anguish that wrung her soul; but it came not. The struggle passed, and her resolution was taken.

'Antonio!'—she laid her hand on his arm, and he started as if it had been the touch of death instead of her soft warm fingers. 'Antonio, I have changed my mind. Thou shalt not stay at home, but go and fight for Greece with the rest, and come back covered with the glory thou desirest so much!'

The young Sphakjote's countenance became radiant with joy. 'Thou sayest this from thy heart, Philota?'

'I do.'

'And thou art happy—quite happy?'

'Yes; if it makes thee so.'

True woman's heart! Self-denying heroism of love—your strength is more than the strength of armies!

II.

A few days more, and Philota was alone. There was no hand to aid her in her daily journey up the mountain, or to relieve her of the olive-basket which she carried to the honey-gatherers. Antonio Melidori was gone to the wars. In that stirring time, when every day the sound of battle grew nearer, and every heart learned to beat with the fierce excitement of war, Philota alone was calm: no enthusiasm brightened her cheek when she saw her lover depart—the noblest of the band of young Sphakiotes which he led with him to the governor Affendouli. Even the cry of patriotism was to her an empty sound. Her imagination was never dazzled by that watchword, which is too often only another name for ambition.

It was strange that at such a crisis, and in such a land, this one Greek maiden should have thought thus. But in her childhood she had been brought up by her mother's brother, a priest in the Greek church—that church which so long held fast the peaceful doctrines and pure worship of the primitive Christians. Then it was that Philota learned to look upon war as odious; and as her clear and earnest mind matured into womanhood, all the tinsel of fame fell off from the idol, and left it in its own naked hideousness. The fair image of glory which blinded the eyes of Antonio, was to Philota nothing but a loathsome skeleton.

Month after month the girl followed her lowly occupation on Mount Psiloriti, while her lover fought under the banners of Affendouli. Tidings reached her of his bravery, and his high favour with the general. 'I am a captain now,' Antonio sent word; 'higher than Rousseau.' When she heard it, Philota smiled; but it was a faint, sad smile, for she feared the stain of a gnawing ambition was already creeping over his spirit. 'Antonio—my Antonio!' she wept in secret—'I can love thee, I can pray for thee; why is it that I alone dare not glory in thee now?'

Before the autumn waned, Melidori came home. Again Philota and he walked together along the woody slopes of Ida; but there was a change. Antonio talked now not of her or of his love, but of conflicts which he had sustained, of honours he had won—won through the midst of horrors of which the relation made the gentle girl shudder. He looked at them as merely common things, laughed gaily at her cowardice, and said how brave a soldier's wife ought to be. Alas! even that dear name brought no bright smile to Philota's lips; and as she leaned against her lover, the steel-covered breast of the soldier of fortune seemed cold and repulsive compared to the shepherd's garment of old. Philota felt it was an omen.

They came to the place whence the whole island could be seen. 'Look, Philota; there lies my band in that little dell: do not you see their flags

flying above the trees? There is one banner that I bore myself—how torn and blood-stained it is! Oh that was a glorious victory of ours!’

Philota sighed heavily.

‘What! art thou not glad? I thought thou wouldst be so proud of my fortune—even of me;’ and a shade of vexation darkened the young soldier’s cheek.

The girl looked up in his face. ‘I am proud of my Antonio; more than of the captain of Affendouli.’

‘Well, well—as thou wilt. Women are so fanciful,’ added Melidori to himself.

Antonio, darker and darker was the stain creeping over thy soul—shutting out affection, and trusting faith, and true devotion; and in their stead was already stealing selfish ambition! Fool! who would rather be loved for the poor tawdry robe of popular greatness, in which thou wouldst fain be clothed, than for thyself.

‘I see thou carest little for my honours, Philota,’ he continued. ‘Perhaps thou wouldst rather I had remained a poor drivelling peasant on the mountains? I thought all girls took pride in their lovers’ glory; but it seems not so with thee.’

‘Antonio, dost thou remember the day when there was an olive-feast?—when, one after the other, our young men arose and sang songs that the impulse of the moment produced? Thou, too, didst pour out thy heart in a chant so glorious, so beautiful—it was of the old times which are dimly remembered in our traditions—that old men wept, and young men’s eyes flashed, and a shout of applause greeted thee that echoed to the mountain-top. Did I not glory in thee then, my Antonio?’

‘It was a poor triumph: a puling song, fit for girls only,’ answered Melidori scornfully. ‘Deeds, noble deeds, alone can make the man.’

‘Well, then, dost thou remember that stormy night when the old Armenian ascended the mountain, and there was no one to follow him in the darkness and fearful tempest—no one but thee: how thou didst save him, and bring him back to the village, and wouldst not take one piastre from the rich man’s offered gold? Who was so proud of thee then as thine own Philota?’

‘But all others said I was mad; and if I had perished on the mountain, where would have been my glory? Who would have remembered the name of the poor shepherd boy?’

‘God!’ said Philota solemnly. ‘The glory of this one deed is worth all thy warlike renown.’

He looked at her, and saw how her stature dilated, and her countenance shone with a brightness almost saint-like. He understood her not, and yet was he struck mute by her earnestness. There was in that meek woman—she was no longer a girl now—who had lived all her life on the mountains, a nobleness of soul that silenced even the bold chief, whose name was regarded as a tower of strength by his soldiers, and honoured by the general himself.

‘Come, we will talk no more of this,’ dear Philota,’ said Melidori gently, almost humbly. ‘Let us descend the mountain.’

The following day Antonio departed; for the Turks had attacked

Sphakia, and the war had entered the island itself. The next tidings that reached Philota were, that her lover had been wounded, though slightly. He had been left in a cottage on the outskirts of the town, his band having fled: single-handed he cut his way through the Turks, and escaped with a trifling wound.

'The cowards!' he wrote to Philota—'that there should be cowards even in my band: that they should leave their leader to be slaughtered in cold blood! It was one man's doing: I suspect who: but I will be revenged one day. Yes, when I have conquered, and the enemy is driven from Candia, then I will be revenged.'

Philota sank, crushed to the earth with pain. Revenge, not love, was then the goal of his hopes now! Moreover, she guessed better than Antonio the insidious tongue which had whispered revolt to Melidori's troop. It was Rousso's: Rousso, who had tempted him to the war—Rousso, over whom he had risen in command—Rousso, who had wooed, and been scorned by Antonio's betrothed. The quick-sighted girl at once comprehended the whole, and she trembled for her lover.

The history of the Greek revolution in Candia records the glory of Antonio Melidori; how he became regarded as a mountain chieftain, whose deeds emulated the fame of the ancient warriors of Greece; how mothers prayed that their children might be like him; how maidens delighted to praise his beauty of person, his many acts of generosity, his unequalled bravery; how there was not a child in the island who could not lisp the name of Melidori.

And all this while, far among the mountains, to whose fastnesses many of the Sphakiotes were compelled to retreat, throbbed the poor heart to whom this burst of glory had only brought desolation—the only heart that truly loved the young chieftain whose fame was on all lips. There, alone, almost forgotten, yet never forgetting, lived Philota.

III.

It is not our purpose to chronicle the career of Antonio Melidori in its outward sense, and as the world beheld it. The world is growing wiser now, and no longer is haunted by the phantom of military glory, a monster at which its own creator shudders. Yet if there could be a cause for which men might justly fight, it was surely that of Grecian liberty. In Candia, the Sphakiotes were battling not so much for renown, as for the preservation of their lives and freedom. Men fought for their own homes, and by their very hearths; and what began in the ambition of a few, was now with all a struggle for life and death. Wise men have said that such things must be, that from the foundation of the world liberty has only been bought with blood; yet it is indeed terrible. The world has passed through its childhood of innocence, when kings were shepherds, and rulers held the plough; its youth of strife, when men fought not through meditated revenge, but in haste of blood; its middle age of stratagem, cunning, and ambitious warfare, when thousands were sacrificed to the caprice of one. Soon will come its peaceful and majestic age, when wisdom shall be the only true strength, and men shall rule not by animal force, but by

the might of all-powerful mind. May that glorious time hasten fast—fast!

Gradually—so gradually, that Antonio scarcely felt it—the ties became loosened between him and Philota. The commander, the patriot, had no room in his heart for love. Whenever a brief space of repose enabled the lovers to meet, his thoughts were all of advancement, honours, successful conflicts: there was no talk of the bridal feast that was to come after the olive harvest; and when some of the maiden's early companions jested with her, and others envied her the glorious destiny that would await Melidori's bride when the war was over, Philota only smiled mournfully, for she knew that day would never come.

At last the war grew so near, that many of the mountaineers took refuge in the town of Sphakia. There, day by day, Philota could see her betrothed sallying forth with his band. What a gulf there was between the successful chieftain and the humble peasant girl who plied her needle for bread, watching over him from a distance, with unknown and unacknowledged love! Not one of Antonio's friends would have dreamed that these two had once plighted their vows to each other in the quiet woods of Ida. Yet still he gathered honours every day, and amidst all the warfare he seemed to bear a charmed life. Who knows but that it was because the shield of woman's prayers was ever over him—the orisons of one whose love had grown so dim, so shadowy, so hopeless, that its only utterance had become a prayer—nay, even less a prayer than a mournful dirge?

At the close of a night-skirmish with the Turks, the cry was raised that the captain Melidori was missing. The band re-entered Sphakia in lamentation. Rouso was at their head, and his countenance had an expression of evil triumph. The women, who soon gathered in the streets, eyed him with dislike and indignation; for Antonio, with his manly beauty and generous spirit, was their idol.

'Melidori is slain—the noble Antonio is slain! It is an evil day for us,' they lamented aloud.

'He is not slain; he has deserted to the enemy. I saw him steal off from the field with mine own eyes,' said a voice: it was that of Rouso. 'Twice during the skirmish I watched him creep from the Turkish outposts. Melidori has deserted.'

'Melidori is here!' cried a deep sonorous voice, which caused the soldiers to give a universal shout; and Antonio appeared. He held aloft in his arms a little Turkish child.

'Soldiers! he who says I deserted deserves to be hanged on the nearest tree. I lingered behind to save this poor innocent, whose mother I saw murdered in her tent.'

'It is true, then, Sphakiotes, how well your captain loves the Turks, since you see he risks a battle to save their children,' sneered some one in the crowd. The voice seemed feigned, and in the darkness of the early morning its owner was unrecognised.

Melidori drew up his lofty stature proudly. 'Sphakiotes, it is a lie! which could come only from the wretch who murdered this babe's mother—the cowardly woman-slayer. I scorn to answer it.'

The easily-moved crowd broke out into acclamations, the women especially. When they ceased, Antonio said, 'A soldier is scarcely a fit guardian for infancy. Is there none among the wives, mothers, or kind-hearted maidens of Sphakia who will take this poor babe?'

'Spear the puling brat of an infidel!' cried the same malicious voice from the midst. 'How dares the captain ask any Sphakiote woman to nurse a viper until its fangs are grown?'

Melidori's countenance glowed with rage; the more so, as, governed by the insidious voice, all the crowd seemed to shrink away, eyeing the young seldier and his burthen with distrust.

'Many a Greek babe has fallen under the scimitar of a Turk;' 'The child of murderers should not live!' were mutterings that reached the ear of Antonio. The obstinacy and pride of his temper were roused, and, even with more than his natural generosity, they urged him to withstand the popular cry.

'Sphakiotes, I defy you all! This young Turk shall not perish. I will rear it as my own. If I fall, it shall be brought up as a Greek, and taught to avenge me, as none of these coward brethren of mine would do. Now, women of Sphakia, is there none among you who will take charge of the adopted child of Antonio Melidori?'

'I will!' answered a low voice, and a woman stepped forth from the crowd.

The young commander gave the child into her extended arms. As he looked in her face, he started.

'Philota—thou here!' he whispered hurriedly. 'I thought thou wert still in the mountains?'

'There was no other safety there.'

'Why didst thou not tell me? How 'vest thou? This peasant's dress'—

'Is most fitted for me. I live by the labour of my hands. Was it meet that a poor peasant girl should claim as her lot the comfort and order of Sphakia?'

'Foolish generous Philota! But these people must not hear thee. Take the babe. I will meet thee: it be at dusk, under the city wall.'

Oh thou faithful woman! was it comest to his?

Philota hushed the wailing babe on her bosom, and said aloud in a calm distinct voice, 'Noble Captain Melidori, I am a Sphakiote maiden: I have no husband, nor ever shall have; therefore I will devote myself to this babe, and bring it up as the adopted one of the greatest of our Greek heroes. People of Sphakia, you all are witnesses of this vow.'

The crowd of women closed round her as Philota departed with her charge. When she was gone, a deep sigh of relief burst from Melidori. Rousso came up to him, and said gaily, 'Thou art lucky, Antonio, in finding so ready a nurse for thy young adopted.' Melidori's cheek reddened. 'Some old damsel who wants a plaything, I suppose?'

'He has not seen her, thank heaven—he has not seen her!' muttered Antonio. 'Very likely,' he answered aloud. 'Well, we soldiers have our whims. I will make this young Turk fight against his own people yet. Come, Rousso, the general awaits us.'

At dusk, Melidori wrapped himself in the cloak of one of his men, and went to the place of meeting. Philota was already there.

'This is kind—like thyself, my dearest,' he said, pressing her in his arms; but the embrace and the words seemed more from duty than feeling. Philota suffered both in silence, and then she drew herself away, and stood beside him.

'What hast thou to say to me, Antonio?' she uttered, not harshly, but in a tone of calmness that went to the heart of him whose warm love had yet not quite departed.

'Why art thou so cold: am I not thy betrothed, Philota?'

'Dost thou wish me to call thee so now? I thought that dream was over, and by thy desire.'

'I never said so.'

'No; but it was in thy heart. All is changed with us: we can never be again as in those happy days on Mount P'siloriti. Thou art a great man: thou canst not wed a poor maiden like me. I do not ask it. My love only burthens thee; therefore we will speak of it no more. Antonio, I would give my life for thee: shall I not, then, gladly relinquish this hope for thy glory's sake? I know thou didst love me once. I shall see thy fame, and I shall be content.'

Melidori listened to her first in astonishment, then in shame. 'Philota,' he said hoarsely, 'I am not worthy to kiss thy feet, and yet I dare not say nay to thy words. I am more wretched than thou: forgive me.'

It might have been that a lingering hope had fluttered in the girl's heart, but as Antonio spoke, it was stilled for ever. She leaned against the wall, pale, breathless, speechless.

The young soldier went on: 'Thou dost not know what a life I lead—how full of danger and anxious thought: it would be death to thee to share it.'

The vain excuse unsealed Philota's lips. 'Not so: be not deceived, Antonio. It is not for myself that I speak. God and my own heart know what I would have been to thee; how I would have shared thy fortune; have followed thee, if it must be, through seas of blood and warfare; have strengthened thee; have suffered no woman's tear to unnerve thy arm; have striven to make myself worthy to mount step by step with thee, that in thy coming glory no man might say Antonio Melidori blushed for his wife. This is what might have been: it is too late. Let us part while thou yet lovest me a little.'

'And thou—and thou'—

'I will live at peace in my humility, knowing that love for no other maiden stole thine from me. Be content: I feel thou hast never been thus faithless.'

'No, no, no!' groaned the young soldier, burying his face in his hands. 'Thou judgest me kindly. I never loved woman save thee: I never shall.'

'Then do not grieve,' said the girl, as she bent over him in holy pity, and took his burning hands in hers. 'I forgive thee: thou hast done me no wrong. I will rear this child: it will love me; and I can call it by thy name, and teach it how noble was that act of thine which saved it from death. Believe me, I shall be very happy, my Antonio.' Loving was the

falsehood that came from those trembling lips—a falsehood more holy than truth.

‘Be it so, Philota,’ said Melidori. ‘I am too unworthy even to bless thee; but thou wilt be blest.’

‘And thou too, I pray the Virgin! And now that we are friends—only friends—but tried and true ones, I must tell thee what tidings I have heard. Rousso is thine enemy; how made such is partly known to thee, much more so to me. Rememberest thou how, when he and his band pillaged an old man’s house, thou didst compel him to restore the spoil? From that time he has vowed thy death. It was his feigned voice that goaded the people against thee this morning. And afterwards, when I was threading my way through the town, I heard two men whispering thy name, and one said, “His tomb is open.” Now, Antonio, beware. I am too lowly to be heeded. I will watch: it may be that the dove can warn the eagle from the snare.’

‘And thy own safety, thy life?’

‘Is thine, and spent for thee. It is best so. And now hearken—thy name is shouted below. We must part here.’ She gave him her hand.

‘We had not used to part thus, Philota. Let me feel that I have been thy betrothed: let me kiss thy lips once more—it is the last time.’

Philota fell upon his neck, and their lips met. It was less the kiss of love than of death; the last token between those who sever for eternity. Then she drew herself from those beloved arms, and fled.

IV.

The career of Melidori seemed a succession of triumphs. Every scheme contrived by the designing malice of Rousso failed. It was as though a good angel ever watched over Antonio. Affendouli, the Cretan governor, whose dearest friend and counsellor the young Sphakiote was, told him so. Melidori answered in a tone half-bitter, half-solemn, ‘I know it: I believe it!’ He spoke the truth.

No one but Affendouli knew how deep was the cause of suspicion which made Antonio shrink from his former companion Rousso, until a coldness very like positive enmity grew up between them. The governor himself saw through various manoeuvres which Rousso had practised to turn his own favour from Melidori, and dispossess the latter of the command: but at last there seemed to come a change, and Rousso, after a long absence, sent to Sphakia a message of peace, declaring the resolution of both himself and his brother-in-law Anagnosti to end all petty feuds, and serve under Melidori. Affendouli gladly accepted this overture, for he saw the evil that private animosities did to the one great cause. Rousso had invited Melidori to a solemn feast of unity, in which they might end all differences, and Affendouli urged him to go.

‘We must have peace among ourselves. All private feelings should be sacrificed to public good. Thou wilt go, Melidori?’ intreated the old man; and Antonio consented.

Richly mounted, and attended by a few of his own band, the Sphakiote commander set out to the place where Rousso and his handful of followers

had bivouacked. Ere the cavalcade was out of sight of Sphakia, a peasant-woman came to the young captain's abode, and asked to see him.

'There is the dust-cloud his horses leave behind,' was the answer. 'Go after him; it is only three leagues: you mountaineers are swift-footed. You will reach him by the time he has feasted with Captain Rousso.'

The woman clasped her hands above her head with a terrible cry, and fell to the ground.

All the lavishness and revelry of a soldier's banquet signalised the feast of Rousso and Anagnosti; wine flowed in streams, and riotous music and laughter went up from the tents towards the still stars overhead. Melidori gave himself up to the enjoyment of the moment in perfect faith.

'A gay life is a soldier's!' Anagnosti cried. 'Melidori, this is better than the olden olive-feasts on Mount Psiloriti.'

A shadow came over the young captain's face—Rousso noticed it.

'Perhaps Antonio regrets having left that quiet easy life on the mountains for such a one as this?' he said with a smile that bordered on a sneer. On Rousso's face it was almost impossible to distinguish between the two.

Melidori was not easily provoked. 'No, no,' answered he gaily; 'I would be the last to regret those old times—all very well in their way; but glory—patriotism.'

'Both fine-sounding words; though we who fight, fight for other things more substantial.'

'I do not understand you,' said Melidori rather coldly.

'Oh, we all know the honours that await our young commander when the war is over: plenty of spoil—riches—a bride, for Affendouli's daughter is fair, and her father generous. But, perchance, there is some trifling impediment to that. A long time ago, on the mountains, people talked of a little damsel named Philota.'

'Rousso,' said Antonio hurriedly, 'this Cyprus wine is glorious. I pledge thee.'

'With all my heart; and, as I was saying, there was to have been a wedding with the olive-feast.'

'Ha—ha—ha!' laughed Melidori. 'Thy thoughts run on fair damsels and wedding-feasts instead of warfare. Let us talk of something more soldier like.'

'Presently; when I have drunk to thy health and that of Affendouli's daughter.'

'Not with mine,' said Antonio gravely. 'I do not choose jesting.'

'Then there is some truth in the tale about the little Sphakiote girl after all? Well, well, Antonio, thou art a happy man; for I saw the other day, near here, a pretty face, that put me strongly in mind of one I knew on Psiloriti. Is it so?'

Melidori's lips quivered with passion, but he restrained himself. 'Rousso,' he whispered hoarsely, 'just as thou wilt in private—not here.'

'What! conscience-stricken? Is Philota'—

'Utter that name again with thy cowardly tongue, and'—

Rousso rose up from the table, and drew his short dagger. 'Wilt thou bet? Then so will I.' In a moment Melidori saw through the intent of

all the torturing words which had come from that wily tongue. His anger cooled at once, and he resolved to thwart the purpose of his enemy.

'None shall say that Antonio Melidori came to a friendly banquet, and there fought with his host,' he answered calmly. 'Soldiers, and you my fellow-guests, bear witness that for this reason, and this only, I will not fight. What would our enemies say of this petty brawling over cups? It is unworthy of Greeks. I will end it.'

So saying, Antonio gave the signal of departure to his suite, and prepared to mount his horse. Anagnosti followed him.

'Noble captain,' he said obsequiously, 'do not let this feast of unity end in division. Rousso is so hasty; but he repents him now. I pray you return, and let all these differences be reconciled.'

Melidori answered courteously and frankly, as was his nature. 'There is none who would rejoice in peace more than I; it was for this only that I came hither.'

'Then let us seal our peace by a brotherly embrace,' said Rousso, coming forward. His eyes flashed; Antonio thought it was with wine; and his step was unsteady. The young Sphakiote felt an unaccountable repugnance; but he thought of Affendouli, and the earnest intreaties of the good old man that all private enmity might be forgotten for the sake of Greece.

'Be it so,' answered Antonio, extending his arms. Rousso did the same. There was a moment of stillness, and the assassin's dagger was plunged into that noble and generous breast.

A cry, the terrible death-cry, burst forth; it was answered by another from without—a woman's; and Philota fell on her knees beside Antonio!

She had followed him, league after league, with a speed and strength almost superhuman; so that, as she passed desolate houses and solitary travellers, they thought it was a spirit. And now she had come too late.

In the confusion the murderer and his accomplice fled. Antonio's few soldiers carried their dying leader from the tent, and no one opposed them. There, on the roadside, beneath the peaceful stars, the young commander breathed his life away. It was not a sad ending, for his pillow was the breast of the faithful woman whose love had been the joy and brightness of his youth. Clouds had come over that brightness, but death swept them all away. From his few vague words, Philota knew that his thoughts were not of war, not of the false glory which had dazzled him, but of that old peaceful time when love was all in all. In the wanderings of his brain, the dying soldier fancied himself again on Mount Psiloriti, and murmured of Philota, of the olive-feast, and the bridal.

'We will stay here,' he whispered. 'I had a dream: it haunts me yet; but it is over. We will never leave our own mountain, Philota; never, never!' His head sunk on her shoulder; the dream of which he spoke—the troubled dream of life—*was* over, for eternity.

The governor Affendouli lamented with the sincerity of a worthy heart over his lost friend. He would have honoured the dead by magnificent obsequies, and with that intent he called together his officers and the chief men of Sphakia: but in the midst of the assembly a woman appeared, and

claimed the body of Antonio Melidori. The governor questioned her right, since he knew that Antonio had no surviving kindred.

'It cannot shame the dead,' the woman murmured; and then said aloud, 'Antonio Melidori was my plighted husband: here is the betrothal ring. Give me his body, that I may bury him in the peaceful mountains where he was born. He would not rest with your guns booming over his grave. You possessed him, soul and body, in life; he is now mine only. Give me my husband, and let me go.'

'Poor wretch!' murmured the compassionate governor, as he looked on the wild gestures and frenzied air of the Sphakiote woman. 'Oh, Greece, thy liberty is dearly bought!'

On the summit of Mount Ida, on the very spot where the whole island lies stretched below, there is a cross of white stone, with the name—'Antonio Melidori.' The soldier rests where no murmur of battle can ever reach his grave. The island is at peace; there is no warfare now. The mountaineers have their honey-gatherings, their olive harvests, their vine-feasts; and no one remembers the dark days of old. For a time, many a Sphakiote soldier came to say his prayers beside the white cross, and talk of the young patriot who had died for his country's sake; but as war-time ceased, this far shrine was forgotten; and now it is rarely visited, except by two, who live together on the mountain-side—a woman of middle age, and a youth, a neophyte in the Greek church. He calls her mother; and she is indeed a mother to him, though not his own. These two are the only pilgrims who pray by the tomb of the victorious commander whose name once rung through Candia like a trumpet sound. It has died away now, as all such glory dies, and will ever die. Love only can survive the grave.

JEWISH LIFE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

IT is admitted on all hands that the Jews are one of the most remarkable people on earth. They are as identified with the preservation and propagation of a purer morality and more rational notions on religion than were ever entertained by any heathenish people—as the ancient Greeks were with the progress of science in general, and the Romans with the development of jurisprudence. It was reserved to modern times to bring portions of the Jews prominently forward in another region. They have assumed a political and social significance which is said to exercise a considerable influence on the fate of Central Europe. In the countries which we are wont to consider as the seats of learning, they have generally ranged themselves with the progressive party; and how far they interested themselves in the recent continental struggles for popular rights is abundantly clear. The greater part of the German press is said to be in their hands.

The appearance of this population in a political character must be considered as an extraordinary phenomenon; for not only do they not appear, by their past history, to have been destined for such a part, but they were, two generations ago, avowedly so far behind what is regarded as European learning, that few of them were able to write the language of their country. It may therefore not be uninteresting to give a sketch of Jewish life as it was a score of years ago in those districts of Central Europe where the Jewish settlements are most ancient; where there are numerous Ghettos; where the Jews have been for centuries objects of a special legislation; and where, consequently, their peculiarities had ample time to develop themselves and strongly to impress their character upon all the relations of life. A reflecting reader will perhaps be able to trace the lineaments of the present conduct of that section of Jews in their outbursts of wild fervour and enthusiasm—in their extraordinary versatility of mind—in their peculiar training—and lastly, in the cruel oppression and deep degradation to which they were subject for centuries, and which will be depicted in as far as they enter into the plan of these pages. The humane will no doubt be gratified to learn that this oppression has, in consequence of the recent revolutions throughout Germany—Bavaria excepted—been succeeded by the full emancipation of this ill-treated race.

We propose that our sketch shall to some extent consist of a review of the life and social relations of an individual male Jew; and first of his entrance into the world.

Birth.—The rational anxiety for the safety of the mother being removed by the birth of a babe (whom we will suppose to be a boy), an irrational one for the life of the offspring quickly takes possession of the parental heart. The family are haunted by the dread lest the Mureth (*cursed ones*) might use, or rather abuse, the power supposed to be possessed by them over male infants during the period which elapses between their birth and admission into the Abrahamic covenant (Genesis xvii. 12), by either choking the babe, or carrying it off and substituting for it a misshapen deaf and dumb idiot, a changeling, a kind of Caliban.

It would be a mistake to fancy these 'cursed ones' as evil spirits, delighting by nature in mischief, like the tribe of hobgoblins. They are human beings to every intent and purpose—unlucky wights, high and low, young and old, married and single, Jew and Gentile, who, in an unguarded moment, have fallen under the dominion of the ruthless Lilith (Isaiah, xxxiv. 14), whose cruel behests they must implicitly execute whatever their reluctance. At the bidding of the superior, the 'cursed one' must leave her nightly couch with the view of clandestinely introducing herself into the room of the babe, which is generally that of the mother. For this purpose the evil messenger is endowed with the power of assuming the form of various animals: the favourite shape under which she generally makes her appearance being that of a black cat.

The most dangerous period for the infant, when Lilith is most intent upon its destruction, is the seventh night after its birth; for this reason the babe is watched during that night with the greatest anxiety, and by the side of the mother lies a carving-knife, ready to be used for the defence of her offspring. Wo to the cat which would during that time approach the infant! The dangerous weapon would certainly be flung at it; not with the view of killing, but rather with the design of releasing it from its thralldom; for according to the popular superstition, on the slightest injury being inflicted, Lilith loses her hold on the metamorphosed human being, and in a twinkling of an eye, like the monster in 'Beauty and the Beast,' she assumes her former shape, never more to change it for any other. An attempt is also made to keep the enemy 'at arm's length,' by fastening on the walls of the room contiguous to that of the babe various scraps of paper curiously inscribed with cabalistical signs or charms. These, we make no doubt, inspire the fiend with a most wholesome dread, as in every instance which has come to our knowledge they proved perfectly successful.

The Abrahamic Covenant.—The rite of admission into the Jewish body is considered as a most sacred act, and is supposed to be attended by the prophet Elijah as the Angel of the Covenant (Malachi, iii. 1); on which occasion the infant receives its name, which is that of a deceased relative, and is usually a Biblical one, but occasionally of Gentile origin. This name is generally only used for religious purposes, and sometimes in domestic life; but in the intercourse with the Christian world a Gentile name is often substituted and registered. Thus, for instance, if the name received at the occasion alluded to be Aaron, it is likely that it will only be used in affairs connected with religion; as when a prayer is offered up for the party in question, or when he is summoned at synagogue to the

reading-desk, &c.; while in social intercourse he will probably go by the name of 'Augustus' or 'Adolph,' &c. with which name he will also sign all letters and documents in the regular course of business.

The performance of this initiatory rite is generally celebrated with a banquet, to which all relations and friends are invited, and which concludes with a special prayer inserted in the usual grace offered up after meals for the new Jewish member.

The Redemption of the First-Born Son.—As soon as the infant has attained the age of thirty days, the father, conformably to Exodus xiii. 11, is obliged to redeem it. He invites for this purpose on the following day a descendant of Aaron, and some other guests, acquaints the former with the fact of his wife having been delivered of her first-born son, and offers him to the priest. On his, however, preferring the alternative of receiving the redemption price, the sum mentioned in Numbers iii. 47 (about 12s.) is paid to him by the father, who at the same time pronounces an appropriate benediction. It rests with the priest whether he will return the money to the parent.

The Ghetto.—The Jews on the continent were, and are still in many countries, confined to Ghettos, which are generally surrounded by walls, and furnished with gates, through which the communication with the other parts of the town is kept up. These gates are closed at a certain hour in the evening, and not opened until the next morning, so that during the night the Jewish population are kept prisoners within their own domiciles. With the exception of one or two of the principal streets, which are of a tolerable size, the Ghetto usually consists of a maze of gloomy and crooked lanes, lined on both sides by dingy high walls. No steamer carrying Irish paupers to Liverpool can be more closely packed than a house in the Ghetto. It is in such a house—perhaps in one of those vaults the walls of which are constantly oozing out a slimy moisture, as though shedding tears at the misery of the tenants, and the darkling interior of which is never cheered, not even at noontide, by the visit of a straggling ray of the sun—that the infant draws its first breath, tainted with miasm and effluvia. It is surprising, nevertheless, how far care and solicitude will go in protecting infant life. Jewish parents generally make up by this for the local disadvantages under which they labour.

Education.—Let us suppose the period to have arrived when the babe is capable of uttering words. The first sentence which the infant is taught to pronounce will be one from Scripture—as, for instance, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one;' or, 'The law which Moses commanded us is an inheritance of the assembly of Jacob;' or, 'Hear, my son, the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the doctrine of thy mother.' These are taught in Hebrew to the young charge, who repeats them word for word, and they serve, together with some short appropriate prayer, for the morning devotion, which is recited immediately after awaking from sleep, and before breakfast.

At the age of four, and sometimes before that period, Jewish children are taught their letters. The most gentle means are employed for this purpose; and one of the common devices for stimulating them to pro-

ficiency, is to let fall from above their heads on the primer a sugar-plum as often as they succeed in making out a letter, telling them at the same time that it was a present from an angel expressive of his approbation of their progress. Foremost in these laudable efforts are the women, who consider the looking after the little ones, equipping them for, and attending them to school, as one of their chief duties. The rabbis do not fail to inculcate this duty in allegorical, but most forcible language, by declaring that 'the world only subsists through the breath of the mouths of the little ones in the house of their teacher,' and that women become deserving of the world to come by taking their children to the house of study: and indeed the instructions laid down for the guidance of teachers do not yield in excellence to any given in modern well-regulated schools. However, it is not the language and literature of their country (the reader must remember that we speak of a bygone age) that are studied: no; it is Hebrew, and exclusively Hebrew, that is taught. At first it is the Bible in the original language, with some Hebrew commentary, and subsequently the Talmud, with its subtle interpretations, which are the only branches of knowledge supposed to be worthy of the attention of the student. The language of the country it is supposed, if at all necessary, the pupil will pick up in after-life anyhow and anywhere. In the opinion of the strict Jew; the study of the law is the most meritorious occupation to which he could devote his life, and cannot fail to procure him a portion in the world to come. In his opinion everything that is worthy to be known is contained in the Talmud, and therefore the attention bestowed upon any other branch of knowledge, save that just mentioned, is a pure loss of time. To the study of the Talmud, therefore, that class of people devote the whole day and a large portion of the night; for the study of the Talmud they establish academies, to which thousands of young men resort, and where, under the guidance of a celebrated rabbi, they spend, in the exposition of the Talmud, the best years of their life.

The influence which this study exercises over the body and mind of the Jews is immense. The application to the study of so abstruse a work as the Talmud, at a period when the body is not half developed, has a most pernicious effect upon the general health of the pupil: his digestion suffers, his complexion turns sallow, and obstinate cutaneous diseases are, not seldom the consequences. The large size (folio) in which that work, and especially its commentaries, are generally printed, compels the little scholar to stoop greatly when at study; hence the crooked and distorted figures of many Talmudic students. Further: the Talmud is read with an intonation of voice quite peculiar to itself: in fact, it may be said it is rather sung than read; so that a person acquainted with the intonation, without understanding the subject, could know whether the part just recited was a question, a reply, a narrative, a syllogism, &c. This custom impresses upon the voice of the habitual student of the Talmud the character of singing, even when speaking on indifferent subjects. But on the other hand the same habit may develop at an early period in the Jewish youth the musical talent, if he possesses any, and thus account in some measure for the unusual fondness of Jews for vocal and instrumental music, and for the comparatively large number of composers which have sprung from among them.

The recitation of the Talmud is accompanied with very lively gestures. The body is in perpetual motion; the hands now quietly approach; anon are removed from each other with great rapidity; now clapped together with great vehemence; and then again slowly, with the right thumb uppermost, raised to the level of the head, in accordance with the character of the passage expounded. This habit impresses upon the Jew brought up in that school a peculiar restlessness even in common conversation. He cannot stand still for a moment. It is not only his lips; it is his hands, his eyes, his physiognomy, nay, his whole body, that speaks. These adverse influences are still more strengthened by Talmudical statements; for they consider an upright carriage as a sign of haughtiness; and declare, that since the destruction of Jerusalem it does not become a Jew to walk upright.

Still greater is the influence exercised on their minds by the general and habitual study of the Talmud. The ingenuity which its exposition requires; the spirit of subtlety and hairsplitting with which it treats its subjects; the abrupt and enigmatic style in which it is written; and lastly, the miscellaneous and rhapsodical character which it presents, greatly sharpen the intellect of the student; enable him, as it were, intuitively to seize on the right point at a glance; give him an uncommon zest for argument and debate, and a keen relish for all sorts of witticisms and *bon mots*, and an extraordinary versatility of mind. But, on the other hand, the same reasons render him averse to discipline and regular training, and he becomes impatient of detail: he will not plod on; he will run: if he wishes to reach the top of the ladder, he will rather try to succeed by a powerful leap than by the slow yet sure operation of ascending step by step. Jews so constituted, betaking themselves to the fields of science or literature, will be more apt to succeed in metaphysics, pure mathematics, or poetry, than in any other department; in trade, they will often prosper in those kinds of business which require a quick perception, a bold spirit of speculation, ready-reckoning, and great power of combination. The wealth which Jews have amassed is thus partly accounted for.

However, although it is chiefly the intellect of the child that is cultivated, it were erroneous to suppose that his morals are neglected. It is not by mere word of mouth, but by practice, that morality is inculcated. No scholar of those Jewish seminaries could give a methodically-arranged account of his duties, for he has never been taught thus; but his whole day may be considered as passing in the performance of what he is taught to regard as meritorious acts. In his earliest infancy it is the Scriptural precept—'the beginning of wisdom is fear of God'—which is enjoined on him. Reverence for his parents and teachers are represented as most sacred duties; and thus the behests of the parent are generally received with submission, and implicitly obeyed. A Jewish youth will scarcely ever sit down in the presence of his father, and even in his absence he will not occupy the chair upon which his parent is in the habit of resting. Prudence, economy, abstemiousness, control of temper, modesty, and chastity, are virtues which the child acquires merely from seeing them habitually exercised by those around him. Nor is cleanliness, so far at least as ablutions are concerned, neglected. To the performance of these, Jews of the class we are endeavouring to describe are induced perhaps less by their intrinsic value than by

certain peculiar views. They believe that every night the soul leaves the body, in order to give an account in heaven of the manner in which the day was spent; and that during its absence an evil spirit takes possession of the body; therefore their very first act in the morning, on awaking, is to return thanks in a short formal prayer to the Almighty for having restored the soul. They, however, take care in that prayer not to pronounce the sacred name of God, as this would be unbecoming whilst in a state of uncleanness; for they are of opinion that as long as they have not performed the morning ablution, they are still under the influence of the evil spirit. Similar ablutions of the hands are also prescribed before prayers and before every meal.

Let us now suppose our infant grown up to boyhood, duly initiated into the intricacies of the Talmud, merrily gesticulating and singing over its contents, and let us throw a glance into his domestic life. Childhood is proverbial for its happiness; but, alas! Jewish children have no childhood. They may be children in body, but not in mind. The stern earnest of life around them, the habitual sight of misery, and of the hard struggles of those nearest to them in order to obtain a scanty living, make them men and women the moment they have ceased to be infants. It is not merry nursery rhymes and frolicsome songs which are the first strains delighting the ears of the infant, and giving it a cheerful turn of mind; it is the recital of some bygone wo, or pending bilbul (*false accusation*) which sadly strikes the ears of the child, and overcasts its mind with a gloomy shadow for life. For our own part, we have a perfect recollection, when a mere stripling, how we used to hang on the lips of an old Jew, who could not have been less than eighty-five years of age, imbibing with the eagerness of childhood the accounts of the days of yore. We remember being horror-struck at the recital of the misery of an old Jewess, who, maintaining herself by baking bread for the workpeople who were engaged in building a church, was accused of having endeavoured to cast a customer into the heated oven; how, upon this trumped-up charge, the accused—a sickly creature of seventy years—in order to expiate the pretended crime, dragging along her heavy chains, was compelled to perform the hard labour of a carrier of stones for the completion of the place of worship; how a young Jew, who had accidentally hit a stone-crucifix, escaped a cruel death only by embracing the religion of the country. We used to cry with rage when he related to us how the squire forced the Jews on his estate to buy of him for hard cash foul fish, and all kind of offal, for which he had no use; and how the tax-gatherer made it a rule to intrude upon them on Friday nights, and when not instantly satisfied, how he carried away the Sabbath-lamp (the lighting of which on Sabbath eve is considered as a duty), or the food prepared for the Sabbath, knowing, as he did, that they would rather starve than desecrate the day of rest by preparing a meal. However, to return from this digression, let us see how our young Jew spends his day.

Daily Prayers—Phylacteries—Fringes—Meals.—Having performed his morning ablution, he begins to dress. Among his wearing apparel only one article deserves especial mention. It consists of two pieces of cotton, or any other material of square form, fastened to two bands of

the same material, which pass over the shoulders like braces, so that one of these square pieces falls over the chest, and the other over the back. Each of the four corners of this article, called *Arba Kanfolh* (*four corners*) contains a hole through which woollen fringes are passed, and which are worn in commemoration of the fringes ordered in Numbers, xv. 38. He next recites certain prayers, preparatory to attending the morning service at synagogue; and without tasting any food (the satisfaction of the cravings of nature previous to the discharge of the duty of prayer he would consider as a kind of sacrilege), he hurries off to synagogue. The signal for going there is generally given by three several blows of a hammer, struck on the house-door of each family by an individual paid for that purpose. The service commences rather early in the morning, as the believer is taught that a particular portion of the prayer is most acceptable to the Almighty when recited not later than a certain hour in the day. Thither the faithful is seen hastening with a large bag in his hand and a smaller one in his pocket. The larger contains a quadrangular woollen or silk scarf, furnished on the four corners with fringes identical with those just described, and in which he wraps himself, sometimes oddly enough, whilst at prayers. The smaller bag contains the phylacteries (Exodus xiii. 16; Deut. vi. 8—xi. 18). These consist of two square blackened leathern cases sheltering certain parchment rolls, on which particular portions of the Pentateuch are written. These cases are fixed to long and slender leathern thongs blackened on one side; the latter serve to fasten one of the cases on the forehead, surrounding the head like a bandelet, and the other on the left arm next to the skin, opposite the heart.

After the performance of another ablution within the precincts of the synagogue, the faithful attires himself with his talith (*scarf*) and tephilin (*phylacteries*), devoutly pronouncing certain benedictions expressive of the command of God to perform these rites; and now, having, on entering the synagogue, reverentially bowed before the ark containing the scrolls of the law, and recited certain appropriate Scriptural verses, he commences his prayers, which are all in Hebrew. These he offers up with a fervour which cannot be imagined by those who have not witnessed it. He is convinced that by using the proper devotion in the recital of certain portions, he will obtain a part in the world to come, and bring down blessings upon himself and others. His enthusiasm reaches the highest pitch when reciting 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one!' In his imagination he is ready to sacrifice everything for the unity of God; and whilst dwelling upon the word 'one,' he is taught to review in his mind the sufferings and glory of those co-religionists who incurred martyrdom for the unity of God. He bends his body backwards and forwards, he screams, he shouts, and all that without the least sense of impropriety. This noise very strangely contrasts with the stillness which prevails a little while after at the recital of the prayers called *Shemoneh Esrah* (*Eighteen*; so called because it originally consisted of eighteen benedictions). It must be offered up in a standing posture: every one of the faithful turning his face towards the side containing the ark—namely, the east (in which direction, as is known, Jerusalem lies); and with his feet closely drawn together, without stirring from the spot, as if rivetted to the ground,

he reads the prayer in solemn silence and with great devotion. The ideas of sacredness attached to this prayer will become apparent to the reader when he is told that, according to the teaching of the rabbis, the faithful should not interrupt himself whilst reciting this portion of the service, not even if a snake were to wind round his heels.

After service breakfast is taken; but previous to sitting down to this meal another ablution of the hands is performed, the 23d Psalm and a short benediction are said, and on breaking the first morsel of bread the following blessing is offered up by each individual—'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who bringeth forth bread from the ground.' After breakfast grace is said, which forms a very long prayer. In short, there is not any kind of enjoyment, however trivial, the partaking of which is not preceded by a prayer; nay, before drinking a drop of water, the strict Jew will say, 'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, through whose word everything was formed.' The most religious are anxious to offer up a hundred benedictions every day, and this they found upon a certain fanciful interpretation put upon Deuteronomy x. 12. No religious rite, however, is performed with the head uncovered.

The young student is now sent off to school. There, with the exception of the dinner hour, when the observances as described at breakfast are repeated, he usually remains until the evening service, which is followed by the night service. The labours of the day being now completed, supper, preceded and followed by the usual prayers, is taken, and the day is finally closed by devoutly kissing the Mesusah (which will be explained hereafter), and by reciting another long prayer. On retiring to rest, the strict mother rarely forgets to caution her son against loosening the strings of the night-cap which she ties round his head, as she considers the sleeping without such covering as irreligious; she further looks whether the tape is still fastened, which she likewise, from religious motives, has tied next to his shirt round his waist.

The Sabbath.—The current of gloomy existence is regularly broken by the advent of the Sabbath. The peculiar blessing bestowed by the day of rest is most deeply felt and appreciated by the oppressed, harassed, and careworn Jew; for the Sabbath not only brings repose to his body, but also solace to his mind; it not only erases temporarily the recollection of the melancholy past from his memory, but also instils into his bleeding soul hope for the future, and passes for a type and foretaste of that happiness which awaits the righteous in a better life. In his opinion the beneficial influence of the Sabbath extends also over the condemned in the infernal regions, who are released from their torments while the Sabbath lasts. He also thinks he receives every Sabbath an additional or a second soul, which leaves him again at the conclusion of the day. In the course of Friday, therefore, those Jews whom business has called away from their homes during the week are seen to return. The interior of the houses at the same time presents a very animated aspect: the female part of the families being engaged in scrubbing, scouring, and cleaning the rooms for the reception of the Sabbath, and in preparing the meals for that day, as no kind of labour must be performed on the day of rest. The afternoon is spent by both sexes in various operations, the object of which is personal cleanliness; the men also rid themselves of their beards. This

is not so easy or simple a process as might be imagined; for in consequence of the traditional interpretation put upon Leviticus xix. 27, the use of the razor is prohibited. The beard, therefore, must be removed by some other means; and this is effected by various processes, all slow, and more or less painful. The most usual method consists in the application to the face of a kind of ointment, the ingredients of which are the mineral poison which, if I am not mistaken, is in English usually called orpiment, or the yellow sulphuret of arsenic and of lime. This ointment, which emits a most offensive smell, not only effectively removes the beard, but often destroys the skin, if suffered to remain too long on the face, or if not washed carefully off.

An hour or so before the advent of the Sabbath, all labour ceases. The merchant leaves the counting-house, the mechanic lays aside his tools, and the shopkeeper closes his shop. Nothing will justify the violation of the day of rest except imminent danger to human life. At last some blows at the door proclaim that the Sabbath is approaching, and that it is time to go to synagogue, and off starts the whole male population. The service over, the young are seen reverentially to approach their fathers, uncles, and minister, humbly craving their blessing. These lay their hands upon the heads of each of the bending petitioners, devoutly pronouncing the words—'May God make thee as Ephraim and as Manasseh!' (Gen. xlviii. 20).

Free from anxiety and grief—which, according to the teaching of the rabbis, must be dismissed with the advent of the Sabbath—they return home with countenances expressive of joy and contentment. Here they find all changed for the better. Everything is in its proper place, clean and bright—the floor scoured, the table covered with a snow-white cloth, laid for the evening meal. From the ceiling, above the table, are suspended one or two lamps, the lighting of which is considered as one of the principal duties of a religious housewife. The husband now cheerfully shakes his smiling wife by the hand, who, together with the daughters, are generally dressed in white. The latter reverentially approach their father, even as the sons the mother, craving their blessing, which is given to the daughters with the words—'May God make thee like Sarah and Rebecca, Rachel and Leah!' The whole family then join in singing a hymn, saluting 'the angels of peace,' who are supposed to hold now their entrance into the house, for the purpose of staying there over Sabbath. And as if desirous to call the attention of a husband to the worth of a good wife, and thereby to increase his esteem for the partner of his life, he is enjoined to read the 31st chapter of Proverbs, descriptive of the qualities of such a woman. The sanctification of the Sabbath then takes place, which consists in the solemn recitation of a benediction, and of certain Scriptural passages, over two wheaten loaves, previous to breaking them. The two loaves are considered as typical of the double portion of manna vouchsafed on Fridays to the Israelites while in the wilderness. The family now sit down to the evening meal.

This being over, and the form of grace prescribed for the Sabbath properly chanted, the family join in singing hymns in praise of the Sabbath. The melodies are simple and becoming, and make a cheerful impression. Some of the hymns are beautiful, and deserve to be more generally known

than they are. The rest of the evening, if there be still time, is spent in a friendly visit to a neighbour, or in conversation of the members of the household among themselves. Various are the subjects started: the principal topics of discussion, however, are the merits of the Baal Darshan (*itinerant preacher*), and of the band of singers who have arrived in the afternoon, and have received permission from the Parness (*chief-warden*) to edify the congregation in the service of the morrow. The preacher is generally a Polish rabbi, with a long beard, immensely long curls hanging down his temples (Lev. xix. 27), clothed with a long flowing robe, and a high fur cap, who has acquired by rote four or five clever Talmudical dissertations, with one of which he is going to dazzle his audience. The would-be sermon is neither a moral nor scientific discourse, nor does it treat of doctrinal points. It is a tissue of subtle ingenuities, such as are to be found in abstruse metaphysical treatises. The preacher generally sets out with some Talmudical passage, endeavours to show inconsistencies in it, or that it contradicts some other Talmudical statement, or that another later rabbinical authority apparently took a different view of the subject. And when he has led his audience into the most inextricable part of the maze, and made them despair of ever getting out of the labyrinth, all at once a new text is introduced, or an unexpected turn given to those already introduced; and behold! as though it were by a magic spell, all intricacies are smoothed, and the magician walks forth on level ground over all those artificial fences which a while ago hedged him in on all sides. There is a story of a discourse by such an itinerant preacher, the object of which was to prove that Job himself agreed in opinion with a certain Talmudic authority which maintained that Job, as a person, had never existed. The conclusion of the discourse is usually an exhortation tending to enforce the stricter observance of some ceremonial rite or rabbinical institution. The band of singers generally hold a permanent engagement in some large congregation, but receive leave every year to travel for some weeks. Their song is of a peculiar kind, and often exhibits a great deal of native, but of course uncultivated talent; but frequently it partakes more of the nature of vociferation than of a musical performance, and is a perfect torture to a cultivated ear. It is peculiar to these singers to hold whilst singing their right hand to the right cheek, and to lay the thumb on the throat. We could never ascertain if this was merely the result of habit, or intended to assist the emission of sounds.

In the morning another service is performed; this being concluded, the blessing, as in the preceding evening, imparted to the young folks, and the hearty wishes of a 'happy Sabbath' exchanged, every one hurries home to breakfast, to which, as they scarcely eat anything before prayer, and as the service never lasts less than two hours, they always bring a good appetite. The benediction of sanctification being said, and breakfast taken, the short interval between that meal and dinner is filled up in various ways, and occasionally in examining the boys in what they have learned during the week—fortunate the lad who passes unscathed through this furnace! His will be the prediction on the part of the examining preacher of future eminence as rabbi, and the more substantial reward of an apple or pear. Sometimes, however, should the chief rabbi of the district happen to institute the examination,

and be satisfied with the proficiency of the student, he will grant the scholar a diploma, by means of which he becomes a fellow (*Khaber*), and must henceforth in every religious act have the epithet of *Master (Rab)* prefixed to his name. Dinner, grace, and the singing of hymns ended, every one is left to himself until the afternoon prayer. The elderly and the seriously disposed generally employ the interval in attending the exposition of some religious or moral work, usually the 'Ethics of the Fathers;' a production the moral precepts of which can stand the test of the severest criticism, and deserves to be more generally known than it is. The young people, however, sometimes contrive, if they can obtain the permission of the local authority, to have a dance, or go out into the fields for a ramble. At last the time of the afternoon service arrives, which is followed by the evening meal, to be taken before the close of the Sabbath, it being held that every Israelite should take three meals on Sabbath. The day of rest is concluded with the night service, the first portion of which is generally said in perfect darkness, the Sabbath not being over until three stars be plainly seen, and it being unlawful for an Israelite to light a candle while it is Sabbath. The Sabbath is finally concluded by the chanting of certain hymns. And now the routine of every-day life begins with all its monotony and accompanying toil; the souls of the wicked are driven back to the place of torture; the additional soul leaves the body of the unfortunate Jew; the protecting angels of peace depart from his dwelling, and with them his happy and cheerful countenance and his goodly garments; the white tablecloth disappears from the table; the bright lamp from above it; and the dingy walls again frown upon the gloomy careworn tenants, as if the Sabbath had never existed.

Here we may be permitted to state some particulars with respect to the Sabbath, for which we could not find before an appropriate place. However homely the Jew may fare during the week, he will contrive to have something superior for the Sabbath. To this he is encouraged by the greatest rabbinical authorities, who recommend good cheer on that day as a religious duty; and the absence of fish or meat on Friday night would be considered by them as a serious deprivation. The strict rest enjoined for the Sabbath prevents the Jew not only from performing any servile work, but even from touching the instruments used in the performance of such labour. But as in the northern ungenial climate it would be impossible comfortably to spend the Sabbath without such labour, this is generally performed by some woman of the Christian religion engaged for that purpose. In each Ghetto, for this reason, there are established a few persons of that description, who make a comfortable living through these services. From long and frequent intercourse with Jews these women are acquainted with all the rites of their employers, know all their peculiar terms, and are almost considered as members of Jewish families. They enter without ceremony the room of their employers on festivals and Friday nights, trim the lamps, snuff or put out the candles, and attend the fire. Such women have been known sometimes to be more observant of Jewish ceremonies than Jewesses themselves, and to have taught Jewish children their morning or evening prayers. Sometimes, however, this friendly relation between Jew and Gentile is disturbed for a time by a mandate of some intolerant prelate. Such a measure, however, is always greatly

regretted by these persons, and brings much distress upon the Jews, who, from religious motives, undergo severe hardships until the intercourse is re-established.

The necessity of preparing the Sabbath meal on Friday, and the desire so natural in cold climates of having a hot dinner, has given rise to a dish quite peculiar to the Jews, and which goes by the name of 'shalit.' It consists of meat, peas, beans, or rice, put into a pot, and placed on Friday afternoon into an oven heated for that purpose, and left there until Saturday noon, when, on being withdrawn, it is found still quite hot. This is a favourite mess, but in general very indigestible.

Days of Mourning.—The monotony of every-day life is further relieved by various seasons of rejoicing and mourning. The progress of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem are commemorated by public fasts. The principal among these is that of 'Tishah Beab' (the 9th of the month of Ab—some time in the month of July), which is the anniversary of the burning of the Temple both under Nebuchadnezzar and Titus.

Twenty-one, or at least nine days previous to that *dies nefastus*, all public rejoicings are prohibited: no wedding takes place, no meat is eaten, bathing is avoided, and the beard suffered to grow. On the 8th of Ab, in the afternoon, the whole family sit on the ground, as though they had been bereft of a near relative, and the meal of mourning (consisting of eggs or lentils) is partaken of. In the evening the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, which at that period presents a most sombre appearance. The place of worship is but faintly lighted by bits of candles. The congregation, with felt-shoes on their feet, and in the attire of deep mourning, sit on the ground, or at least not on their usual seats, and listen to the lugubrious strain in which the 'Lamentations' are recited, or chant alternately heart-stirring elegies commemorative of the national calamities of Israel. Late in the evening the congregation separates. Some persons, however, spend the whole night in prayer; others sleep on the bare ground; and all, besides fasting, abstain more or less from the usual comforts of life. The morning reassembles the faithful in the synagogue, when the same rites as in the evening are repeated. The time after the service is spent in listening to the exposition of accounts on the sufferings of Israel, and in visiting the burial-grounds. The day is concluded with another solemn service.

Seasons of Rejoicing.—The principal seasons of rejoicing are—the first day of every month; the Feast of Lights; and that of Purim. To the first two our space will not permit us to advert, but of the latter a few details may be subjoined.

It is kept on the 14th day of Adar (some time in February). On the eve of the 13th, as well as on the morning of the 14th, the whole congregation meet in the synagogue, in order to hear the solemn chanting of the book of Esther. Purim is the festival when good cheer is especially enjoined. At the evening meal the grave, and generally very abstemious rabbi indulges in an additional glass of wine. This license he takes at the express recommendation of the Talmud, which relates strange tales of pious men, who, in consequence of over-indulgence in the treacherous liquor, made odd blunders in their intended encomiums on Mordecai. Among the young folks frolic and fun reign paramount. They disguise themselves in a grotesque manner, and thus pay visits to their friends,

reciting gay verses, and occasionally performing parts of the book of Esther, dramatised for the purpose; while at the same time, faithful to the customs of their ancestors, presents are interchanged by friends and acquaintances (Esther, ix. 22). This opportunity is also taken by many charitable persons to assist the necessitous, by affording them relief in a most delicate manner, under the appearance of a Purim present. Nor are the schoolmasters, and other scantily-salaried congregational officers, forgotten on this festive occasion.

Passover.—Another break in the current of the year is the celebration of the festivals commanded in the Pentateuch. Foremost among these ranks the Passover, which begins on the 14th of Nissan (some time in March), and lasts eight days. Immediately after Purim, preparations for this festival are made. The wheat for the Passover cakes (upon which no rain, or any kind of moisture, must have fallen after being cut) is sent to the mill, in order to be ground. This operation, as well as that of baking the flour into cakes, must be carried on under the superintendence of some one skilled in the Law, and who is acquainted with all the contingencies through which the preparation would, according to tradition, be brought under the denomination of leaven, and thus be rendered unfit for use on Passover.

Whilst this is passing out of the house, great activity is displayed within. The walls are whitewashed, the floor is scrubbed and scoured, the surface of every fixture is scraped, or covered over with new paper or wooden slabs, kept exclusively for Passover uses, and metal vessels are made red-hot; and all this for the purpose of removing any portion of leaven that might attach to them. This is the period of the year when the Scriptural behest, 'And he shall rule over thee,' so far as Jewish families are concerned, is actually reversed, for the lord of the creation is ruthlessly chased by the female portion of the house from room to room and corner to corner. Every piece of furniture, bedding, hangings, desks, books, and shelves, must pass under the review of their inquisitorial eye, and ultimately through the ordeal of scalding water, or any material likely to dislodge the enemy they are looking after.

The night preceding the eve of this festival is a very busy time with the whole household, for on it all the utensils and vessels employed during the year are removed to some remote chamber, as being unfit for use on Passover, and replaced by those destined for the festival, and which for that purpose have been kept locked up in a separate room during the rest of the year. At length a short evening service having ushered in the solemn season, the younger branches having duly implored the blessings of the superiors, and the worshippers having wished each other happy holidays, the faithful hasten to their respective homes, the interior of which now presents a sight which claims particular notice.

Owing to the processes mentioned, the dwelling-room is quite metamorphosed. This change becomes still more conspicuous from the peculiar appearance which the table, with its appurtenances, presents; for besides the paraphernalia usual on Sabbath, and which have been described elsewhere, on the table are set a large covered dish, several small vessels, a large cup, and as many wine-glasses as there are individuals in the room. The table is surrounded by chairs, except on one side, which is occupied

by a couch, or chairs arranged in the manner of a couch, destined to serve for seats to the master and mistress of the house, and comfortably covered with pillows, especially on the left side, against which the occupants are supposed to lean. The Jews, who on that evening are taught to look upon themselves at least as freemen, if not as princes, indulge in this luxury, no doubt in imitation of the ancients, who, as is known, feasted in a similar manner. The master on this occasion puts on a snow-white, flowing robe and cap. These articles of apparel are always the gift of the wife, and are only worn on solemn occasions—such as Passover-eve, or the Day of Atonement; and lastly, robed in the same apparel, he will also be one day carried to the grave.

The wine-glasses are now filled, the whole company sit down, the master of the house pronounces various benedictions, and at last, uncovering the large dish, breaks one of the cakes it contains, laying a portion of it aside, of which more will be said by and by. He next removes from off the dish the bone of the lamb and the roasted egg, which were placed there in commemoration of the paschal lamb, and of another offering, usually brought with it, and laying hold of the dish, pronounces an appropriate prayer. The wine-glasses are now replenished, not forgetting the large cup in the middle of the table, placed there in honour of an invisible guest—the prophet Elijah. The act of drinking of the wine, and consequently of refilling the glasses, is, according to a rabbinical institution, repeated four times. This rite is scrupulously observed, even by the poor, and in those countries where wine is expensive.

The first portion of the service being over, and the usual benedictions pronounced, the master of the house, previous to the evening meal, distributes among those present the contents of the small vessels mentioned above. They consist of bitter herbs, and of a clay-coloured compound made of almonds, apples, and cinnamon. The former are eaten in obedience to the law commanding—‘They shall eat unleavened cakes upon bitter herbs.’ The latter is supposed to be intended to remind the faithful, by its colour and consistence, of the bricks and mortar which their ancestors were compelled to make in Egypt.

Supper now takes place, and the service is about to be recommenced, when, previous to saying grace, the father of the family makes an awful discovery, which, for the moment, puts a stop to all further proceedings: he misses the portion of the cake which he has broken at the beginning of the service, and carefully hidden under the pillow by his side. This is not a loss easily to be borne; for this portion of the cake is to be divided among those present, after the eating of which it is unlawful to partake of anything that evening. This portion, moreover, is, in popular superstition, endowed with divers singular powers—such as keeping off and even healing the ague, calming the agitated sea, &c.—for which purpose fragments of it are preserved by many from Passover to Passover. Whilst the father still fumbles about under the pillow, and the family are kept in a state of suspense, a little urchin at the table is observed furtively to smile, and to cast about portentous glances, as much as to say—‘I know where it is, but you shall not have it without a fair compensation for the trouble I had in abstracting it from its hidingplace.’ Immediately negotiations are set on foot with the young thief, who at last, on the promise of a new coat,

cap, &c. surrenders the abstracted treasure. The ceremony now proceeds undisturbed to its conclusion.

This night is considered by the Jews as very auspicious, and no fear of accident or mishap is entertained by them; for Scripture calls it 'a night of watching with the Lord' (Exodus, xii. 42). But, alas! how often has this confidence been woefully disappointed; for there is no festival on which hilarity has so frequently been changed into sadness.

Owing to the idea of sacredness attached to the Passover rites, and in order not to be compelled to eat leavened food, every Jew, when travelling, will endeavour to reach before Passover some place where co-religionists reside; for this reason also Jewish soldiers and prisoners are, if they wish for it, provided with food during that festival at the expense of the several congregations; for this reason also both private and public charity are never exerted with greater liberality than on this occasion; and there are few families but have on Passover-eve two, and sometimes as many as ten guests. Moreover, without instituting any particular inquiries, the wardens of the congregations will give to any Jew choosing to ask, a number of cakes proportionate to the number of individuals in whose behalf the request is made. Indeed, without the vigorous exercise of this charitable feeling, it were impossible for the numerous poor to keep the festival, the expense attending its celebration for eight days being very great. The following morning is celebrated by a solemn service in the synagogue, and in the evening the domestic service of the previous night is repeated. The seventh day—the anniversary of the passage through the Red Sea—is celebrated in the synagogue by the solemn chanting of the sublime song recorded in Exodus, xv. This day, however, is not the last of the festival, as might be inferred from the Scriptural command; for an eighth day is added. The addition of another day is observed with respect to every festival, except that of the Day of Atonement.

The Sefirah.—The seven weeks clapsing between the second day of Passover and the Feast of Weeks (Deut. xvi. 9–10) is called the Sefirah (*Counting*). It derives its name from the circumstance, that on every evening during that period, after the night service, each individual solemnly pronounces the following benediction:—'Blessed art thou, O Lord God, who hath sanctified us with His commandments, and commanded us concerning the counting of the Omer' (Numbers, xxiii. 15); adding thereto the number of days which have elapsed since the second day of Passover, on which, according to the rabbinical authorities, the Omer was offered up in the Temple. This period is now considered by the Jews as one of melancholy and mourning. It was during that period that the 40,000 disciples, or rather followers of the high-minded Rabbi Akiba, met their fatal doom, under the leadership of the false Messiah Bar Kokheba, by the sword of the ruthless Romans, or, as a more improbable tradition asserts, that this number of disciples was swept away by a pestilence, as a punishment for not having respected each other; and again, it was during that period that, in 1096, a portion of the Crusaders committed the greatest outrages on the unfortunate Jews residing in the places through which these enthusiasts passed. The walls of many synagogues still resound during the Sabbaths of the Sefirah with melancholy elegies commemorating such calamities. No weddings are solemnised, no festivity takes

place, no new dress is put on: a general mourning prevails, and the men suffer their beards to grow. The mourning is only interrupted for one day—namely, on the 33d of the Sephirah. On that day tradition says the mortality ceased among the disciples of Akiba, or, what is more probable, the survivors were permitted by the conqueror to inter their dead brethren who had fallen during the slaughter consequent upon the taking of Bether (see any history of the Jews' wars under Hadrian). This day is therefore kept as a kind of half-festival—all signs of mourning being suppressed.

The expiration of the Sephirah is the commencement of the 'Feast of Weeks.' This festival is now celebrated in commemoration of the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai, which, according to rabbinical computation, took place at that period. This is a season of great rejoicing and hilarity. The synagogues are decorated with wreaths of flowers and splendid nose-gays, and the floor is strewn with *Calamus aromaticus*, and other odoriferous herbs; and the interior resounds with hymns in celebration of the occasion. Nor are the private houses less gaily ornamented than the places of public worship.

The Days of Awe.—The next festival is that commonly called by the Jews Rosh Hashanah (*the Beginning of the Year*), which is celebrated some time in the month of September. This festival is considered as the first day of the civil year, in contradistinction to the ecclesiastical year, commencing with the first of the month of Nissan (some time in April).

The period of Rosh Hashanah is the most solemn of the whole year. Scripture and tradition unite in impressing upon it the character of profound awe. The latter designates it as the anniversary of the creation of the universe, and as the day when the Supreme Being judges mankind, and pronounces their doom for the year to come. It is therefore a period of repentance, for which a month's previous preparation is made by additional prayers, services performed before daybreak, and the blowing of the shofar. This primitive musical instrument consists of a ram's horn cleaned, smoothed, and made bright by the known processes, having a tapering shape, and bent like a hook in the lower part, with a narrow opening at the top, and a wide one at the bottom. The shrill sounds to be produced by it have been arranged into various classes, each of which is designated by a special name; and the party appointed to blow the horn must know these names, so as to be able to sound the particular tone required. Sacred as this festival is, it is yet only preparatory to that celebrated on the tenth of the month called the Day of Atonement. The whole of the ten days are for this reason called the Ten Days of Penitence, and the holy days themselves the Days of Awe. The religious Jew looks for the advent of that period with feelings of rejoicing, mingled with uncommon awe and reverence. He prepares himself for the due celebration of these festivals by a scrupulous self-examination, by the endeavour to compensate for any wrong he might have inflicted, to obtain the pardon of those he might have offended, and by fasting and penance for the purpose of expiating the sins committed. He holds that the Day of Atonement expiates only sins committed against God, but does not affect offences committed against fellow-men, unless their pardon be previously obtained. Touching instances are recorded of individuals high in station, and eminent for learning, having at

the approach of the Days of Awe humbly and repeatedly craved the pardon of persons in every respect their inferiors for the use of an opprobrious expression uttered in the heat of passion.

Before daybreak a public service is held in the synagogue, and in the afternoon, before the advent of the festival of new year, another is performed, after which the religious bathe. The evening service is not distinguished by any particular feature. At the evening meal, some rare fruit coming in season, and an apple with new honey, are always present. The eating of the former is preceded by the solemn benediction, 'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, who hath kept us alive, and preserved us, and allowed us to attain to this period.' The eating of the latter is typical of a 'sweet new year.' The morning service begins at daybreak: the faithful hastens to the synagogue before tasting food. The devotion with which he implores divine mercy for forgiveness of his sins is most exemplary. With his ample prayer-book before him, he turns his face towards the wall, and wraps himself up so completely in his scarf, that nothing but the front part of his face remains uncovered. The more scrupulously religious put on the white robe mentioned above, and those officiating in the service always appear in it.

The most sacred part of the service, as mentioned before, is the blowing of the shofar. It is the duty of each adult Israelite to hear its sound, and no one in good health would venture to break his fast before his ear has caught the sounds of the shofar. An awful stillness prevails before this part of the service begins, during which every one prepares himself in silence for the act, whilst a special prayer is offered up by the party appointed to blow the horn. At last the solemn silence is interrupted by the bidding of the minister, 'blow;' and the summons is obeyed. Thrice the minister bids, and thrice the horn resounds, after which a prayer is recited, when the same ceremony is twice repeated.

At length the ninth of the penitential days—that before the Day of Atonement—arrives. This day must not be kept as a fast, as the other penitential days are by many strict Jews. On the contrary, it is enjoined not to abstain on it from the usual comforts of life. As soon as the afternoon meal is over, and grace said, nobody is permitted to take any further nourishment, or to indulge in any of those comforts exciting pleasurable sensations; for this is the interpretation given to the command, 'ye shall afflict your souls' (Lev. xvi. 31); every one now hastens to the synagogue, the interior of which presents a solemn and imposing aspect. There the worshippers stand in awe and reverence, wrapt in silent meditation—their feet, according to Eastern fashion, without the usual covering of boots or shoes, but protected by felt-slippers—enveloped in their scarfs; the married men dressed in snow-white flowing robes, and caps to correspond, whilst numerous wax-candles shed a flickering light throughout the building. These are as many in number as there are heads of families, each sending one candle to the synagogue. At last the signal for prayers is given by the rabbi, and the minister begins to chant in a low, scarcely audible, tone a formula, which is repeated three times, during which the plaintive, tremulous, heart-stirring tune gradually rises to a higher pitch, so as to be distinctly heard over the whole building. The service lasts to a late hour in the evening. Many of the worshippers, however, do not leave the synagogue at all, but spend there the whole night

in prayer, meditation, and study of the Law. The morning service begins at daybreak, and extends over the day, during which time many of the religious do not leave their seats for one moment, and some stand the whole time. The prayers are divided, according to the sacrifices brought to the temple, into the morning, additional, and afternoon service, to which, towards the evening, another, termed *Neilah* (*Closing*), is added. This portion of the service is remarkable for the ardour with which the faithful pour forth these concluding prayers before the throne of mercy. It seems that at the reflection that the gates of heaven, through which the prayers ascend, are now being closed, the flame of devotion breaks forth with renewed vigour. Vanished has every trace of languor and faintness consequent upon fasting and confinement to a crowded place, the air of which is tainted by the exhalations of so many individuals, and the burning of so many candles; and at the recital of that portion of the service where the unity of God is acknowledged, the edifice re-echoes with the thrilling burst of hundreds of voices proclaiming 'the Lord, he is God,' repeated seven times, and bearing, in their deep emotion, the stamp that they proceed from souls powerfully impressed with the presence of the Supreme Being, and quailing beneath the reflection, that but for his mercy there would be no hope for them.

Night at last having brought the service to a close, the worshippers hasten home to break their fast, after which friendly visits are paid, and mutual inquiries exchanged respecting each other's health after the trials of the day.

Feast of Tabernacles.—On the evening of the 14th day of the same month the Feast of Tabernacles commences (Lev. xxiii. 42). The interval between the Day of Atonement and this festival is employed in preparations for this festive period. Each family fits up some room—especially built for this purpose—for a booth, or erects one in the courtyard or garden. The ungenial climate of the north, and the advanced season of the year (generally late in September), will not allow the Jew to make the booth his regular dwelling-place during the festival; but he at least takes his meals in it. Another peculiarity of this festival is the use of a branch of a palm-tree, of a willow, myrtle, and citron. It is these which, according to tradition, are meant by Leviticus, xxiii. 40. The willow branch and the myrtle are tied to the lower part of the bough of the palm-tree, but the citron is kept separate; and it is the duty of every congregation to provide these requisites for the use of the members. There are, however, few religious Jews who, if they can afford it, do not procure them for their private use. Grasping the palm branch with the right hand, and with the left the citron, and holding them close together, a benediction expressive of the occasion is pronounced, and the branch slightly shaken. This ceremony is gone through every morning during the seven days of the festival, and by each individual separately. No Jew would taste food before the performance of this rite.

The eighth day should properly so conclude the festival; but rabbinical authority has added a ninth, under the title of 'Rejoicing with the Law.' This, as its name betokens, is a day of great merriment, in which even the gravest rabbis—of course in their own way—take part, expressive of their delight in, and attachment to the Law, the last section

of which is publicly chanted in the synagogue: for the Pentateuch is divided into fifty-four sections, according to the number of Sabbaths contained in an intercalary year; and on each Sabbath, beginning with that following this festival, its respective portion is read, so that the whole cycle is completed on the Sabbath before, or rather, as established by custom, on that festival. The synagogues on this occasion exhibit scenes of extraordinary bustle, and not rarely also of uproarious joy. In the evening the places of worship are crowded, and the boys are seen entering with little gaily-painted banners and wax tapers in their hands. The synagogues are most sumptuously lighted; and before the ark generally glitters a veil of very costly materials, not unfrequently gorgeously bedecked with pearls and precious stones.

After a short service the veil is drawn back, the ark opened, and the scrolls of the Law—covered with costly stuffs, and occasionally also with plates of precious metal—are solemnly handed by the beadle to various persons summoned by name to the ark for that purpose. This done, a portable canopy, carried by several youths, is extended over the minister and wardens, who, with the scrolls in their hands, head a solemn procession, which is joined by all other bearers of scrolls, the youth, and the little boys, the latter holding in their hands the banners alluded to, at the tops of which lighted wax tapers are fastened, all chanting hymns in praise of the Law.

The Bar Mitzvah.—The first stage of life in which our young Jew is made to act a conspicuous part may be considered that which is popularly termed Bar Mitzvah (*Son of the Commandment*). It is held by the Jews that the parents are morally responsible for all sins committed by their son before his thirteenth year; but that after this his sins are imputed to himself, and that henceforth he incurs the obligation of practising all religious duties, from many of which he was hitherto exempted by reason of his tender age. Henceforth the young Jew is expected to fast on every fast-day, and put on the phylacteries at the morning prayer; he counts for an adult in the prayer-meetings, which cannot claim the character of public ones unless they be attended by ten adult males; is eligible to be called upon to say grace aloud after meals, and to be summoned to the reading-desk in the synagogue: in short, he is considered as an adult for every religious purpose.

Several weeks before his thirteenth birthday, he is made acquainted with all those rites the performance of which is now incumbent upon him, and taught to practise them. On the first Sabbath after his thirteenth birthday, the youth is summoned for the first time in his life to the reading-desk, where he generally chants himself the lesson for the day, whilst the father pronounces the following benediction:—‘Blessed be he that has freed me from the punishment [responsibility] of this.’ This day is kept as a domestic feast by the whole family, and is celebrated by a meal, to which all the friends and teachers of the youth are invited. During the meal, if he possesses the requisite ability, he holds a Talmudical dissertation, taught to him for the purpose, after which he solemnly recites the usual grace. In the afternoon the parents receive visits of congratulations, when the various presents are displayed which the lad on that occasion generally receives from his relatives and friends.

Avocations of the Jews.—It is rarely, if ever, that the parents withdraw their son from school before his thirteenth year. After this period they look out for some occupation for him. This, however, is no easy matter. It is not that they are embarrassed in the choice by the number of pursuits before them, but rather by their paucity. From many professions a Jew is virtually excluded by not being admitted to seminaries where the requisite education is to be obtained; from others he excludes himself, knowing, as he does, that he could never gain his livelihood by them, he being ineligible for any public appointment. The same is the case with most trades. From some he is debarred by direct legal prohibitions, or by restrictive enactments of guilds and corporations. Again: there are trades against the practice of which there is no legal impediment, and yet he is not always able to follow them, because they can only be pursued with success in certain localities where he must not establish himself. The selection, therefore, lies amongst some few. If the youth show talent and inclination for study, the parents not rarely will send him to a Talmudical academy. Golden visions of the future eminence of their son as a distinguished Talmudic scholar will flit through their mind; and the hope of seeing him one day decorated with the dignity of rabbi, and of shining thus in the lustre and merit reflected by the son on the authors of his life, will impel them cheerfully to make all the sacrifices which his outfit and partial support at the yeshibah (*academy*) entail.

The Academy.—The new bakhur (*student*) resorts, in the company of his father, to some academy. In its choice the father is sometimes guided by the fame of the presiding rabbi, and at other times by its vicinity to his own dwelling-place, or the facilities afforded to students for maintaining themselves. Such academies are established in large congregations, either at the desire of the rabbi or at that of his flock, who consider the establishment of a yeshibah among them as one of the most meritorious acts they could perform. The students are admitted to the expositions of the rabbi without any fee. The members of the congregation very often make small allowances to the best students, and invite them to their tables on all festivals and festive occasions. Those students who have no such invitation are billeted every Sabbath on the members, and it is a common practice for families to provide a free table during the whole week for seven students, every one of them partaking of the hospitality in his turn on the appointed day. But as many of the parents are not in a position to assist their sons, as the majority of the congregations are exceedingly poor, as there are no funds available for the support of the students, and as their number is very often quite out of proportion to the numerical strength of the community among whom they live, private charity, however vigorously exerted, is not sufficient for their maintenance; and the destitution therefore which prevails among them is often frightful. It is known from the life of the celebrated Moses Mendelssohn, that when a bakhur at the yeshibah of Berlin, he for some time could only afford to buy a single loaf of bread per week, which he divided into seven equal portions; and whatever were the cravings of nature, never allowed himself to indulge in the luxury of eating two portions of the loaf on one day, knowing as he did that the plenty of to-day must be expiated by the scarcity of to-morrow. This destitution, together with

solitary habits, the want of healthful exercise, confinement in unwholesome lodgings, inattention to personal decorum, joined to excessive studies, watchings, fasts, and other ascetic practices, gives these students a kind of unearthly, ghastly expression, a stern and baleful countenance, and an appearance of odd peculiarities and of ungainly manners. Among their own co-religionists, however, they enjoy the reputation of great versatility of mind, and the faculty of easily adapting themselves to circumstances; and it is a proverb among them, 'Out of a bakhur anything can be made.' And indeed there are numerous instances on record favouring this view; for there are few pursuits accessible to Jews in which Talmudical students, when turning their attention to them, did not become eminent.

The first business of the father on arriving at the academy is to present his son to the rabbi, by whom the student is examined; and if not sufficiently far advanced, the rabbi assigns him a 'repeating tutor,' whose duty it is to prepare his charge for the prelections, and repeat with and explain to him the expositions of the teacher. Twice, or even more frequently a week, generally on the mornings of Mondays and Thursdays after service, the exposition is held in some room of the private house of the rabbi. Every student is expected to be present, and to have thoroughly studied the portion of the Talmud forming the subject of the prelection.

The subject treated is always taken from the Talmud, a treatise of which is expounded in regular order. The exposition of the last portion is generally celebrated by a meal, in which master and disciples dine together, reciting certain prayers, the object of which is to thank Providence for having been permitted to conclude so meritorious a work as to study through a Talmudical treatise, and to implore for life and strength to be able to proceed in that work.

The fate of these students in life is various. Those who become great proficient in Talmudical lore, and bear a good character, receive in due time from their masters the *hatarah* (*permission*). This is a diploma which empowers them to decide all religious questions referred to them according to the Jewish code, and consequently makes them eligible for the office of rabbi. They, moreover, have thereby conferred on them the distinguished title of *Morenu* (*our teacher*), by which they are henceforth summoned to the performance of religious rites. The mass of the students, however, must be satisfied with subordinate offices, or to turn later in life to temporal pursuits. The figure which the latter cut in life is very often singular. Unacquainted with the practical world, for the intercourse with which they were not trained, they are very often unfit for any other occupation save that of studying the Talmud. It is therefore upon their wives that the obligation devolves of providing for the family, and of discharging the duties generally performed by men; and ludicrous incidents arising from this strange position are related. Thus one of these students being summoned before a magistrate in order to sign a certain document, his wife appeared in his place; and when asked why her husband did not attend, the reply was, 'My husband is a scholar, who can neither read nor write.' Of course she meant the language of the country. As may be easily imagined, it is only a small fraction of the Jewish youth that repair to the yeshibah. The majority of them embrace some other occupation. There is only one avocation unencumbered and suited

to the small means of the parents, and perhaps also congenial to the restless and roving disposition of the youth. He is duly provided with a few yards of tape, with knives, pins, needles, &c. and sent out to the distant and outlying farms to sell his goods, or to barter them for other productions: in other words, the youth is duly installed as pedlar. As he advances in years and skill more valuable goods are intrusted to him, his operations increase, and his range is enlarged. On Monday he leaves the parental house, bending under the load of a heavy package which threatens to break his back, toils from village to village, from cottage to cottage, offering his goods for sale, and does not return before Friday. This mode of life is excessively irksome, and replete with misery. In the biting frost of the winter, and in the scorching heat of the summer, the young Jew is seen tottering along on solitary roads and bypaths leading to lonely farms, stopping every two hundred yards, and leaning against his knotty stick, to enjoy the comfort of a moment's repose. His frame is often feeble, but his package must always be heavy; for the larger his stock of goods, the more choice, and consequently the greater the chance of selling. At daybreak he generally sets out, and however cold the day, he will never fail to tuck up the sleeves of his coat and shirt on the left hand, in order to put on the phylacteries previous to saying his morning prayers; and in the intervals of repose he will be often seen to pull out his psalter and recite psalms. As his religious scruples do not allow him to partake of unlawful food, he is confined in his diet to bread, milk, butter, and eggs, and very often from Sabbath to Sabbath does not taste warm victuals. After the toil of the day he sleeps, if the farmer permit it, in the barn or some outhouse; and even if retiring to an inn, he will lie down on a bundle of straw on the bare ground, his small earnings and saving disposition not allowing him to pay for the comfort of resting himself in a bed. It is only in his own house that he indulges in that luxury.

A Jewish Marriage.—At length, after several years of toil, severe privations, and self-denial, the pedlar has succeeded in saving some little money, and begins to entertain matrimonial ideas. In these he is strengthened by the dislike which the Jews as a body have for celibacy, and by the injunctions of rabbinical authorities, who represent marriage as a direct command of God (Genesis, i. 28), and fix for a man the eighteenth year as that on which he might contract a marriage. This, however, is not so easy a matter. There are obstacles in the way, the removal of which requires considerable means, long perseverance, and the interference of a third party. The intercourse among the sexes of that denomination not being so free as among their Christian neighbours, the young people have not frequent opportunities of knowing each other sufficiently, or of forming lasting intimacies; and as, moreover, the Jewish population is in some districts only thinly scattered, there are not rarely disparities among the few marriageable individuals which render an alliance among them ineligible. These circumstances have given rise to a class of persons who have received the name of *Shadkhanim*. They make it their business to become acquainted with all those particulars which people like to know before making or responding to any overtures in matrimonial affairs. And when such an individual has assorted a couple, and arranged matters in his mind, he sets about it in right earnest. He begins with canvassing the parents of one of

the parties. For this purpose he sometimes travels fifty or sixty miles. As his business is not lucrative enough to allow him to go by the stage, or any other conveyance, he travels on foot. This mode of locomotion, however, has the advantage of affording him an opportunity of stopping in every place through which he passes wherein Jews dwell. He does so for the double purpose of refreshing himself, of completing his register, and entering new items concerning the new discoveries which he is making on the journey. His well-known avocation is a passport for him which insures him a friendly reception in every family he chooses to favour with his presence, and even procures him urgent invitations from such families as wish to insinuate themselves into his good graces, or bring before his notice the budding beauties under their roof. There is a great deal of talk and fluttering at the expected visit of the important personage, as it is well known how much depends upon the first impression to be produced upon the Shadkhan. Aware of the importance of the moment, the family council sit in secret conclave, in order to devise means for drawing the attention of the critical man from the pimple in the face of the daughter, and direct it to those charms and accomplishments which, in the eyes of the council, she really possesses. That the daughter is set off to the greatest advantage by the affectionate family will be understood as a matter of course. How affectionately the eyes of the family rest on her; and how, after her retirement, the mouth of the mother overflows with her praise! There never was such a darling child: she understands cookery thoroughly, could dress any meal at five minutes' notice; and as to needlework, why there is no one to equal her in the whole neighbourhood. Sewing, stitching, hemming, mending, marking, knitting, and netting—in all these branches she is equally proficient. For the last five years not a bit of linen has been given out of the house; she has cut it all out, and made up all the materials. The mother has not the slightest occasion to look after anything in the household; and everything is so satisfactorily done, as though she had been a housekeeper of at least a score of years' standing. At parting, a piece of money occasionally glides from the hands of the host into that of the guest. From this it will be seen how important the avocation of the matrimonial broker is; and that travelling, far from being a source of expense to him, rather serves to replenish his exhausted purse than otherwise. At length he arrives at the place of his destination, canvasses the party in view; and having received encouragement, sets out for the residence of the other party. The preliminaries being settled, the two fathers meet; and all matters being arranged, the young man is introduced to his future helpmate; and as the Jewish youth are generally obedient to their parents, and as, moreover, the ground is but rarely preoccupied, it is seldom that the projected union meets with any objection on their part. So an evening is fixed for the betrothal. This is a solemn act, at which all the relations and friends of the young couple living within a reasonable distance are present. The audible sign of the betrothal and signal for the consequent congratulations is the breaking of a cup, which is always done by some near relative. The fragments of the cup are sent round to those persons to whom it is thought desirable to notify the engagement in a formal manner. The breaking of the cup on this joyful occasion seems to be an imitation of a similar incident narrated

in the Talmud. There it is related of a certain rabbi, that in the midst of the rejoicings occasioned by a betrothal, he purposely broke a very valuable cup, in order to damp the excessive joy of those concerned; for he was of opinion, that since the destruction of Jerusalem, it does not become a Jew to abandon himself to joy unmingled with an alloy of grief.

But although the betrothal has taken place, years may elapse before the marriage can be solemnised. This delay entirely arises from the difficulty with which the permission of government to this act is obtained. Various are the restrictions put upon Jewish marriages in different districts. A common one is to fix the number of Jewish families by law, which number must not be exceeded. The right of marrying and thus forming a new family is in such cases transmitted to the eldest son. The younger sons have only a chance of marrying in case death should have carried off an individual of that privileged class who has left no male heir. In this case the lord of the estate to which the deceased belonged, or some other authority, has the right to bestow that privilege upon some other Jew. The consequence is, that no Jew is allowed to conclude a matrimonial alliance without the special leave of government, which, previous to granting it, makes the necessary inquiries as to the right of the petitioner. The cruelty of this regulation, and the extortions connected with it, form no small part of the system of persecution still kept up against the Hebrew people in many parts of Christendom.

Let us suppose that the leave of government is obtained, and the day for the wedding fixed. On the previous Sabbath the bridegroom is summoned up with great solemnity to the reading-desk, where a portion of the Law is chanted. The wedding-day itself is a season of extraordinary merriment for the whole family and all acquaintances; for besides the natural occasion for it, the rejoicing of the bride and bridegroom is recommended as a most meritorious act by the rabbis. For that reason the gravest matrons upon whose lips a smile has not been seen to play for the last dozen years, and whose feet have disdained for scores of years to exercise themselves in the profane amusement of a dance, are now observed to brush up the gold-embroidered caps which were in fashion half a century ago, and to smoothe out the famous dress in which they, in their own days, no doubt, as effectively charmed their lords and masters as the brides of the present generation enchant the bridegrooms of their own time. These old dames, in compliance with the rabbinical precept, enter into all kinds of fun, and even antics, whereby they may excite the couple to laughter. This achievement, the reader might think, could not be so difficult with young people on the point of having their dearest hopes realised. In this, however, he is mistaken: for the couple the day is far from being one of exclusive merriment. They are taught that on that day their doom is being fixed, and that therefore repentance for the past and good resolutions for the future are required of them. The bridegroom fasts a portion of the day, and offers up penitential prayers.

In the morning, after breakfast, the first part of the marriage ceremony is performed. This consists in the minister's covering and tying round the head of the bride a handkerchief of a peculiar shape, and making it reach down to the face, and nearly hiding it. Thenceforth the betrothed, soon to be changed into the wife, is never to show her own hair before strangers,

and is for the future to conceal it carefully under a cap, and even have her curls cut off, which operation is generally performed by some matron. Whilst the bride is undergoing this metamorphosis, an individual makes his appearance whose functions form a peculiar feature in these weddings. These functions are a nondescript of which it is hard to convey an idea. The official title by which he goes is 'the fool.' This appellation, however, is quite inadequate and inappropriate to give a conception of his office. He is the master of ceremonies, the merry-Andrew, the wit as well as the spirit-damper of the company. At one moment he is the most amusing creature in the world, whose quick repartee and ready flow of broad wit elicit peals of laughter; at the next moment his grave countenance, serious observations, and heart-stirring appeals, forcibly remind the couple and company of the solemnity of the occasion, and draw forth from their eyes abundance of tears; again, he is seen standing before the bride in an attitude of an orator with a grave look, chanting in a monotonous, rather doleful, but not unpleasant strain, a long speech in rhymes, generally extempore, reminding her of the importance of the day, and the new duties she will have to perform, interspersing the song with occasional advice and hints for a prudent conduct in the various positions of a married life. Meanwhile the *ketubah* (*marriage-deed*) is being executed elsewhere, and signed by the respective parties. It is written in the Chaldee language, and the contents are to the effect, that 'the bridegroom, A B, doth agree to take the bride, C D, as his lawful wife, according to the law of Moses and Israel; and that he will keep, maintain, honour, and cherish her, according to the manner of all the Jews, who honour, keep, maintain, and cherish their wives, and keep her in clothing decently, according to the manner and custom of the world.' It likewise specifies what sum he settles on her in case of his death. This done, the last act—that of the *kidushin* (*sanctifications*)—takes place which makes the couple husband and wife. It is performed under a canopy, generally erected in the yard of the synagogue, whither the parties concerned repair early in the afternoon. The bridal procession is usually opened by a band of musicians, who play lively airs, and are followed by matrons and other volunteers, cutting odd capers, and performing divers antics for the amusement and edification of the serious couple. Next comes the couple, each led separately by two of the nearest relatives, attended by the 'fool,' who likewise exerts himself to cheer up the bridal pair. The family and other friends bring up the rear.

Having arrived at the place of destination, the couple with their attendants (who are never less than ten males) repair under the canopy, where they meet the minister, who, holding a glass of wine in his right hand, pronounces the following prayer:—'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, creator of the fruit of the vine: blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hath sanctified us with thy commandments, and hath forbidden unchastity, enjoining modesty on the betrothed, and hath instituted marriage for us by means of the canopy and sanctification. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the sanctifier of thy people Israel by the means of the canopy and wedlock.' After this ceremony the couple drink of the wine, when the bridegroom places a ring on the forefinger of the bride, pronouncing the following words—'Behold thou art in holiness mine, according

to the law of Moses and Israel;' and the fact of her accepting the ring is considered as the token of her consent. The aforesaid marriage-deed is then read, when the minister takes another glass of wine, offering up another prayer. The couple then drink of the wine, the empty glass is laid on the ground, and is broken by the bridegroom. Congratulations offered to the couple by the exclamations of those present, *Masol Tob* (a *good star*, or *good-luck*), conclude the ceremony.

On returning home to the house of the bride's parents, the guests sit down to a banquet, in the arrangement of which the 'fool' makes himself very useful, and to which his wit adds a very agreeable relish. At the conclusion of the meal, and before grace is said, the exhibition of the presents made to the young couple takes place; it being customary for the relations and friends of the newly-married pair to make them presents. These consist of ready money, or of articles for domestic use. They are all placed on a sideboard behind the 'fool,' who mounts a chair, so as to be seen by the whole company, takes up one present after the other, proclaims the name of the donor, as well as the name and use of the article, interspersing the whole with such witty remarks and puns as the occasion suggests, and all this is done extempore, in a kind of doggerel rhyme and a chanting tone. If the presents be numerous, the 'fool' ready-witted and in good spirits, the exhibition is, to the entertainment of the guests, protracted to a late hour at night.

Married Life.—Life has now begun in right earnest for the couple, and faithfully and unitedly toil they on. The wife is retiring, chaste, and affectionate, and by education and religion alike taught as much to endear herself to her husband as to discourage any mark of attention which her charms might win from any other but the partner of her life. The husband is generally sober, industrious, frugal, and attentive to his wife. His leisure hours are spent with and among his family. If misery be their lot, he never uses, or rather abuses, the opportunity of a husband of withdrawing himself from the sight of wretchedness. There is the consolation that they pine and starve together. If affluence be his share, it is enjoyed in the midst of those who have become the partners of his fate. He is therefore never seen in a public-house. To the vice of drunkenness, with its concomitant evils, he is an utter stranger. There is only one weak point in the character of the Jewish women which tends to retard the prosperity of their husbands, and has not rarely excited the envy of their Christian neighbours. This is their over-fondness for dress and finery. However saving and frugal, yet on holidays, or on grand occasions, such as weddings, &c. they delight in displaying large gold pendants in the ears, reaching down to the shoulders; a massive gold chain, or at least a string to which some large gold pieces are fastened, round the neck; several gold rings on the fingers; and of strutting about in silk and satin. In countries where capital is scarce, and therefore money dear, such finery absorbs a large proportion of the small means at the disposal of the husband. A considerable sum, therefore, which might fructify in the hand of the husband, is locked up, barren and dead, in the drawer of the wife. And this very finery, which cripples the means of the family in one way, injures them also in another; for their Christian fellow-citizens of the same walk in life, free from this weakness, and unaccustomed to such glitter, form an extra-

vagant notion of the wealth of the Jews, and look at them with that envy and malignity with which the poor often regard the rich, and which so frequently suggest excuses for the injuries inflicted and the depredations committed on the property of the envied.

Pilgrimage to the Grave of the Fathers.—Besides the mournful and festive occasions mentioned which relieve the monotony of Jewish life, there is one which turns up at no settled period, and is regulated by the feelings, opportunities, and means of the party concerned. This is a kind of pious pilgrimage, undertaken especially by women who have married into a family residing far away from that of their parents, to the graves of their ancestors. She does not wish more ardently to visit her brothers and sisters than she desires to prostrate herself over the place which shelters the dust of the departed members of her family. Accordingly, she sets out for her birthplace, hastens to the 'House of Life,' as the burial-place is called, is shown the graves of those she seeks, and whose dust is never disturbed for the purpose of giving way to the bones of a new-comer. Deeply impressed by the melancholy sight of the graves harbouring the remains of those nearest and dearest to her, by the profound stillness pervading all around—the Jewish burial-places are generally far from the abodes of the living, and in solitary places—by the picture of the absolute nothingness of human pride, by the recollection of and associations with the past spent in the society of those now crumbled into dust, convinced as the pilgrim is that the spirit of the departed delights to hover round the tenement of his body, and is here nearer to her than in any other place, she is overpowered by her emotions, and down she sinks upon the turf, drawing its vital sap from the source from which she derived existence; embraces the cold clay, as if she felt for it a bond of sisterly affection; addresses the departed with all-ondearing terms, as if still alive, and standing before her; discloses to it the innermost of her soul, as she was wont to do in former years, before distance and death had placed between them an impassable gulf; relieves her heart by giving vent to the anguish of her mind; begs pardon for former offences, and intreats for further guidance and counsel—and all that with an earnestness, with a fervour and devotion, which defy description. She generally returns bathed in tears, and a distribution of alms, according to the means of the pilgrim, concludes the pious proceedings.

The couple having now established a home of their own, we have an opportunity of considering their domestic arrangements, in the principal features of which all Jewish houses closely resemble each other.

Domestic Arrangements.—The outside of a Jewish house is not remarkable for any distinctive characteristic; but the moment you enter its threshold, you perceive at once that it is tenanted by a Hebrew, for the first object noticed on the door-post is a small tin case, in which there is a diminutive aperture, covered by a piece of glass, through which the Hebrew word 'Shaddai'—signifying *Almighty*—is visible. This word is inscribed on the outside of a small parchment scroll, on the inside of which are written certain portions of the Pentateuch. The religious Jew never forgets, when setting out on a journey or returning, reverentially to touch the glass cover with his fingers, and then devoutly to kiss these. Similar encased parchment scrolls, called Mesusoth (*door-posts*), are fastened on the door-post of every room. This practice is founded upon Deuteronomy,

vi. 9; xi. 20. The dwelling-room itself is remarkable for the absence of any sculpture; and although the strict Jew would not object to decorate his house with a painting, he would not tolerate anything in relief. This aversion he carries sometimes so far, as to mutilate the figures with which the stoves are occasionally adorned. These iconoclastic practices he bases upon the Second Commandment, which the Jew of this class, in his zeal against idolatry, does not confine to such sculptures as might form objects of worship, but gives it the extension alluded to. There is, however, an ornamental piece of furniture which is scarcely ever missed in the dwelling-room of the Jew: this is a sheet of white paper, in the centre of which is written, in Hebrew, 'Rising of the Sun,' and which is suspended in a frame in the east side of the room.

Leaving the dwelling-room, let us now ascend the higher regions of the house. Here we notice an attic, over which a portion of the roof is seen to have the shape of a slanting trap-door, which can be opened or shut at pleasure. This attic serves as a temporary booth during the Feast of Tabernacles, as before described, when the roof-door is opened, and the sky becomes visible.

Arrived in the kitchen, we notice an extraordinary peculiarity. There is a double set of every cooking utensil and eating instrument, and of some there is even a third set. The first set serves for dressing and eating victuals of which any quadruped production (save that of milk and butter) forms a part; the second is employed in preparing and eating food in which milk, or anything made of it, is used; and the third is taken whenever it is desired not to make eatables either 'fleshy' or 'milky.' This distinction is carried so far that two different places are assigned for warming the two kinds of food, and that 'fleshy' and 'milky' victuals are not only not eaten at the same time, but that, if either of them be partaken of, the immediate enjoyment of the other is prohibited. Thus, for instance, if the food eaten be 'milky,' an hour must elapse before anything 'fleshy' may be eaten; but if the reverse be the case, an abstinence of five hours from 'milky' food is prescribed; however, it is lawful at any time to partake of what is called 'neutral.' These observances are based by tradition upon the Scriptural prohibition, 'Thou shalt not see the kid in the milk of its mother,' repeated three times in the Law, and expounded and enlarged by the rabbis in the manner explained. Further on may be observed a wooden tub, in which meat is steeped in water, and a kind of sieve, over which meat lies thickly strewn with salt. Every piece of meat, before cooking, is subjected by the Jews to the processes of first steeping in water, then strewing it with salt, and next carefully washing it. This is done in compliance with a rabbinical injunction, as a means of removing from the meat any particle of blood which may be contained in it: the eating of blood, it will be remembered by the student of the Bible, being strictly prohibited to the Jews. They therefore do not rest satisfied with the peculiar manner after which they kill beasts, and which is calculated effectually to draw all the blood from the muscles, but moreover resort to the further precautions just mentioned. In order to be lawfully eaten by the Jews, it is not enough that the beast should be killed by a properly-taught and moral person in the prescribed manner, but also that the cavity of the chest should be examined for the

purpose of ascertaining the condition of its organs. When these are free from the marks of disease—which the killer has been carefully taught to know—he pronounces the meat fit to be eaten (*kasher*); in the contrary event, he declares it unfit (*trefah*). Butchers, therefore, that kill for Jews are subject to occasional losses; and as the killer (*shohet*) must be salaried, and as, moreover, the hind quarter (containing 'the sinew that shrunk,' Genesis, xxxii. 32) is generally not eaten by Jews, meat for them is always considerably above the market price. However, few of these observances apply to poultry, and none to fish; these latter may be killed and eaten in any way—nay, their very blood may be lawfully consumed.

Having followed the Jew through the various phases of his existence, let us now look at him in the last stage preceding and following his departure from life. Let us suppose him attacked by

Illness.—If this becomes serious, an application is made to the minister, the synagogue is opened, the friends of the sick and others assemble, when prayers, especially the 23d and 119th Psalms, are offered up for the recovery of the invalid, and alms given to the poor. If he recovers, on being able to leave the house, his first walk should be to the synagogue; there, in the presence of ten adult males, he pronounces the following benediction:—'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who dispenseth mercy even to the guilty, and hast also shown such mercy to me;' upon which the bystanders respond, 'May He who has shown thee such mercy ever continue to grant thee every felicity. Selah.' Should, however, the patient become worse, and the danger imminent, it is deemed right to impress him with a sense of his state, and to exhort him to reconcile himself to his Maker. The friends visiting him offer up appropriate prayers on entering the room, and on leaving it say, 'O may God send thee a speedy and perfect cure, and unto all the patients of Israel;' and if in his senses, he is desired to impart once more his paternal blessings to his children. At the same time the 'watchers' are sent for. The functions of these individuals begin with the death-struggle of the sick, and cease with the transfer of the corpse into the hearse: from the moment the agonies of death (which these 'watchers,' from long experience and practice, can discern with great exactness) have commenced, it is held unlawful to put anything into the mouth of, or to interfere in any way with, the dying; and it is the duty of the watchers to prevent any such attempt, which cannot preserve life, but might accelerate death. The oil of life must be consumed; not a single drop must be spilled.

The treatment of the dying and the corpse springs from a mixture of prudential considerations, sanitary measures, feelings of respect for the remnant of an immortal spirit, and of deep awe inspired by the mysteriousness of the metamorphosis just effected. Popular belief has vested the deathbed with singular ideas of sacredness and terror, and all the proceedings concerning the dead flow from one or several of these views. In the popular belief it is not proper to stand at the head or feet of the dying; for the former place is sanctified by the presence of the divine glory (*shekinah*), and the latter is occupied by the Angel of Death. This personage is depicted by the superstitious as covered all over with eyes, of an immense wide stride, and with a sword or slaughtering-knife in his hand.

During the agonies, the watchers, together with such of the relatives and friends as wish to join, offer up prayers in an adjoining room, or even in the sick room, in which prayers the dying person, if able, is desired to join. As soon as, according to the experience of the watchers, death is taking place, they ejaculate the Scriptural verse, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one.' They next cover the face of the deceased without touching the corpse; and after a short interval a feather is laid upon the upper lip beneath the nostrils, and if its delicate fibres do not stir, it is a sign that the breath of life has fled; the bystanders then make a rent in one of their garments, saying aloud the following prayer:—'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Righteous Judge. He is the rock: his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and right is He. Thy righteousness shall precede thee: the glory of the Lord shall be thy rearward. Thou shalt lie down in peace until the comforter shall come, the proclaimer of peace.' An hour afterwards the following Scriptural verses are recited:—'O house of Jacob, come, we will walk in the light of the Lord. The Almighty God, the Lord hath spoken and proclaimed to the earth, even from the rising of the sun to his setting. Let him enter in peace; may they rest in their places of repose: for dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' Having next recited certain appropriate psalms, the appointed persons lay the corpse on the ground, putting a pillow or some straw under the head; the hands and feet are then laid in a straight posture, the latter towards the door. The body is next covered with a black cloth, a vessel with water and a towel put in the room, and a lighted candle placed at the head of the dead. During all the time that the corpse is above ground, a watcher never leaves the room containing the corpse, in order to prevent any improper treatment, or abstraction of any part of the body; for, according to the rabbinical views, the body is due to the dust from whence it was taken. This scruple is carried so far, that any integral portion of the body, solid or fluid, which may have been separated from it during the illness, is carefully collected, and committed to the grave together with the body. Rabbinical authority strongly recommends a speedy committal of the body to the grave; and considering the warm climate in which the recommendation was given, the advice was very salutary, and no doubt even prudent in overcrowded Ghettos, where the care for the living must outweigh every other consideration, but may nevertheless, in its indiscriminate application, be productive of much evil. The preparations for the burial consist in the acts of cleansing and dressing the body. The parties performing these rites offer up a prayer for the occasion, then wash the corpse with tepid water, cleaning at the same time the nails on hands and feet, and next dry it carefully. They then shroud it in white apparel: the white robe and cap and praying scarf described before are now brought into requisition. Thus attired, the eyes, if open, are covered; the lower jaw, if drooping down, is drawn to the upper; the hands are placed in a straight posture close to the body; and the thumb is bent within the hollow of the hand, so as to be encompassed by the four fingers. Two small bags filled with sand are placed under the head. Sometimes, however, they are filled with mould brought purposely from the Holy Land. It is especially the pious Jew who is most anxious for

this rite, so that his dust may at least mingle in death with the dust of the beloved land after which he yearned all his life. Individuals desirous may see the face of the deceased; and an opportunity is afforded them for begging his *meilah* (*pardon*). Relatives, friends, and acquaintances, approach singly the feet of the corpse, and standing opposite the face, lay hold of its toes, begging pardon for any wrong they may have done the deceased whilst living. They are induced to this step by the opinion, that the soul, although incapable of communicating with the survivors, still lingers behind, hovering round its former tenement, and will be willing to concede the pardon asked. The corpse being now deposited in a coffin with its face turned heavenwards, is carried forth to the burial-place. No pomp, no pageant attend the funeral procession, which is formed by all those who wish to join it. The rites described are to be performed by strangers, and not by the family. These are not to stay in the room where the corpse lies; and if they have only one room, a partition is to be made between the dead and the living. In the bed on which the deceased lay, nobody is to sleep for the next seven days; and all the water in the house, as well as in all other neighbouring Jewish houses on the same side of the street, is poured away. The family are advised to change their linen, and the men to shave, as they would not be allowed to do so during the seven days prescribed for deep mourning, and which does not commence till after the funeral. Whilst the body is being brought out of the house, the women retire to a separate room, nor do they join in the funeral procession, popular superstition assigning as a reason the greater power over the living which would thereby be given to the Angel of Death. However, all male relatives of the deceased are expected to follow to the burial-ground. There arrived, the minister and those present offer up an appropriate prayer. If the deceased should have been a person of merit, a funeral discourse is delivered. The mourners now approach the coffin singly, on the other side of which the minister stands with a knife in his hand. With this he cuts in a peculiar manner into the front parts of their upper garments, enlarging the rent by his hand. This rent the mourner is expected to wear during the next twelvemonth. This done, the corpse is carried forward to the grave, dug in a direction from north to south, and lowered into its last restingplace, whilst the bystanders say, 'May he come in peace to his appointed place!' The mourners now approach, and every one singly takes up a shovelful of earth and throws it upon the coffin. This example is followed by all friends of the deceased. On retiring from the grave, they pluck some grass, and say the Scriptural verse, 'They of the city shall spring forth as the grass of the earth.' They next wash their hands, saying, 'Death will be destroyed for ever, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from all the faces, and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth.' The recital of some appropriate psalms concludes the funeral service.

Having returned to the house of mourning, the family sit down on the ground and take the meal of mourning, consisting of hard-boiled eggs, generally supplied by some friend. In the afternoon the evening service is performed, at the conclusion of which a particular prayer is generally said by the sons of the deceased. This prayer is repeated by them at the conclusion of every morning and evening service during

a whole year. Not less conducive to the rest of the soul is supposed to be the study of the *miḥnah* (*the text of the Talmud*), especially if read in the house of the deceased during the first month, or at least the seven days of mourning. For this reason competent persons are engaged or invited to perform there during the period mentioned the usual morning and evening services, and to study portions of the Talmud. The mourners themselves are, during the first seven days, not allowed to leave their dwelling, and must not sit on chairs, but on hassocks; must not pursue their usual avocations, nor work at their trade. However, they may read suitable religious works, such as Job, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah, &c. The tediousness of this condition is also relieved by the visits and consolations of friends and acquaintances, and by the dainty dishes presented to them by the same parties. These presents are necessary in order to support the mourners, who, as just stated, are during the first week debarred from employing themselves in obtaining a livelihood. These visits and presents, moreover, are enjoined as religious duties by rabbinical authorities. The visitor, on entering, does not salute the mourners, as is customary on other occasions; nor is he offered a seat by them, but accommodates himself as he likes. On leaving, instead of using any of the phrases customary, he says, 'May the Omnipresent comfort you with the other mourners of Zion and Jerusalem!' For this purpose, also, a board is hung up in the room, upon which this sentence is written. On Sabbath, however, the signs of mourning are suppressed; the mourners therefore repair on Sabbath eve to the synagogue, when all the members of the congregation move forward to meet them with the words, 'On towards the mourner.' The mourners, however, do not occupy their usual seats, but have for the twelvemonth assigned places at the bottom of the synagogue, for that reason called 'the Mourners' Bench.' At the expiration of the week they are allowed to follow their usual avocations, but the signs of deep mourning, and the burning of the lamp, are continued for a whole month; nor are the men allowed to remove their beards before that period. For the rest of the year the mourners must not partake in any rejoicing; no sound of music is heard in the house, and no place of amusement is visited by them. The anniversary of the death of a parent is each year strictly kept by the family: a lamp is kept burning the whole day; the males do not fail to attend synagogue on that day, in order to offer up a special prayer; and the children of the deceased distribute alms among the poor according to their means. A mourning service for the departed is, moreover, celebrated on every festival in the synagogues during prayer time.

Having thus briefly traced the life of a Jew through all stages, from the cradle to the grave, we must necessarily stop where every earthly pursuit ceases, and now bid the reader a friendly farewell.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THIS poet, whose works now occupy so large a space in English literature, was born at Cockermouth in Cumberland, in April 1770. His father was law-agent to the Earl of Lonsdale, and that noble family in after years always kept a kindly watch over the welfare of the son. One of his brothers, Christopher, was afterwards well known as Dr Wordsworth, the master of Trinity College. The poet dedicated the 'Sonnets to the Duddon' to him, and at his death committed to his son the preparation of his biography. Another brother was commander of the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman, and perished in that ill-fated vessel. He seems to have been a man of susceptible temperament, and of a gentle and affectionate disposition, and his untimely fate was among the heaviest blows William ever experienced. His sister Emmeline was the constant companion of the poet down to the day of her death, and has left one or two of her poetical effusions mingled among his. She was a woman of exquisite sensibility, and of pure and well-stored mind, and was a great favourite not only with her brother, who has commemorated her in numerous beautiful pieces, but of all with whom she came in contact. Coleridge, one of the finest judges of female character, was charmed with her, and has left in one of his letters a delightful sketch of her manners and appearance. Wordsworth seems to have considered the domestic hearth too sacred for defined portraiture, and he has left no picture of his father, and, except in the 'Prelude,' only a single one of his mother. It depicts her watching him with fluttering heart, as he appeared before the vicar with his companions—

'A trembling, earnest company.'

'How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,
Beloved mother! Thou whose happy hand
Had bound the flowers I wore with faithful tie:
Sweet flowers, at whose inaudible command
Her countenance, phantom like, doth reappear;
Oh lost too early for the frequent tear,
And ill-requited by this heartfelt sigh.'

It was into the bosom of this cultivated English family that the old English spirit chose to descend in one of its noblest and purest forms.

In due time the young poet was sent to Hawkeshead Grammar School, which was then under the mastership of a relative. We have few notices

of his schoolboy life, but it is stated that he prosecuted with great zeal the study of the classics; and there can be no doubt, from such poems as 'Dion' and 'Laodamia,' that the stately and sculptural spirit of the highest classic poetry must have entered into and become a part of his very being. It is not unlikely that this would combine, with his passionate devotion to nature, to heighten his radical disinclination to join in the every-day occupations and sympathise with the ordinary interests of the world. If there be no high moral law by which a great poet is produced in immediate contact with the scenes most fitted to develop his peculiar genius—a law in no degree more inconceivable than that by which the camel is located among the sands of Arabia—it was, at all events, a happy accident which cast Wordsworth's lot among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. That whole district may be said to stand single in the world, and to have in the peculiar character of its beauty no parallel elsewhere. It is in the concentration of every variety of loveliness into a compass which in extent does not greatly tax the powers of the pedestrian, that it fairly defies rivalry, and affords the richest pabulum to the poetical faculty. There every form of mountain, rock, lake, stream, wood, and plain, from the conformation of the country, is crowded with the most prodigal abundance into a few square miles. Coleridge characterises it as a 'cabinet of beauties.' 'Each thing,' says he, 'is beautiful in itself; and the very passago from one lake, mountain, or valley to another is itself a beautiful thing again.' Wordsworth, in his own 'Description of the Country of the Lakes,' dwells with the zest and minuteness of idolatry upon every feature of that treasury of landscape. The idea he gives of the locality is very perfect and graphic. If the tourist were seated on a cloud midway between Great Gavel and Scafell, and only a few yards above their highest elevation, he would look down to the westward on no fewer than nine different valleys, diverging away from that point, like spokes from the nave of a wheel, towards the vast rim formed by the sands of the Irish Sea. These vales—Langdale, Conistoun, Duddon, Eskdale, Wastdale, Ennerdale, Buttermere, Borrowdale, and Keswick—are of every variety of character; some with, and some without lakes; some richly fertile, and some awfully desolate. Shifting from the cloud, if the tourist were to fly a few miles eastward, to the ridge of old Helvellyn, he would find the wheel completed by the vales of Wytheburn, Ulswater, Ilawswater, Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, which bring the eye round again to Winandermere, in the vale of Langdale, from which it set out. From the sea or plain country all round the circumference of this fairy-land, along the gradually-swelling uplands, to the mighty mountains that group themselves in the centre, the infinite varieties of view may be imagined—varieties made still more luxuriant by the different position of each valley towards the rising or setting sun. Thus a spectator in the vale of Winandermere will in summer see its golden orb going down over the mountains, while the spectator in Keswick will at the same moment mark it diffusing its glories over the low grounds. In this delicious land, dyed in a splendour of ever-shifting colours, the old customs and manners of England still lingered in the youth of Wordsworth, and took a firm hold of his heart, modifying all his habits and opinions. Though a deluge of strangers had begun to set in towards this retreat, and even the spirit of the factory threatened

to invade it, still the dalesmen were impressed with that character of steadiness, repose, and rustic dignity, which has always possessed irresistible charms for the poet. Their cottages, which, from the numerous irregular additions made to them, seemed rather to have grown than to have been built, were covered over with lichens and mosses, and blended insensibly into the landscape, as if they were not human creations, but constituent parts of its own loveliness. In this old English Eden, all his schoolboy days, Wordsworth wandered restlessly, drawn hither and thither by his irresistible passion for nature, and receiving into his soul those remarkable photographs which were afterwards to delight his countrymen. There can be no doubt that the charms of this lake scenery added still more strength to the poet's peculiar tendencies, and developed a conservative sentiment, which, though temporarily overcome, afterwards reared itself up in haughtier majesty than before. The poet was naturally led to indulge much in out-of-door wanderings and pastimes, such as skating, of which he has left a picture unapproachable in its vividness and precision.

Considering the effect of Wordsworth's subsequent theories upon his style, it is remarkable how pure, unaffected, and dignified it was at this time. Indeed, so far as style is concerned, he never, even in the vigour of manhood, excelled his juvenile productions. In 1786 he wrote some verses in anticipation of leaving school, which are chaste and sweet. Thus, in illustration of the idea, that wherever he might be, he would ever turn his look backward to his native regions—he says—

‘Thus from the precincts of the west
The sun, while sinking down to rest,
Though his departing radiance fail
To illuminate the hollow vale,
A lingering lustre fondly throws
On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.’

Among his sonnets there is one written in very early youth, which is remarkable for precocious maturity of diction:—

‘Calm is all nature as a resting wheel:
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass;
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
Is cropping audibly his later meal:
Dark is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
O’er vale and mountain and the starless sky.
Now in this blank of things a harmony,
Home-felt and home-created, comes to heal
That grief for which the senses still supply
Fresh food, for only then when memory
Is hushed am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again!’

In the year 1789, also, two small pieces were produced which in simplicity and melody he never afterwards surpassed. The one is that beginning—

‘Glide gently, thus for ever glide,’

which has been always much admired; the other is brief enough for

quotation. It is entitled, 'Lines Written while Sailing in a Boat at Evening'—

'How richly glows the water's breast
Before us, tinged with evening hues,
While, facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues!
And see how dark the backward stream!
A little moment past so smiling;
And still perhaps with faithless gleam
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure;
But heedless of the following gloom,
He deems their colours shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit;
And what if he must die in sorrow?
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow.'

In 1787 Wordsworth went to Cambridge, but at every convenient opportunity he seems to have made his escape, and pedestrianised among his beloved lakes and mountains. Even at this early date he had fixed on Grasmere as his future place of abode. In the 'Evening Walk,' which he was engaged in composing during this and the two following years, and which consisted of a series of very striking pictures of the Lake country, he thus alludes to this darling object of his life:—

'Even now hope decks for me a distant scene
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between),
Gilding that cottage with her fairest ray
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmur in mine ear!)
Where we, my friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.'

He varied these trips by a tour among the magnificent mountains of Wales with Mr Jones, afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England; and in 1790 the two made a pedestrian journey through France and Switzerland to the north of Italy. The 'Descriptive Sketches' arose out of this ramble. It is strikingly illustrative of the effect of the first French Revolution on the European mind, that even the inflexible intellect of Wordsworth was carried away in the general whirl. Indeed he seems at this time to have been subject to a subdued melancholy, or even misanthropy, in looking on the ordinary ways of men, and particularly of politicians. The uprising of the French stirred his blood like 'the sound of a trumpet;' and in common with all the young and ardent spirits of the time, he looked for the advent of a new and more blessed era. He seems by the tone of his 'Sketches' to have thought with Rousseau, that the 'state of nature' is the condition most favourable to virtue and dignity; and with Shelley, that it is the rulers of the world who 'blast the human flower in its bud.' Southey and Coleridge, no less eagerly than Byron, were gazing across the Channel on the great drama enacting before the eyes of an excited world; while Wordsworth, strange to say, more impetuous than any of them, placed his knap-

sack on his back, and with staff in his hand, set out on his pilgrimage to the promised land. All France was in a delirium of enthusiasm: everywhere the rattle of arms and the flapping of the tri-coloured banner. Every warlike sound was music to Wordsworth's ear as he plodded along the endless avenues of elms. To him it seemed that

‘From every cot the watchful bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till then unheard.’

The following prayer shows how deeply the youthful poet had imbibed the revolutionary infection:—

‘Grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries, presumptuous, “Here the flood shall stay!”
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink with his servile bands to rise no more.’

In this wild exaltation of feeling he ascended among the mists and cataracts of the Swiss mountains; and the style and language in which he has embodied his recollections are totally unlike those usual to him, and sometimes remind one of flames crackling and forcing upward through the narrow crater of a volcano. Still, however, his exquisite poetical taste enabled him to extract from his tour more pleasure than is possible to the ordinary pedestrian. He has recorded his experiences and ideas of such perambulations in lines which ought to be learned by rote, as the poetic manual of all travellers on foot. These and future excursions must at that time have cost money: and from a sonnet composed in gratitude to Raisley Calvert, we are led to believe that he was considerably indebted to that gentleman for at least a part of his power to rove wherever fancy carried him.

Thus between desultory study and perpetual wandering his college time was spent. He has himself recorded in his posthumous work the ‘Prelude’ the development of his mind at Cambridge, so far as it was possible to do so with accuracy, looking back from a more mature period of life. In his first session he seems to have given himself up with all the zest of a novice to the boatings, the drivings, the fêtes, and the frivolities that enlivened the banks of the Cam. These unusual gaieties relaxed to some extent the tone of his imagination; and even the delight he felt on first revisiting the scenes of his boyhood scarcely reawakened the poesy within him. But the old familiar objects, and the impressive changes that had passed during his brief absence over many dear friends among the mountains, tended to solemnise his thoughts; and when he returned to the university, it was with a deeper love towards the spiritual world of books. His studies, however, do not appear to have been pursued on any rigid system. He affected, as his inclinations led him, occasionally the classics, and occasionally the abstract sciences; and even in his riper years he felt it difficult to determine whether this careless roving of the intellect tended more to strengthen or to debilitate.

In 1793 he graduated, and published his first poetical venture, ‘The Evening Walk,’ and ‘Descriptive Sketches,’ already referred to. These works contained no trace whatever of any tendency to that theory which after-

wards led him to adopt a style sometimes bordering on the mean. On the contrary, the style was remarkably dignified and forcible, the faults being too much luxuriance and splendour rather than meagreness and vulgarity. The matter consisted merely of descriptions of scenery, intermingled with a few pensive reflections, and some crude and juvenile theories, if they merit so dignified a title, of man and the world. The best criticism on these pieces in the smallest compass is by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. That extraordinary man laid his hands on them in 1794, while spending his last session at Cambridge, and at once discovered the indisputable marks of an original poetic genius. 'There is,' says he in his 'Biographia,' 'a harshness and acerbity connected and combined with words and images all aglow which might recall those products of the vegetable world where gorgeous blossoms rise out of a hard and thorny rind or shell, within which the rich fruit is elaborating. The language is not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demand always a greater attention than poetry, at all events than descriptive poetry, has a right to claim.' A few lines will exemplify the golden splendour of the diction, and prove that their writer did not adopt the meagre phraseology of one or two of the lyrical ballads from poverty of fancy :—

'Here half a village shines in gold arrayed,
Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade;
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the waters dies.'

After leaving the university, Wordsworth, who was uneasy about his future lot, planted himself down in the midst of the metropolis. He had often heard of it in his schoolboy days as of some city paved with gold, and peopled with princes. Even now he plunged amid its crowds with the eagerness and delight of a child. He rushed to every sight, and frequented every spectacle and every place of public resort. His imagination was deeply impressed with London; and he found an unlimited field of thought in its endless variety of character. It is curious how little its wonders permanently affected or modified his mind, and how few contributions to his poesy appear to be drawn from this era in his activity. Perhaps this may be partly explained by the fact, that his whole soul was now riveted on the scenes that were rapidly succeeding each other on the other side of the Straits—the drama of France was fast rising into breathless interest. The Royalist legions were mustering in masses on the far bank of the Rhine, and the fate of the new-born Liberty trembled in the balance. The suspense was too great for the poet. He could not breathe in England. Its atmosphere was too stagnant for his wild hopes, and he hurried across the strip of water that severed him from the Revolution. He fixed his abode on the banks of the Loire, where he resided for two successive winters. During all this time he was lapped in a delicious day-dream.

He believed that the old world was passing away, and that all things were to become new. His unsuspecting faith is affecting even in the mere faint description of it given by himself when its ardour had passed away before the stern realities of the world. He principally associated with some Royalist officers, and was favoured with their confidences. But he only smiled at their menaces and their prayers for the destruction of the patriots. All Wordsworth's sympathies were with the latter; and one military man, a patriot, of whom he has left a charming picture, was frequently the companion of his walks. The delighted pair talked in rapt language of the millennium that was approaching. One day they met a poor half-starved and half-naked girl; the patriot pointed to the sad object, and said it was *their* mission to banish such spectacles. Wordsworth believed it, and his heart warmed. The old and new systems were now in the death-grapple. The crisis speedily came. The Royalists were driven over the frontier. The imprisonment of the king and the September massacres followed. Wordsworth hurried up to Paris while the blood of the unhappy victims was scarcely yet dried upon the streets. He had never anticipated such libations to freedom. His mind was at this period wrought up to a kind of half frenzy. He listened to all the street orators as well as to the orators of the legislation. He saw what kind of men were at the head of affairs, and divined too truly what was to come. He felt in his solitary attic as if the air of Paris was too stifling for him to breathe. Yet he never once faltered in his republican faith; and he has himself solemnly left it on record, that if he had had even ordinary qualifications as an orator, or as a political writer, he would have plunged at once into the heat of the struggle as the enemy of the faction of Robespierre, and probably have perished obscurely in that terrible convulsion. Fortunately, it was otherwise ordained; and the poet fled from the blood-stained soil of France back to his own country. He did not, however, abandon one jot of his creed. The Girondins perished; things went into utter confusion; horror followed horror, yet still Wordsworth, afterwards so conservative, clung with undiminished fervour to the fortunes of the republic. The intervention of Great Britain filled him with abhorrence. He retired more deeply into his inner speculations, and fell into a state of utter doubt, in which the best-established maxims and doctrines were subjected to a merciless scrutiny. This painful condition proved very prejudicial to his higher poetical powers; and it was long till the conversation of his sister, and communion with his beloved nature, produced a renovating process of reaction in his spiritual frame. He then turned himself from his excited dreams to investigate the heart of man, and examine what true hope it might afford him of a more glorious future, and thus gradually attained that firm faith in mankind, and in the progress of the people, to which he may be said, through his posthumous publications, to give melodious utterance from the sepulchre. This whole episode in Wordsworth's inward history is worthy of attention, both morally and psychologically. Coleridge's Gallomania had subsided before 1793; Wordsworth's lasted for some years afterwards. Indeed his mind appears, if we are to trust his 'Prelude,' to have been in a continual mood of gloomy discontent with established institutions:—

‘I rejoiced,
 Yea afterwards—truth most painful to record!—
 Exulted in the triumph of my soul,
 When Englishmen by thousands were o’erthrown,
 Left without glory in the field, or driven,
 Brave hearts, to shameful flight. It was a grief—
 Grief call it not, ’twas anything but that—
 A conflict of sensations without name,
 Of which he only, who may love the sight
 Of a village steeple as I do, can judge,
 When in the congregation bending all
 To their great Father, prayers were offered up,
 Or praises for our country’s victories;
 And ’mid the simple worshippers, perchance
 I only, like an uninvited guest,
 Whom no one owned, sat silent—shall I add?
 Fed on the day of vengeance yet to come.’

But his somewhat scholarly distrust and dislike of the current ways of the world were perhaps the very influences that turned his hopes to the abnormal force of the Revolution, and the spectacle of its miserable results must in time have tended to confirm this distrust and dislike beyond the possibility of eradication. By and by he emerged the constant advocate of a strong government, which should rigidly administer the institutions matured in a long course of ages, and only suffer them to be altered slowly and gradually according to the dictates of experience.

In 1794 the step was taken by which those remarkable men, afterwards known in popular parlance as the Lakers, were brought into contiguity. In that year Coleridge, Southey, Robert Lovell, and George Burnet, came down to Bristol, as the most convenient port from which they could embark for the wild banks of the Susquehana. On that remote river they were to found a Platonic Republic, where everything was to be in common, and from which vice and selfishness were to be for ever excluded. These ardent and intellectual adventurers had made elaborate calculations how long it would take them to procure the necessaries of life and to build their barns, and how they should spend their leisure in what Coleridge sung as

‘Freedom’s undivided dell,
 Where toil and health with mellowed love shall dwell;
 Far from folly, far from men,
 In the rude romantic glen.’

Yet, it is supposed, they knew nothing of the Susquehana more than of any other American river, except that its name was musical and sonorous; and far from having anything wherewith to convey themselves and their movables across the Atlantic, they had to borrow five pounds to make up their lodging bill. This sum was advanced them with unalloyed pleasure by Mr Cottle, a bookseller in the town, a benevolent and worthy man, who seems almost to have been located there for no other purpose than to introduce the three chief Lake Poets to the world.

The bubble of the Susquehana, or, as it was called, Pantisocracy, was exploded by Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell all getting into the bonds of matrimony, which have a miraculous virtue in testing the solidity of schemes of life. They married three sisters of the name of Fricker. It was the perpetual restlessness of Coleridge which first brought him and his com-

panions into contact with Wordsworth. The former wonderful man, in capabilities perhaps the mightiest of that illustrious group, and in his mental constitution one of the most puzzling psychological phenomena which human nature has ever presented, was the originator of the 'Pantisocratic' proposal. He was of luxurious imagination, deep emotiveness, various learning, and an exquisite nervous susceptibility. In 1795 he was making excursions through the lovely and tranquil scenery of Somersetshire, when he became acquainted with a most excellent man, Mr Poole, resident in the quiet village of Stowey. On his return to Bristol, where he got married, he still exhibited his usual uneasiness. First he removed to his immortal rose-bound cottage at Clevedon, then back to the pent-up houses of Redcliff Hill, and from these again to the more open situation of Kingsdown. Nothing would then satisfy him but he must set up a political serial, to be called 'The Watchman;' and his own sketches of his travelling canvass for that periodical might take rank with some chapters of Quixote. Take, for instance, this picture of a great patriot at Birmingham, to whom he applied for his magnificent patronage:—He was 'a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall, dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed as a foundry poker! Oh that face!—a face *κατ' ἐμ φασιν*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pingnitescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin, gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched aftermath from a last week's shaving. His coat-collar behind, in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage which I suppose he called his hair, and which, with a bend inward at the nape of the neck—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance—lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows—gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease, and iron.' This thoroughbred lover of liberty, who had proved that Mr Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in the *Revelations* that spake as a dragon, nevertheless declined to take 'The Watchman;' and in short, after a disastrous career, that serial died a natural death. The disappointed editor took refuge for a brief season with Mr Poole at Stowey, and there, for the first time, he met Wordsworth, who then resided about twenty miles off, at Racelton in Dorsetshire. He afterwards went on a visit, for a few days, to Wordsworth's mansion. Coleridge was at that time busy with a tragedy, and his host was in the very heat of a similar effort. Wordsworth submitted his to his guest, who in a letter to Cottle pronounced it 'absolutely wonderful.' 'I speak,' said Coleridge, 'with absolute sincerity, and I think unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel myself a little man by his side, and yet I do not think myself a less man than I formerly thought myself.' Coleridge procured an introduction for his friend's tragedy to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden, who pledged himself without delay to decide on its fate; but as it does not appear what followed, it is probable that this potentate, as usual, gave himself little farther trouble on the subject. Indeed it is not likely that a drama by a man so stately and unimpassioned as Wordsworth would be found adapted to the meridian of the stage. But it is curious that many great geniuses have in early youth aimed at this distinction.

The list includes writers as far removed from each other, in the character of their minds, as Plato and Béranger.

Coleridge returned for a short time to Bristol, but in January 1797 he removed to Stowey, where he rented a small cottage. This must have been a pleasant episode in the lives of the gifted individuals whom it brought together in that sweet village. Wordsworth, who was now twenty-seven, had come with his sister to Allfoxden, which was within two miles of Stowey. Charles Lloyd, a young man of most sensitive and graceful mind, and of great poetical susceptibility, resided in family with Coleridge. Charles Lamb, then in the spring-time of his life, was also a frequent inmate; and often afterwards, under the cloud which lowered over his noble devotedness in London, his fancy wandered back to that happy valley. Why, says he to Charles Lloyd, who unexpectedly looked in upon him in the great Babylon—

‘Why seeks my Lloyd the stranger out?
What offering can the stranger bring
Of social scenes, homebred delight,
That him in night compensate may
For Stowey’s pleasant winter nights,
For love and friendships far away?’

The Pantisocratist, George Burnet, was also a visitor. Mrs Coleridge herself had a poetical taste, and there is one very graceful piece of hers written on the receipt of a thimble from her kind friend Mr Cottle. Just such a thimble, sings Sarah Coleridge—

‘Just such a one, *mon cher ami*
(The finger shield of industry),
The inventive gods, I deem, to Pallas gave,
What time the vain Arachne, madly brave,
Challenged the blue-eyed virgin of the sky
A duel in embroidered work to try
And hence the thimble’d finger of grave Pallas
To the erring needle’s point was more than callous.
But, ah! the poor Arachne! she, unarmed,
Blundering through hasty eagerness, alarmed
With all a rival’s hopes, a mortal’s fears,
Still missed the stitch, and stained the web with tears.’

Hartley Coleridge, the aerial child who awakened the fears and sympathies of Wordsworth, was a fine boy, rejoicing his parents’ hearts; and the happy pair had cut a road into their neighbours’ orchards, that they might pass to their firesides under arches of blossoms, and with a speed suiting their affections. Alas! that sweet Stowey. Cottle, in his old age, has painted one or two pictures of it and of its gifted habitants, now in their graves, that go to the heart. Take the scene with Coleridge in the jasmine arbour, where the tripod table was laden with delicious bread and cheese, and a mug of the true brown Taunton ale. ‘While the dappled sunbeams,’ says the old man calling up kindly memories, ‘played on our table through the umbrageous canopy, the very birds seemed to participate in our felicities, and poured forth their selectest anthems. As we sat in our sylvan hall of splendour, a company of the happiest mortals, the bright blue heavens, the sporting insects, the balmy zephyrs, the feathered choristers, the sympathy of friends, all augmented the pleasurable to the highest

point this side the celestial. . . . While thus elevated in the universal current of our feelings, Mrs Coleridge approached with her fine Hartley; we all smiled, but the father's eye beamed transcendental joy. But all things have an end! Yet pleasant it is for memory to treasure up in her choicest depository a few such scenes (those sunny spots in existence), on which the spirit may repose when the rough adverse winds shake and disfigure all besides' Or take the more lively visit to Allfoxden on Wordsworth's invitation. Away they all went from Stowey; the poet and Emmeline, Coleridge and Cottle. They were to dine on philosopher's fare—a bottle of brandy, a loaf, a piece of cheese, and fresh lettuces from Wordsworth's garden. The first mishap was the theftuous abstraction of the cheese; and, on the back of it, Coleridge, in the very act of praising the brandy as a substitute, upset the bottle, and knocked it to pieces. Then all tried to take off the harness from the horse. Cottle tried it, then the bard of Rydal, but in vain. Coleridge, who had served his apprenticeship as Silas Comberbatch in the cavalry, then twisted the poor animal's neck almost to strangulation; but was at last compelled to pronounce that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on! It was useless, said he, to try to force so huge an *os frontis* through so narrow a collar. All had given up, when lo! the servant-girl turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in an instant, to the inconceivable wonder and humiliation of the poets, who proceeded to solace themselves with the brown bread, the lettuces, and a jug of sparkling water. Who, knowing the subsequent fates of the tenants of Stowey, would not love to dwell on these delightful pictures of their better days?

It must not be supposed, however, that the tempter never entered into this Eden; but when he did so, it was generally through the mischief-making pranks of Coleridge, who constantly kept his friends in hot water. He and Lamb had just published a joint volume of poems, and Coleridge could not refrain from satirising and parodying their offspring in the newspapers. Take this epigram as a specimen.—

‘TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Your poem must eternal be—
De u Sn, it cannot fail;
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

Of course nobody could suspect Coleridge of this; and indeed, to his infinite amusement, a vain fellow affected to hesitate about being introduced to him, on the ground that he had mortally injured him by the writing of this very epigram! But Lamb could not fail to observe the doings of the poet-metaphysician more closely, and the result was a quarrel, which induced that 'gentle creature' to send him an unnaturally bitter series of theological questions, such as—'Whether the vision beatific be anything more or less than a perpetual representment, to each individual angel, of his own present attainments and future capabilities, somehow in the manner of mortal looking-glasses, reflecting a perpetual complacency and self-satisfaction?' Troubles from without added to this confusion within. The village wiseacres, to whom the habits of Wordsworth and his eccentric friend were totally incomprehensible, had decided that they

were terrible scoundrels, who required to be looked after. One sage had seen Wordsworth look strangely at the moon; another had overheard him mutter in some unintelligible and outlandish brogue. Some thought him a conjurer; some a smuggler, from his perpetually haunting the sea-beach; some asserted that he kept a snug private still in his cellar, as they knew by their noses at a hundred yards' distance; while others were convinced that he was 'surely a desperate French Jacobin, for he was so silent and dark that nobody ever heard him say one word about politics.' While the saturnine and stately Wordsworth was thus slanderously assailed, his fluent and witty associate could not expect to escape. One day, accordingly, while on a pedestrian excursion, Coleridge met a woman who, not knowing who he was, abused him to himself in unmeasured Billingsgate for a whole hour, as a vile Jacobin villain, who had misled George Burnet of her parish. 'I listened,' wrote the poet to a friend, 'very particularly, appearing to approve all she said, exclaiming, "Dear me!" two or three times; and, in fine, so completely won her heart by my civilities, that I had not courage enough to undeceive her.' This is all very ludicrous and amusing now; but at the time its effect was such, that the person who had the letting of Allfoxden House refused point-blank to relet it to Wordsworth. This was of course a great vexation to Poole and Coleridge, who set about trying to procure another house in the vicinity.

But the two bards were not a subject of jealousy and suspicion to the ignorant peasantry alone. A country gentleman of the locality became so alarmed, that he called in the aid of that tremendous abstraction—the state; and a spy was sent down from headquarters, and lodged in mysterious privacy in Stowey Inn. The poets could never stir out but this gentleman was at their heels, and they scarcely ever had an out-of-door conversation which he did not overhear. He used to hide behind a bank at the seaside, which was a favourite seat of theirs. At that time they used to talk a great deal of Spinoza; and as their confidential attendant had a notable Bardolph nose, he at first took it into his head that they were making light of his importance by nicknaming him 'Spy-Nose;' but was soon convinced that that was the name of a man 'who had made a book, and lived long ago.' On one occasion Bardolph assumed the character of a Jacobin, to draw Coleridge out; but such was the bard's indignant exposure of the Revolutionists, that even the spy felt ashamed that he had put Jacobinism on. Poor Coleridge was so unsuspicious, that he felt happy he had been the means of shaking the convictions of this awful partisan, and doing the unhappy man some good. At last the spy reported favourably, to the great disgust of the rural magnate who had engaged his services, and who now tried to elicit fresh grounds of suspicion from the village innkeeper. But that worthy was obstinate in his belief that it was totally impossible for Coleridge to harangue the inhabitants, as he talked 'real Hebrew-Greek,' which their limited intellects could not understand. This, however, only exasperated his inquisitor, who demanded whether Coleridge had not been seen roving about, taking charts and maps of the district. The poor innkeeper replied, that though he did not wish to say any ill of anybody, yet he must confess he had heard that Coleridge was a poet, and intended to put Quantock into print. Thus the friends escaped this peril, which was then a formidable one. Coleridge was at the time wandering about

among the romantic coombes of the Quantock Hills, making studies for a poem on the plan afterwards followed out by Wordsworth in his 'Sonnets to the Duddon;' and in the heat of the moment he resolved to dedicate it to Government, as containing the traitorous plans which he was to submit to the French, in order to facilitate their schemes of invasion. 'And these, too,' says he, 'for a tract of coast that from Clevedon to Minehead scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat.'

These troubles and vexations did not, however, prevent Wordsworth from prosecuting his poetical undertakings. His industry must have been incessant. At this time 'Peter Bell' was composed, with 'An Adventure on Salisbury Plain,' and many smaller pieces. But it is curious that he appears to have been principally concerned about his tragedy. Coleridge and he had now formed a plan for making a tour to Germany in company, and it was necessary to raise funds. For this purpose they resolved on making a sacrifice of their darling tragedies, and the ever-serviceable Cottle was applied to. Accordingly, in 1798, Coleridge made a formal offer to that benevolent bookseller of these works, and also of a volume of his friend's pieces, to contain 'Salisbury Plain,' 'Tale of a Woman,' a few minor poems and notes. The tragedies extended, along with the stage directions, to 6000 lines, and the price was to be paid down within four months. Cottle offered thirty guineas for each of them, which, however, was not accepted at the time, owing to the hope entertained by the authors that they might yet succeed in getting them brought upon the stage. Wordsworth asked thirty guineas for the volume of poems; but no arrangement was concluded in respect to it.

In the meantime the 'Lyrical Ballads' were fast maturing. The plan had been concocted jointly by the two poets, and a distinct part in its execution had been assigned to each. It had originated in the idea that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts—the one, in which the incidents and agents were to be in part supernatural; the other, in which the subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life. Accordingly, the supernatural and romantic department was assigned to Coleridge, while Wordsworth was 'to give the charm of novelty to things of every day,' and to 'awaken the mind's attention to the lethargy of custom, and direct it to the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us.' This noble task was not so easy then as it is now. A continuous series of poets had concentrated the world's admiration on extravagant and melodramatic characters and plots, and had substituted for the truthfulness of nature and the simplicity of diction requisite for its expression, images drawn from the commonplaces of the poetical treasury, and words and phrases which made up for their inapplicability by a fine sonority and by pleasant associations. Cowper and Burns had done much to shake this artificial and ruinous system, but in 1798 it was still rampant in literature. Wordsworth, however, from his haughty and uncordial nature, did not proceed on his delicate duty with tact, but sometimes, instead of pruning the poetic tree, stripped it at once of fruit, flowers, and leaves. For in his anxiety, to recommend a dignified simplicity of style and the virtues of lowly life, he occasionally fell into poverty of diction and phrases polluted by mean associations, and delivered philosophic lectures and refined sentiments through characters most unlikely to entertain them. These faults were,

however, merely exceptional, and would have escaped general censure but for an imprudence to be afterwards noticed. Notwithstanding the rich luxuriance of Coleridge's own style, it is not unlikely that he had a considerable share in carrying his friend to these extremes. While at Christ's Hospital he had been rigidly tutored by old Bowyer to cut away all superfluous words, and to reject pompous phrases and metaphors. He recalls that veteran's commands with delightful raciness. '*Lute, harp, and lyre,*' says he, '*Muse, Muses, and inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene,* were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now exclaiming—"Harp? harp? lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy; Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh ay; the cloister pump, I suppose!"'

At his first interview with Wordsworth, Cottle had heard some of the lyrical poems read, and had earnestly advised their publication, offering for them the same sum he had given to Coleridge and Southey for their works, and stating flatteringly that no provincial bookseller might ever again have the honour of ushering such a trio to renown. Wordsworth, however, strongly objected to publication; but in April 1798 the poet sent for Cottle to hear them recited 'under the old trees in the park.' Coleridge despatched a confirmatory invitation. 'We will procure a horse,' wrote persuasive Samuel Taylor, 'easy as thy own soul, and we will go on a roam to Linton and Limouth, which, if thou comest in May, will be in all their pride of woods and waterfalls, not to speak of its august cliffs, and the green ocean, and the vast Valley of Stones, all which live disdainful of the seasons, or accept new honours only from the winter's snow.' The three friends did go on their romantic excursion, saw sweet Linton and Limouth, and arranged the publication of the first volume of the '*Lyrical Ballads.*' Accordingly it appeared in the summer of that year, and was chiefly composed of Wordsworth's pieces, but contained the '*Ancient Mariner,*' and other poems, by Coleridge.

In September the two authors set off for the continent. Their different temperaments displayed themselves very remarkably on the voyage. The bard of Rydal seems to have kept very quiet; but his mercurial companion, after indulging in most questionable potations with a motley group of eccentric foreigners, got up and danced with them a succession of dances, which, he says, might very appropriately have been termed *reels*. Where Wordsworth was may be conjectured from Coleridge's remark, that those 'who lay below in all the agonies of sea-sickness must have found our Bacchanalian merriment

—"a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from their complaint."

One of the party was a Dane, a vain and disgusting coxcomb, whose conversation with Coleridge, whom he first took for a '*Doctor Teology,*' and then for '*un philosophe,*' actually outburlesqued burlesque. The astounded bard for the first time in his life took notes of a dialogue, of which a single sample is enough.—

The Dane. Vat imagination! vat language! vat vast science! vat eyes! vat a milkwhite forehead! Oh my heafen! vy, you're a got!

Answer. You do me too much honour, sir.

The Dane. Oh me, if you should tink I is flattering you! No, no, no. I haf ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand a year—yes, ten tousand pound a year! Vell, and vat is dhat? Vy, a mere trifle! I 'ouldn't gif my sincere heart for ten times dhe money! Yes, you're a got!—I a mere man! But, my dear friend, dhink of me as a man! Is—is—I mean to ask you now, my dear friend—is I not very eloquent? Is I not speak English very fine?

And so his Daneship, in this extraordinary style, went on fishing for compliments, and asking whether he did not speak just like Plato, and Cato, and Socrates, till he lost all opinion of Coleridge on finding that he was a Christian. The discarded poet then wrapped himself in his great-coat, and looked at the water, covered with foam and stars of flame, while every now and then detachments of it 'darted off' from the vessel's side, each with its own small constellation, over the sea, and scoured out of sight like a Tartar troop over a wilderness.' By and by he lay down, and 'looking up at two or three stars, which oscillated with the motion of the sails, fell asleep.'

They landed at Hamburg, on the Elbe Stairs, at the Boom-House. Wordsworth, with a French emigrant, whose acquaintance he had cultivated at sea, went in search of a hotel, and put up at 'Die Wilde Man,' while the other wild man, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, strolled about, amusing himself with looking at the 'Dutch women, with large umbrella hats shooting out half a yard before them, and a prodigal plumpness of petticoat behind,' and many similar striking and unusual spectacles.

In Hamburg the pair were introduced to the brother of the poet Klopstock, and to Professor Ebeling, a lively and intelligent man, but so deaf that they had to 'drop all their pearls into a huge ear-trumpet.' At Mr Klopstock's they saw a bust of the poet, whom they afterwards visited. It had a solemn and heavy greatness in the countenance, which corresponded with the notions entertained by Coleridge of his style and genius, and which were afterwards discovered not to exist in the prototype himself. Coleridge, whose chief object in coming to Germany was to become acquainted with the German language and literature, left Wordsworth in Hamburg, and went to Ratzeburg, where he boarded in the pastor's house. He returned, however, for a few days, to take final leave of his friend, and the two paid a visit to Klopstock together. His house was one of a row of what appeared small summer-houses, with four or five rows of young meagre elms in front, and beyond these a green, bounded by a dead flat. The bard's physiognomy disappointed them as much as his domicile. Coleridge recognised in it no likeness to the bust, and no traces either of sublimity or enthusiasm. Klopstock could only speak French and German, and Coleridge only English and Latin, so that Wordsworth, who was accomplished in French, acted as interpreter. It may here be mentioned that this ignorance of Coleridge's brought upon him a peculiar sort of civility at Ratzeburg. The *amtmann* of that place, anxious to be civil, and totally unable to find any medium of communication, every day they met, as the only courtesy he had it in his power to offer, addressed to him the whole stock of English he possessed, which was to this effect:—'—ddam your plood unt eyes, my dearest Englander, vhee goes it?'. The conversation with Klopstock turned entirely upon English and German

literature, and in the course of it Wordsworth gave ample proofs of his great taste, industry, and information, and even showed that he was better acquainted with the highest German writers than the author of the 'Messiah' himself. On his informing the latter that Coleridge intended to translate some of his odes, the old man said to Coleridge—'I wish you would render into English some select passages of the "Messiah," and *revenge* me of your countrymen.' 'This,' says Coleridge, 'was the liveliest thing he produced in the whole conversation.' That genius was, however, deeply moved, but could not help being disgusted with the venerable bard's snow-white periwig, which felt to his eye what Mr Virgil would have been to his ear. After this Coleridge left Hamburg, and resided four months in Ratzeburg, and five in Gottingen. Wordsworth had two subsequent interviews with Klopstock, and dined with him. He kept notes of these conversations, some of which are given in 'Satyrane's Letters,' in the second volume of the 'Biographia Literaria.' One or two incidents strongly illustrate Wordsworth's peculiar character and poetical taste. He complained, for example, of Lessing making the interest of the 'Oberon' turn upon mere appetite. 'Well, but,' said Klopstock, 'you see that such poems please everybody.' He immediately replied, that 'it was the province of a great poet to raise people up to his own level—not to descend to theirs.' Klopstock afterwards found fault with the Fool in 'Lear,' when Wordsworth observed, that 'he gave a terrible wildness to the distress'—a remark which evinced a deep appreciation of that awful drama. Wordsworth subsequently made a short tour, and visited Coleridge at Gottingen on his return.

During their absence their joint venture had fared ill. Some congenial spirits had indeed marked it with prophetic eye. Wilson, then in the heyday of his life, noted the advent of a great poet, and it seemed to him as 'if a new sun had risen on mid-day.' Hannah More also used to express herself strongly on the subject, and made Cottle read over the 'Lyrical Ballads' to her at her mansion of Barleywood. She was much delighted with the universally-decried 'Harry Gill;' and when Cottle came to the words, 'Oh may he never more be warm!' she held up her hands in smiling horror. But the reviews were very severe; and though the mighty organs of criticism had not yet arisen, and their formidable artillery still slept in the arsenal of the future, the volume was almost dead-born. Mr Arch, a London bookseller, to whom the first edition had been sold, made nothing of it. On Coleridge's return to Bristol, he and Cottle went on a visit to Wordsworth, then in the north. At this interview the 'Ballads,' being a sore subject, were only once alluded to by the chief party interested, and that merely to account for their failure, which he attributed partly to the reviews, and partly to the unintelligibility of the 'Ancient Mariner!' On his return Cottle went to London, and sold the copyright of the 'Ballads' to Longman and Rees, who on a subsequent occasion told him that the valuator had estimated it at *nothing*, and at his request gave it back to him. Cottle then presented it to Wordsworth, who has thus reaped all the profits of this part of his works.

Probably this is the fittest place to notice the few love poems of Wordsworth, as most of them bear date in 1799. These refer to a girl whom he denominates Lucy, and speaks of as dead; but whether she was a real or

an imaginary character does not appear. More probably she was real; and his pieces relating to her may be taken as representing the utmost what he was capable of in that department. There are few writers who have depicted female character in all its loveable features more graphically and delicately than Wordsworth, or have more charmingly given utterance to the domestic and family affections. He himself took the stockdove as his emblem. Nay, in one or two pieces he even describes with highly-polished taste, and in rich strains of poetry, the sufferings and the woes of lovers. But even in the most exquisite passages of 'Vaudracour and Julia,' he always appears to describe the passion of love from without, and never to penetrate it from within itself. Indeed he was without strong passions, except his single passion for external nature; and in particular, he was defective in that most dithyrambic of all passions—love; which, during its brief sway in its most exalted phases, suspends calculation, and emerges in the character of the beautiful and winged, but blind child, which the fancy of the ancients has represented. Accordingly, not his power only, but even his taste, abandons him in his attempts to body forth the feeling of love. Thus in one fine lyric, expressly written to commemorate a 'strange fit of passion,' he gives some exquisite pictures of the effects of the moon's apparent motions on a dreamy mind equal to anything in 'Christabel.' He is riding towards Lucy's cot—

'My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
He raised, and never stopped,
When down behind the cottage roof
At once the bright moon dropped.'

But just as he has wrought up the reader to expect a fine development of the superstitious feeling pointed at, he suddenly strikes upon the rock ahead of love, and goes sheer down a thousand fathoms—

'What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head!
"Oh mercy!" to myself I cried—
"If Lucy should be dead!"'

Another love lyric he closes in this way —

'Few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave; and oh,
The difference to me!'

And in another he sings of his dead Lucy as if she had been a fossil in some sepulchral mine—

'No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.'

Indeed where his love verses are most graceful, and even faultlessly beautiful, the rhythm, the cadence, the dying fall, the tremulous tenderness—in short, the spirit and divinity of the passion—are totally wanting. Thus the fine poem—

'They say that men have died for love,'

which in its music and style is perfect, yet seems a succession of conceits, like those of the Italian sonnetteers, rather than the utterance of passion; and this becomes the more manifest on comparing it with the effusions of great and emotive minds. Thus the verse—

‘Thou thrush! that singest loud, and loud, and free,
Into yon row of willows flit,
Upon that alder sit,
Or sing another song, or choose another tree!’

is in itself undoubtedly a fine one, but contains not a trace of that inexpressible plaintiveness which seems to breathe even more from the rhythm than the words of the similar piece in Burns—

‘Oh stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay!’

which ends—

‘For pity’s sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken.’

And even the most fiery sparkles of Wordsworth in his fieriest moods pale before the glow of such passages as those of Rousseau in the chamber of Heloise, or Goethe when he depicts his Wilhelm Meister at the door of the youthful actress, while the moon whitened the poplars overhead, and the music of the wandering minstrels came through the silent midnight. The moderns are uniformly inferior to the ancients in everything of the dithyrambic species, amorous or not, and have never reproduced any work analogous to those Grecian religious dithyrambs, where the heat and hurry of the poet melted a score of words into one, which stretched its giant length through half-a-dozen lines. And of all modern poets, Wordsworth is the least successful in this style. Thus his ode to the lark—

‘Up with me—up with me into the clouds.’—

is by no means equal to Shelley’s fierce lyric to the same bird—

‘Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest—
And singing ever soarest,
And soaring ever singest.’

Nor can it stand comparison with Keats’s wild verses to the nightingale, in which he longs with that melodist

‘To fade away into the forest dim.’

In 1800 we find that Wordsworth, who was doubtless by this time quite cured of his Lucy-mania, had attracted Coleridge down to the Lake country. The latter arrived in Keswick, where he resided for so many years, in July, and so fascinated his landlord, that he at first refused to take any rent, and at last consented to accept about half what he would have got from others. Wordsworth lived twelve miles off; and close at hand was the eccentric Guilfred Lawson—a country knight, who kept wild beasts as playthings, to whom Coleridge in a letter laughingly alludes, mentioning particularly an epistle which that magnate received, ending in a postscript of two lines, coolly asking whether the writer might forward him a buffalo and a rhinoceros. Here Coleridge agreed

to supply Wordsworth with a poem for the second volume of the 'Lyrical Ballads,' to be called 'Christabel;' but notwithstanding solitary walks on the misty mountain-tops, his brain was exhausted by 'Wallenstein,' and was utterly paralysed. At last by chance, when dining out, he got what ordinary men would call drunk; and next day his poetic power returned, and poured forth verses so exuberant and rich, that Wordsworth now declined the contribution both as too long and too good. The 'Lyrical Ballads' were therefore published without the 'Christabel;' and this time they excited even more intense hostility than at first. This was not owing entirely to the causes formerly mentioned, and inherent in the original plan of the work, but more to a preface containing certain canons of poetry which he laid down as the main articles of his poetical creed. The substance of these may be expressed in two or three propositions:—*First*, he purposely chose his incidents and situations from low and rustic life, because in it our elementary feelings coexist in a state of greater simplicity, and consequently may be more accurately contemplated and more forcibly communicated; and in it also the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and lasting forms of nature. *Second*, he preferred the language of low and rustic life (purified from what appear to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of disgust), because in that condition men communicate hourly with the best objects from which the best part of language is derived, and convey their notions in simple and unelaborated expressions. And *third*, he asserted that the language of poetry is in noway different, except in respect to metre, from that of good prose. It is needless to enter into an elaborate argument, as Samuel Taylor Coleridge has already done with unsurpassable ability, to expose these principles, and to show that what is new in them is not true, and what is true, not new.

It is probable that Wordsworth did not propound them in the unlimited sense in which they were interpreted by his critics; and in a subsequent edition the preface in which they were contained was removed to a subordinate position. But there can be no doubt that this theory induced him to be needlessly prolix and tedious on feelings and incidents without poetical interest, and occasionally to use mean phrases, and language polluted by undignified, or even disagreeable associations. These were indeed rare and exceptional cases, for his own naturally stately and dignified genius protected him from frequent transgressions. But though a hundred lines deleted might have made all right, the public, who felt outraged by his critical defiance, took these hundred lines as illustrating the predominant character of two volumes of very beautiful and various poetry. The critics rose *en masse* against him. Jeffrey's first assault was in 1802, in a critique on Southey's 'Thalaba,' and was directed against the Lakers as a school. It is amusing to observe his then idea of their characteristics. He charges them in a body with the antisocial principles of Rousseau, his discontent at things as they are, his paradoxical morality, and his hankering after a state of voluptuous virtue and perfection; and endows them with the simplicity and energy of Schiller and Kotzebue, the homeliness and harshness of Cowper, the innocence of Ambrose Phillips, and the quaintness of Quarles and Dr Donne. The storm continued year by year to increase; and the charges multiplied so ludicrously fast, that Southey in his 'Doctor'

thus satirised them :—'The poet Southey is said to carry shaving to its *no plus ultra* of independency, for he shaves *sans* looking-glass, *sans* shaving-brush, *sans* soap, or substitute for soap, *sans* hot water, *sans* cold water, *sans* everything except a razor. . . . But on reflection I am not certain whether it is of the poet Southey that this is said, or of the poet Wordsworth. I may easily have confused one with the other in my recollections, just as what was said of Romulus might have been repeated of Remus while they were both living and flourishing together. . . . Indeed we should never repeat what is said of public characters without qualifying it as a common report or magazine authority. It is very possible that the Lake poets may both of them shave after the manner of other men.'

With all the defects before-mentioned, it cannot now be disputed that the prevailing features of the 'Lyrical Ballads' were aptness and simplicity, and occasionally dignity and richness of diction—a power of picturing objects and landscapes with much precision of outline—tenderness and delicacy of feeling—and a tendency to direct the eye to all that is really beautiful and elevating in the ordinary incidents of common life: a tendency at times leading to portraiture purely ideal. The 'Pet-Lamb,' and 'We are Seven,' are well-known examples. The following is a fine picture of the dawning from the loudly-decried 'Idiot Boy:'—

'By this the stars were almost gone—
The moon was setting on the hill,
So pale you scarcely looked at her;
The little birds began to stir,
Though yet their tongues were still.'

And how gorgeous are some of the verses of 'Ruth:'—

'He told of the magnolia spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannas spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the cowering clouds.'

Of his feminine tenderness of feeling, the fine pastoral of 'Michael' is an example. Space forbids all but one brief quotation, but few will be able to read the poem itself without the relief of tears:—

'Thus living on through such a length of years
The shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
Have loved his helpmate; but to Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet more dear—
Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all,
Than that a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts
And stirrings of inquietude, when they,
By tendency of nature, needs must fail.'

But, indeed, while blamed for his mean diction, he had already commenced the composition of those Sonnets, not frequently rivalled in the English language in purity, precision, and dignity — qualities which find fit representation in this dedication :—

‘ Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare
Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown
For summer pastime into wanton air :
Happy the thought best likened to a stone
Of the sea-beach, when polished with nice care
Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,
Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone
That tempted first to gather it. That here,
Oh chief of friends! such feelings I present
To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
Were a vain notion ; but the hope is dear,
That thou, if not with partial joy elate,
Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content.’

Wordsworth was not latterly inaccessible to conviction in regard to the phraseology of some parts of his ‘ Ballads,’ and has altered it, sometimes for the worse. Thus, in the ‘ Leech-Gatherer,’ the lines—

‘ He answered me with pleasure and surprise,
And there was while he spoke a fire about his eyes,’

has been altered into

‘ Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet vivid eyes.’

Indeed his defects were all the more remarkable, that he was all along fastidiously studious of his words, and his criticisms upon some of his own lines and phrases are very striking. Thus in his lines in the ‘ Ode to the Cuckoo’—

‘ Shall I call thee bird—
Or but a wandering Voice?’

he remarks—‘ This concise interrogation characterises the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of a corporeal existence; the imagination being tempted to this exertion of her power by a consciousness in the memory that the cuckoo is almost perpetually heard throughout the season of spring, but seldom becomes an object of sight.’ It was by this fine combination of critical acumen, great industry, and perpetual self-examination, united to a cool and stately flow of temper, that Wordsworth produced those splendid series of sonnets which—whatever cotemporary criticism may have said—are rapidly taking rank with those of Milton and Shakspeare.

In 1802 he bade a brief adieu to his beautiful cottage at Grasmere in some delightful verses, which did not forget even the primroses on the rocks, and set off to bring home one who was to share henceforth in all his pleasures and attachments. This was his cousin, Miss Mary Hutchinson of Penrith, to whom he now united himself in marriage. In August he made a very short trip to France, returning in September. By this time he had imbibed a rooted hatred of the turn which events had taken in that

country, and particularly of its tyrannical interference with the liberties of other nations. The day he spent in Calais saw Bonaparte Consul for life, and wrung from the poet one or two bitter but beautiful sonnets, contrasting the pretentious pomp of that occasion with the wild delirium of exultation which met him at every step as he plodded along, a younger man, in the joyous July of 1790. It was, with undisguised emotion he once more recognised old England in

'The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound
Of bells: those boys who in yon meadow-ground
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore.'

From that day his anti-Gallican fervour increased continually. Burying himself, with scarcely laudable gratulation on his own tranquillity, in the peaceful solitudes of Grasmere, he watched with increasing indignation the march of the Corsican towards empire, and launched sonnet after sonnet at each successive step of his triumph, till he rose to a climax of almost divine wrath; which passed into an equally divine furor of thanksgiving on the flight from Russia and the rout at Waterloo. His ode on the last occasion has a dithyrambic audacity akin to the wildest rhapsodies of Pindar:—

'We laud
And magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But thy most awful instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter—
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!'

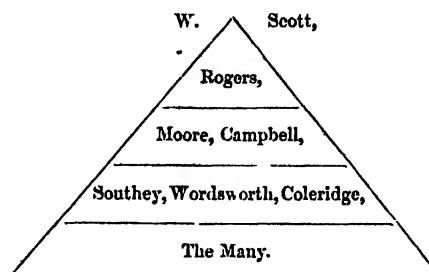
In 1803, after the birth of his first child, the poet paid a visit to Scotland; and, as on every future occasion, he appeared to indicate a dislike to Edinburgh, the headquarters of the hostile Reviewers, passing it by with marked slight, so that Christopher North complained long afterwards, and pleaded that Auld Reekie was as much worth a few days' stay as Glasgow, even though it had no such phenomenon to exhibit as the Glasgow Gander. Wordsworth on this occasion visited the grave of Burns, the Braes of Kirtle, Loch-Lomond, Loch Awe, Loch Katerine, and many other spots hallowed either by their own beauty or by traditional associations, wherever he wandered marking his track with song. His sister, who accompanied him, kept a very interesting diary. On their return they called on Sir Walter Scott, to whom Wordsworth had been already spoken of by mutual friends; and the party went together to Roslin, and all the interesting localities of that district. Wordsworth was delighted with Sir Walter's manly nature, and with his recitations of his 'Last Minstrel,' and everywhere found his name an 'Open Sesame.' At Hawick the landlady would on no account listen to the southerner's putting up in Scott's bedroom till she heard what the 'sherra' himself had to say. At this time the circuit court was holding at Jedburgh, and the minstrel was anxious that his friends should not enter the presence of justice, and catch him in his horrible official costume. But they, nevertheless, managed to get a glimpse of him in the procession, marching along in a cocked-hat and sword to the music of a solitary cracked trumpet. This visit to the Great Magician was long remembered with unmingled pleasure.

On Wordsworth's return to Grasmere, which he heralded, as usual, by a very beautiful sonnet, he went to Keswick, to visit Coleridge, and there became acquainted with Southey, who had just arrived in the Lake Country from Bristol. In October, Hazlitt came down on a visit, and painted a portrait of Wordsworth, who was his *beau idéal* of physiognomical perfection, in so hideous a style, that a wag wrote underneath, 'At the gallows, deeply affected by his deserved fate, but determined to die like a man!' There was a dignified and stately flow of enjoyment in the life which these great poets now led in their romantic retreat, but broken, alas! by the sad incidents of humanity. Charles Lamb, who came among them, was greatly changed from the frolicsome youth of Stowey; and Coleridge was already visited with those terrible nervous disorders which formed an apology for his ruinous vice of opium-eating. On one occasion, when he stayed a month at Grasmere, Mrs and Miss Wordsworth used to sit up with him all night, and waken him at the slightest symptom of the approach of his paroxysmal dreams. His screams were so heartrending, that these ladies often shed tears for him even in their sleep.

Wordsworth seems now to have retreated wholly into the sanctuary of family duties and affections, and to have retired from the every-day bustle of the social and political world, in the pride of a philosophy which was certainly not the loftiest nor the widest, though perhaps the best fitted to his own saturnine and contemplative nature. Indeed even Southey saw him but rarely; and Scott, who could not manage to draw an epistle out of him, used to inquire at the laureate about him in these somewhat emphatic terms—'What the devil is Wordsworth about?' In 1805, however, Scott visited Grasmere in person, and ascended with the solitary to the top of Helvellyn. In the same year the latter met with a sore affliction, in the loss of his brother in the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman. It is curious that about this period, notwithstanding the ultra-Conservatism of Southey and Wordsworth, Lord Somerville, who dined with them at General Peachey's, said everywhere, that however they had got into good society, they were beyond doubt Jacobins at the heart. In 1806 Wordsworth read 'The Wagoner' in manuscript to Charles Lamb. This airy and truly humorous poem commemorates a misadventure which induced Coleridge's landlord to turn one of his wagoners out of his service. This fellow was a genuine original, and years after his mishap, on meeting his immortaliser, he referred to his successor very contemptuously, as 'a man of *no ideas*,' who would never do.

In 1807 Jeffrey launched his first special review at Wordsworth. In the same year, in the 'Monthly Literary Recreations,' Byron inserted a very favourable critique, particularly noting the poet's simplicity and contempt for inane and tinsel phraseology. No doubt in his letter to Bowles he spoke more bitterly, when he hinted that the Roman toga was more poetical than the tattooed skin of a New Zealander, even though sung by William Wordsworth; but he seems never to have greatly disliked him, though Hogg's imprudence in showing the Lakers a letter from his lordship, speaking lightly of their fishing and angling, made him fancy that they detested him. Moore and Shelley, however, were always urging Wordsworth's merits on him; and he certainly repented of his attack in the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and drew his pen through it in

his own copy. The following is his estimate of Wordsworth at a subsequent period :—



Byron often visited Sir George Beaumont, to whom Wordsworth was much attached. Sir George supplied illustrations for the edition of the latter's poems in 1815. Wordsworth was a great admirer of the art of the painter, and his pieces on it are worthy of a place side by side with Keats's 'Lines on a Grecian Urn.' He addressed warm poetical tributes of praise to the illustrious and unhappy Haydon, to Sir George himself, and to Gillies, whose relative, in gratitude, painted one of the best portraits of the bard. At this time Wordsworth was composing his 'Immortality.' He also visited Bolton Priory in Yorkshire, and began, in connection with its traditions, his graceful poem of 'The White Doe.' He had met with a severe family affliction, in which he and his bereaved wife found some consolation in the beautiful Spenserian allegory of 'Heavenly Una with her Milk-white Lamb;' and the mysterious 'White Doe' was designed as a companion to that beautiful wanderer in fairy-land.

In 1810 Jeffrey paid his famous visit to Keswick, where he met with a courteous reception from Southey; but was much more fascinated by the still brilliant Coleridge, who walked him and lectured him through the fields all the forenoon, dined with him in the inn in the afternoon, and disarmed the terrible king of criticism so completely by his witcheries, that he promised to remove his name from the proscribed catalogue of the Lakers. It was afterwards made a bitter charge against Jeffrey, that in spite of the hospitable treatment he received he waxed fiercer than ever against his entertainers and their school. In 1812 the reviewer put Wilson's name in the black list; and if glorious rackets on the green margins of the lakes, and triumphal galas on Wastwater in their company, constituted Christopher a Laker, the charge was assuredly well deserved. Horace Smith now published his well-known 'Rejected Addresses,' purporting to be written by most of the living poets on the opening of Drury-Lane; and, as might have been anticipated, Wordsworth was not omitted from the Immortals who were stretched on the rack of parody. His Address was put into the mouth of a little girl drawn on the stage in a go-cart, and maundering in this style of supposed Wordsworthian simplicity :—

'What a large floor! 'Tis like a town.
The carpet, when they lay it down
Wont hide it, I'll be bound;

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

And there's a row of lamps—my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground?

The ever-watchful Jeffrey of course did not fail to follow up the blow by declaring that the parody was a flattering imitation of the poet's style! In 1814 Wordsworth made a second trip to Scotland, and this time visited Yarrow, which he commemorated in a beautiful piece called 'Yarrow Visited.' He was now appointed collector of stamps for his native district, which post he held for a long time without any sacrifice of real dignity, except, perhaps, on a single occasion, bitterly alluded to by Southey, when the government sent him a circular requesting him to employ spies to buy some prohibited article, and then give information. In this year, also, the great poem of 'The Excursion' was published, and provoked a furious onslaught from Jeffrey.

This poem consists of sketches of life and manners among the mountains, intermingled with moral and devotional reflections. It is merely a part of a larger poem, which was to be entitled 'The Recluse,' and to be prefaced by a minor one delineating the growth of the author's mind, published since his death under the name of 'The Prelude.' 'The Recluse' was to be divided into three parts. 'The Excursion' forms the second of these. The first book of the first part is extant in manuscript, but the rest of the work was never completed. With respect to what has been given to the world, there is neither poverty in the style nor meagreness in the diction, but both, on the contrary, are clear, musical, and dignified. The sketches of character being derived from his own actual observation, are striking and truthful, though often highly idealised, and have an inherent pathos that touches the unsophisticated heart. They are all, however, the production of one who feels for his personages from an unapproachable eminence, and not of one who mingles and sympathises with them; and the tone on that account, not seldom, has a certain coldness and uncordiality attaching to it. His pictures of landscape are remarkably definite in the outline and minute in the tracings, and his figures seem as deeply cut as sculptures, and impress the mind like objects of sense. The moral is a stern inculcation of duty, and the religion a half-sylvan Christianity, evasive of some of the doctrines, and without that precision which it seems afterwards to have assumed in his mind. For the philosophy, it is a complete delusion to search for any system in 'The Excursion.' The poet's feelings, however, had one or two highly-developed tendencies—such as his devotion to nature, and reverence for the humble and the ordinary; and the extravagance with which these master sentiments are often expressed, and the uniformity with which every other thought and feeling group themselves round these spiritual poles, simulates the appearance of a philosophical system. The purification of the soul is to a great extent placed on the basis of a continual communion with the more permanent forms of nature, while the expression of the belief, that the ever-varying phases even of these majestic objects extricates within the spiritual depths the consciousness that they are but garments in which the Everlasting clothes himself, is apt to the hasty reader to assume the shape of a semi-Pantheism. The faith in immortality is in Wordsworth's poems generally attributed to an innate consciousness, which only becomes eclipsed as the child grows into the man. These constitute almost the

entire cycle of the philosophy of the poet, in whom, though it is not safe to judge of his doctrines from casual pieces, some prominent points of Christianity afterwards assumed more force and occupied more space, and whom all his tendencies, political and moral, gradually led more and more into complete harmony with the Established Church, though he was uniformly catholic and tolerant—so far as he ever ventured to express himself—in his doctrinal views. 'The Excursion' is, however, faulty in occupying too much space with ideas which are uninteresting to average men. It is often tedious and prolix, and on the whole, as a work of art, it is clumsily and inartistically constructed. The following extract, part of the reflections of the pedlar, who is the hero of the poem, in Margaret's deserted garden, will exemplify the style and manner:—

——— 'I see around me here
Things which you cannot see. We die, my friend,
Nor we alone, but that which each man loved
Or prized in his peculiar nook of earth
Dies with him, or is changed; and very soon
Even of the good is no memorial left.
* The poets, in their elegies and songs,
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And senseless rocks; nor idly, for they speak
In these their invocations with a voice
Obedient to the strong creative power
Of human passion. Sympathies there are
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood
And eyed its waters, till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When every day the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy footstone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
To the soft handling of the elements.
There let it lie! How foolish are such thoughts!
Forgive them. Never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. Oh, sir, the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Had blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.'

The unpardonable audacity which put these sentiments into the mouth of a man 'of tapes and staylaces,' as well as other faults, exasperated Jeffrey, and he greatly increased the storm against the writer by a furious critique, beginning—'This will never do,' and evincing a mind clear and acute, but

with less of the broad and creative. The assault was renewed with equal bitterness on the appearance, in 1815, of the 'White Doe;' an extremely graceful and airy legendary poem. The 'Quarterly' rather aided than otherwise in these attacks, and 'Blackwood,' with a semblance of neutrality, was also unfavourable. The periodicals accurately mirrored the general mind, which is curiously illustrated by some letters in *Maga* about this period. A letter by Wordsworth to Dr Gray, censuring the spirit in which Currie's 'Life of Burns' was written, gave rise to a war of words in its pages; and one of the combatants taunts the bard of Rydal with the fact, that on his name being on one occasion mentioned in a large and polished circle, it was immediately inquired, in terms too emphatic for repetition, who this *fellow* Wordsworth was; and that, having afterwards written to Glasgow College Library for a copy of his works, he received it uncut, and with *carte blanche* to keep it as long as he pleased, as nobody had ever asked after it. These bitter assaults gave rise to a school of devoted Wordsworthians, whose maxim was, that Wordsworth could do no wrong. These ardent disciples tended more and more to bring their king into ridicule. A writer in *Blackwood* for November 1829, gives an amusing sketch of a party where the 'Intimations of Immortality,' revered by the initiated as the 'Revelation,' were read aloud by a true disciple, in a kind of unimaginable chant then peculiar to the sect. There were many true believers present, with a few uoophytes, and one or two absolute and wicked sceptics! No sooner had the recitation fairly commenced, than 'one of the sceptics, of laughing propensities, crammed his handkerchief half-way down his throat; the others looked keen and composed; the disciples groaned, and the neophytes shook their heads in deep conviction.' The reciter proceeded with deeper and deeper unction, till, on being asked by a neophyte to give an explanation, which he was unable to give, he got angry, and 'roundly declared that things so out of the common way, so sublime, and so abstruse, could be conveyed in no language but their own.' When the reciter came to the words, 'Callings from us,' the neophyte again timidly requested an explanation, and was informed by one of the sceptics that they meant the child's transitory gleams of a glorious pre-existence that fall away and vanish almost as soon as they appear. The obstinate neophyte only replied, in a tone of melancholy, 'When I think of my childhood, I have only visions of traps and balls, and whippings. I never remember being "haunted by the external mind." To be sure I did ask a great many questions, and was tolerably obstinate, but I fear these are not the "obstinate questionings" of which Mr Wordsworth speaks.' This is but a small sample of the Wordsworthian scenes and disputations then of every-day occurrence. In 1816 a kind of shadow of Horace Smth again took the field. It seems that Hogg intended to publish an anthology of the living British bards, and had written to some of them for specimens. A wag, who had heard of the project, immediately issued an anthology, purporting to be this, but containing merely the coinage of his own brain. As may be imagined, Wordsworth occupied a prominent corner; and indeed some of the imitations—for most were rather imitations than parodies—did him no discredit. The 'Flying Tailor,' however, was not an infelicitous burlesque of the poet's blank verse:—

'Ere he was put
 By his mother into breeches, Nature strung
 The muscular part of his anatomy
 To an unusual strength; and he could leap,
 All unimpeded by his petticoats,
 Over the stool on which his mother sat,
 More than six inches—o'er the astonished stool!

All undismayed by this tempest of criticism and parody, Wordsworth went on issuing work after work. In 1818 he contributed to the Liverpool 'Winter's Wreath,' the first provincial souvenir. At this time Southey, Coleridge, Lamb, Macaulay, and other great writers, contributed some very beautiful pieces to these annuals. In 1819 'The Wagoner,' a short poem, of highly-polished humour and lively fancy, was published, and also the renowned 'Peter Bell,' which was intended to show the effect of Nature's workings in bringing a hardened potter to repentance, and which, though abounding in the richest poesy, and flowing on in a current of melody, yet, from its being still tainted by some of its author's defects, inartistic construction, prolixity, grotesque associations, and a partially inaccurate conception of human character in the concrete, still farther irritated the critics and alienated the public. Yet it may truly be said that the most delicious strains of Coleridge did not surpass some of the verses in the 'Peter Bell.' The character of the potter is very graphic, but we can only give a verse or two:—

'A savage wildness round him hung,
 As of a dweller out of doors.
 In his whole figure and his mien
 A savage character was seen
 Of mountains and of dreary moors.

To all the unshaped, half-human thoughts,
 Which solitary nature feeds
 'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
 Had Peter joined whatever vice
 The cruel city breeds,

His face was keen as is the wind
 That cuts along the hawthorn fence:
 Of courage you saw little there,
 But in its stead a medley air
 Of cunning and of impudence.

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
 And long and slouching was his gait;
 Beneath his looks, so bare and bold,
 You might perceive his spirit cold
 Was playing with some inward bait.'

In 1820 Wordsworth took a short tour on the continent, of which he afterwards published 'Memorials.' On his return he published his beautiful 'Sonnets to the River Duddon.' His mind was now becoming more and more conservative, and a walk with a friend to survey the site of a new church suggested his 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets,' a noble and varied series, which were given to the world in 1822. Southey was at the same time writing his 'Book of the Church,' and fondly regarded his friend's work as a poetical companion to his own. A year or two after this, Sir

Walter Scott, on his return from Ireland, was escorted by Wilson to Mr Bolton's villa on Windermere on Canning's invitation. Wordsworth and a large party were there. 'These were the days! What cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and boatings on the lakes in the evenings! Then there was a magnificent regatta in honour of the Minstrel; and on the arrival of the long procession of fifty barges, the bards of the Lakes led the cheer which hailed his triumph. Afterwards Scott visited Wordsworth at Rydal, and accompanied him to Southey's, and then to Lord Lonsdale's, where they spent two days in the midst of a splendid circle. In truth Wordsworth was now fast rising, and becoming courtly; and after this date we find greater polish and subdued smoothness, with less vigour in his style, and a gradual multiplication of such gentle pieces as Verses to Needlecases and Gold-Fishes. A portrait of him was painted by Pickersgill for the university of Cambridge, so like as to draw tears from him. Jeffrey now began visibly to relent, and even cited from the 'Spirit of the Age' an extract speaking of Wordsworth in very high terms. In 1827 we find Wordsworth with the laureate at the fashionable watering-place of Harrowgate, and both in so high an odour of sanctity, that a very pious lady sent them her album for contributions. Unluckily it was found full of effusions by Calvinistic preachers. 'As some of these worthies,' says the laureate playfully, 'had written in it texts in Hebrew, Chinese, and Arabic, I wrote in Greek, "If we say that we have no sin;" and I did *not* write in it these lines which the tempting occasion suggested:

'What? will we, nill we, are we thrust
Among the Calvinistics?
The covenanted sons of schism,
Rebellious pugilistics?
Needs must we then ourselves array
Against these state tormentors;
Hurrah! for Church and King we say,
And down with the Dissenters.'

A year or two before this Wordsworth took a tour in Wales, and in 1828 he and Coleridge revisited their old haunts on the continent. In 1830 he was chiefly occupied in writing romances—as the 'Egyptian Maid,' the 'Russian Fugitive,' and the 'Armenian Lady's Love.' Next year he revisited Yarrow, Loch Katrine, and his old favourite spots in Scotland. On his way he had an affecting interview—the last he ever had—with Sir Walter Scott. The Great Magician was rapidly failing, and was about to set off for an Italian clime. The evening of the 22d September was a very sad one in his antique library. Lockhart was there, and Allan the historical painter. Wordsworth was also feeble in health, and sat with a green shade over his eyes, and bent shoulders, between his daughter and Sir Walter. The conversation was melancholy, and Sir Walter remarked that Smollett and Fielding had both been driven abroad by declining health, and had never returned. Next morning he left Abbotsford, and his guests retired with sorrowful hearts. Wordsworth has preserved a memento of his own feelings in a beautiful sonnet. In 1833 he visited Staffa and Iona: 1834 was a sort of era in his life, by the publication of his complete works in four volumes. His friends, however, now began to fall around him. That year poor Coleridge bade adieu to his weary life.

This must have touched many a chord of association in Wordsworth's heart. In 1836 his sister and constant friend and companion died, and blow followed blow in fatal succession. Many a melancholy phantom must in his late years have haunted the poet's memory by the margin of silent Rydal. He was not an impromptu writer, but in his works there is one wild wailing impromptu wrung from him by these afflictions. 'How fast,' says the poet—

'How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land!
Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice that asks in whispers,
Who next will drop and disappear?
Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath.'

A note is appended to this piece like a bare tombstone. It is this:—

'Walter Scott died 21st September, 1832.
S. T. Coleridge . . . 25th July, 1834.
Charles Lamb . . . 27th December, 1834.
George Crabbe . . . 3d February, 1832.
Felicja Hemans . . 16th May, 1835.'

Many a noble name in literature was added to this funeral list before Wordsworth was laid in his last resting-place among his native lakes.

Honours now flowed fast upon him. In 1835 'Blackwood,' under the inspiration of Wilson, raised an irresistible arm in his defence. In 1839, amid the acclamations of the students, he received a degree from Oxford University. In 1842 he published a tragedy, and some very early and very late poems, and resigned his office in favour of his son. Next year he was appointed to the laureateship, left vacant by the melancholy fate of Southey. In 1844 Lord Jeffrey, in republishing his contributions to the 'Edinburgh,' took occasion to pay a warm tribute of praise to Wordsworth. In 1845 the poet contributed to 'Horne's Modernisations of Chaucer;' but though pre-eminently fitted for the task, he was pronounced by Wilson, a most able judge, to have failed. Take a single verse. Chaucer has it—

'The God of Love! a benedicite!
How mighty and how gret a Lord is he!
For he can make of lowe hertes highe,
Of highe lowe, and like for to die,
And haude hertes he can maken fre.'

Wordsworth's modernisation is—

'The God of Love! ah benedicite!
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh,
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.'

'The simplicity of the words is kept,' observes Wilson, 'for they are the very words; and yet something is gone, and in that something everything.' 'The love itself,' adds Christopher, 'here is not;' and concludes that 'there is nothing else to be done with a great poet than to leave him in his glory.'

Up to his death on the 23d of April 1850. Wordsworth lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of the every-day world. At times he exhibited an impatience at the changes which were passing over society, deteriorating his mountains, and invading the solitude of his lakes with the noise of railway trains; but in many parts of his works he shows that he had a perfect appreciation of the great destinies of machinery, and was only afraid that in the hurry to get rich by its means, important social interests should be neglected and ruined. The public feeling at his death was the best proof of the universal consciousness that a great English poet had then taken his departure. Since his death, 'The Prelude,' already alluded to, has been given to the world. This poem may be said to be the exercise by which he set himself to scrutinise his own soul, and measure its capabilities for the production of the great poem of 'The Recluse.' It was begun in 1799, and finished in 1805. It is thus the product of the most vigorous period of his poetical life, and as it lay by him unpublished to the end of his career, it had the benefit of all the improvements that a ripe and highly-polished taste could devise. It is in everyway worthy of the poet, and is as pure, clear, and sparkling as a diamond. The style is remarkably chaste, vigorous, and musical, and the sentiments are uniformly pleasing and dignified. The poem is, besides, interesting from its singular character and subject. It is something to be thus admitted to the arcana of a poet's development, and it may be observed that Wordsworth appears in this production to lay bare his innermost thoughts and feelings with accuracy and honesty. He commences with his childhood, and traces his spiritual conditions through his school-boy and college career, to his return from France.

Wordsworth's prose writings were confined to one or two critical essays on his own theories, a political pamphlet, a letter on 'Currie's Life of Burns,' an 'Essay on Epitaphs,' and a 'Description of the Country of the Lakes.' They evince, however, great skill in prose composition, and are uniformly couched in a clear, manly, and highly-polished English style.

To sum up what has been already said of his poetic character and position:—His devotion to external nature had the power and pervasiveness of a passion; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine; and his portraiture, both of landscapes and figures, were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the mind almost as vividly and deeply as the sight of them could have done. Yet his pictures, so to speak, are inodorous, and there is a certain want of richness, which may arise from his deficiency in the sense of smell. He was defective in the stronger passions, and hence, in spite of the minuteness of his portraiture of character, he failed to produce real human beings capable of stirring the blood; and what was even more serious, he himself was incapacitated from feeling a genial and warm sympathy in the struggles of modern man, on whom he rather looked as from a distant height with the commiseration of some loftier nature. From the characteristics enumerated arose the great faults of his works. His landscape paintings are often much too minute. He dwells too tediously on every small object and detail, and from his over-intense appreciation of them, which magnifies their importance, rejects all extrinsic ornaments, and occasionally, though exceptionally, adopts a

style bare and meagre, and even phrases tainted with mean associations. Hence all his personages—being without reality—fail to attract, and even his strong domestic affections, and his love for everything pure and simple, do not give a sufficient human interest to his poems. His prolixity and tediousness are aggravated by a want of artistic skill in construction; and it is owing to this that he is most perfect in the sonnet, which renders the development of these faults an impossibility, while it gives free play to his naturally pure, tasteful, and lofty diction. His imagination was majestic; his fancy lively and sparkling; and he had a refined and Attic humour, which, however, he seldom called into exercise. He was naturally conservative; and after the heat of youth cooled down, he became more and more in harmony with the system of the conservative party in church and state, modified so much in appearance by his peculiar tendencies, as to simulate the features of a peculiar religious and philosophical creed. As might have been anticipated, he spent most of his life in retirement, and left the solitudes of the lakes principally to wander through other solitudes elsewhere. Indeed as a whole range of signs in algebra is often expressed by a single sign, so the activities of Wordsworth's life may be aptly enough expressed as the continuous development of a passion for nature, while the entire cycle of his poetry is the efflux of this in song. This occupied him wholly even in those fervent years when youth is generally stirred by more social passions. It was through the agency of this that the old institutions of his country, and the old legends and manners of his district, took so firm a hold of his heart, and made him peculiarly the poet of the old English spirit, in contradistinction to the new influences invading it from abroad or developing from itself. With volcanic power in the heat of his earlier days it drove him into the wild mountains of Wales, and into the recesses of the Alps, and gradually abating its impetus, and contracting its successive sweeps, as the chill of age came on, at last left him to die in peace by those beloved lakes among which he was born. With much that might with advantage be curtailed or altogether forgotten, the poems of William Wordsworth, though never likely to be extensively popular, will ever occupy a place in literature next to the highest.

